

OUR

OWN

COUNTRY

WITHROW



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NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER.

OUR OWN COUNTRY

CANADA

SCENIC AND DESCRIPTIVE.

BEING

AN ACCOUNT OF THE EXTENT, RESOURCES, PHYSICAL ASPECT,
INDUSTRIES, CITIES AND CHIEF TOWNS OF THE PROVINCES
OF NOVA SCOTIA, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, NEW-
FOUNDLAND, NEW BRUNSWICK, QUEBEC, ONTARIO,
MANITOBA, THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY,
AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

WITH SKETCHES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

BY

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Author of "The History of Canada," "The Catacombs of Rome," "A Canadian in Europe," Etc.

Illustrated with Three Hundred and Sixty Engravings.

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OUR OWN COUNTRY.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to.

"Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."—*Milton's "Areopagitica."*

O NATION, young and fair, and strong! arise
To the full stature of thy greatness now!
Thy glorious destiny doth thee endow
With high prerogative. Before thee lies
A future full of promise. Oh! be wise!
Be great in all things good, and haste to sow
The Present with rich germs from which may grow
Sublime results and noble, high emprise.
Oh! be it hence thy mission to advance
The destinies of man, exalt the race,
And teach down-trodden nations through the expanse
Of the round earth to rise above their base
And low estate, love Freedom's holy cause,
And give to all men just and equal laws.

Oh! let us plant in the fresh virgin earth
Of this New World, a scion of that tree
Beneath whose shades our fathers dwelt, a free
And noble nation—of heroic birth.
Let the Penates of our fathers' hearth
Be hither borne; and let us bow the knee
Still at our fathers' altars. O'er the sea
Our hearts yearn fondly and revere their worth.
And though forth-faring from our father's house,
Not forth in anger, but in love we go;
It lessens not our reverence, but doth rouse
To deeper love than ever we did know.
Not alien and estranged, but sons are we
Of that great Fatherland beyond the sea.

—*Withrow.*



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PREFACE.

AN intelligent acquaintance with the vast extent and almost boundless resources of the several provinces of the Dominion of Canada cannot fail to aid the growth of a national sentiment, and to foster feelings of patriotic pride in our noble country. To promote that acquaintance by a record of personal experience in extensive travel throughout the Dominion, and by the testimony of experts in many departments of industry, and of the best authorities in statistical and other information, is the object of this volume.

Now, as never before, our country is attracting the attention of publicists, and political and social economists of other lands. Its wealth of field, and forest, and mine; of lake and river, inshore and deep-sea fisheries are being recognized in the great commercial centres of the world. The magnificence of its scenery, and the attractions offered to votaries of the rod and gun are attracting tourists, artists, and sportsmen from many lands. Its numerous places of historic interest, with their heroic traditions and stirring associations; and its variety of character and social conditions, from the cultured society of its great cities to the quaint simplicity of its French parishes; the rugged daring of its fishing villages, the primitive rusticity

of its backwoods settlements, the bold adventure of its frontier and mining life, offer to the poet, the novelist, the historian, an endless variety of environment and *motif* for literary treatment which have already enriched both the French and English languages with works of great and permanent value.

It is the hope of the author that the present work may foster in the hearts of all Canadian readers—whether Canadians by birth or by adoption—a still warmer love for the goodly heritage which God has given them, and a still heartier devotion to its best interests—to its political, its intellectual, its moral, its material welfare.

W. H. W.



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WOLFE'S COVE.



OUR OWN COUNTRY,

PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE.



INTRODUCTORY

THE DOMINION OF CANADA comprises an area in round numbers of 3,500,000 square miles. This is nearly equal to the extent of the whole continent of Europe, and is 127,000 square miles greater than the whole of the United States of America. It extends from east to west 3,500 miles, and from south to north about 1,900 miles. A large proportion of this vast territory is very fertile, while much of the uncultivable portion abounds in mineral wealth. It has the largest and best wheat-producing area in the world. Its forests present the amplest supply of the finest timber yet remaining to man. Its fisheries, both of the Atlantic and Pacific Coast, exceed in value those of any other country. Of this magnificent national inheritance we purpose to give a concise description, with copious pictorial illustrations.

Throughout the length and breadth of this great country the present writer has travelled extensively—from the rocky extremity of Cape Breton, lashed with the Atlantic surges, to the forest-crested heights of Vancouver Island, whence one sees the sun go down in golden glory beneath the boundless-seeming waters of the Pacific Ocean. Most of the descriptions which follow are the result of personal experience and observation. Where these sources fail, I draw upon the best available authorities. I shall take the reader, who favours me with his attention, freely into my confidence, and address him frankly in the first

person. It is hoped that a more familiar acquaintance with the magnificent extent, and varied beauty, and almost boundless resources of our country will foster among us a still more ardent patriotism and devotion to its welfare.

D. Cameron, Esq., of Lucknow, in the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for December, 1887, describes the extent and resources of the Dominion, as follows:—

“ Few realize from the mere quotations of figures the enormous extent of our great country. For instance, Ontario is larger than Spain, nearly as large as France, nearly as large as the great German Empire, as large as Sweden, Denmark and Belgium; and larger than Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, Belgium, and Portugal.

“ Quebec is as large as Norway, Holland, Portugal and Switzerland. British Columbia is as large as France, Norway and Belgium. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are as large as Portugal and Denmark. Ontario and Quebec are nearly as large as France, Italy, Portugal, Holland and Belgium.

“ Canada is forty times as large as England, Wales and Scotland combined. New South Wales contains an area of 309,175 square miles, and is larger than France, Italy and Sicily; and yet Canada would make eleven countries the size of New South Wales. British India is large enough to contain a population of 250,000 millions; and yet three British Indias could be carved out of Canada, and still leave enough to make a Queensland and a Victoria. Canada is sixteen times as large as the great German Empire, with its twenty-seven provinces, and its overshadowing influence in European affairs.

“ These magnificent fresh-water seas of Canada, together with the majestic St. Lawrence, form an unbroken water communication for 2,140 miles.

“ Our fisheries are the richest in the world. The deep sea fisheries of Canada, including those of Newfoundland, yielded in 1881 the enormous product of \$20,000,000, or about double the average value of the fisheries of the United States, and nearly equal in value to the whole produce of the British European fisheries. In 1885, the fisheries of Canada alone yielded nearly \$18,000,000.

“ Our magnificent forests are of immense value, and contain no less than sixty-nine different varieties of wood. In 1885, our exports of products of the forest amounted to \$21,000,000.

“ Our mines, which are yet in their infancy of development, give promise of vast wealth. Coal in abundance is found in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia and the North-West Territories. Our coal areas are estimated at upwards of 100,000 square miles, not including areas known, but as yet quite undeveloped, in the far North. Already coal areas to the extent of 65,000 square miles have been discovered in the North-West, while Nova Scotia and New Brunswick contain 18,000 square miles

of this important element of wealth. When it is remembered that the entire coal area of Great Britain covers only 11,900 square miles, the extent of our resources in this direction will be appreciated.

"Canada has also valuable mines of gold, silver, iron, lead, copper and other metals. The gold mines of British Columbia have yielded during the past twenty-five years over \$50,000,000 worth of the precious metal, while Nova Scotia has, up to the present, produced nearly \$8,000,000 worth. We have upwards of 12,000 miles of railway in operation, representing the enormous value of over \$625,000,000.

"In 1868 we had but 8,500 miles of electric telegraph. To-day we have over 50,000 miles, besides an important and growing telephone service.

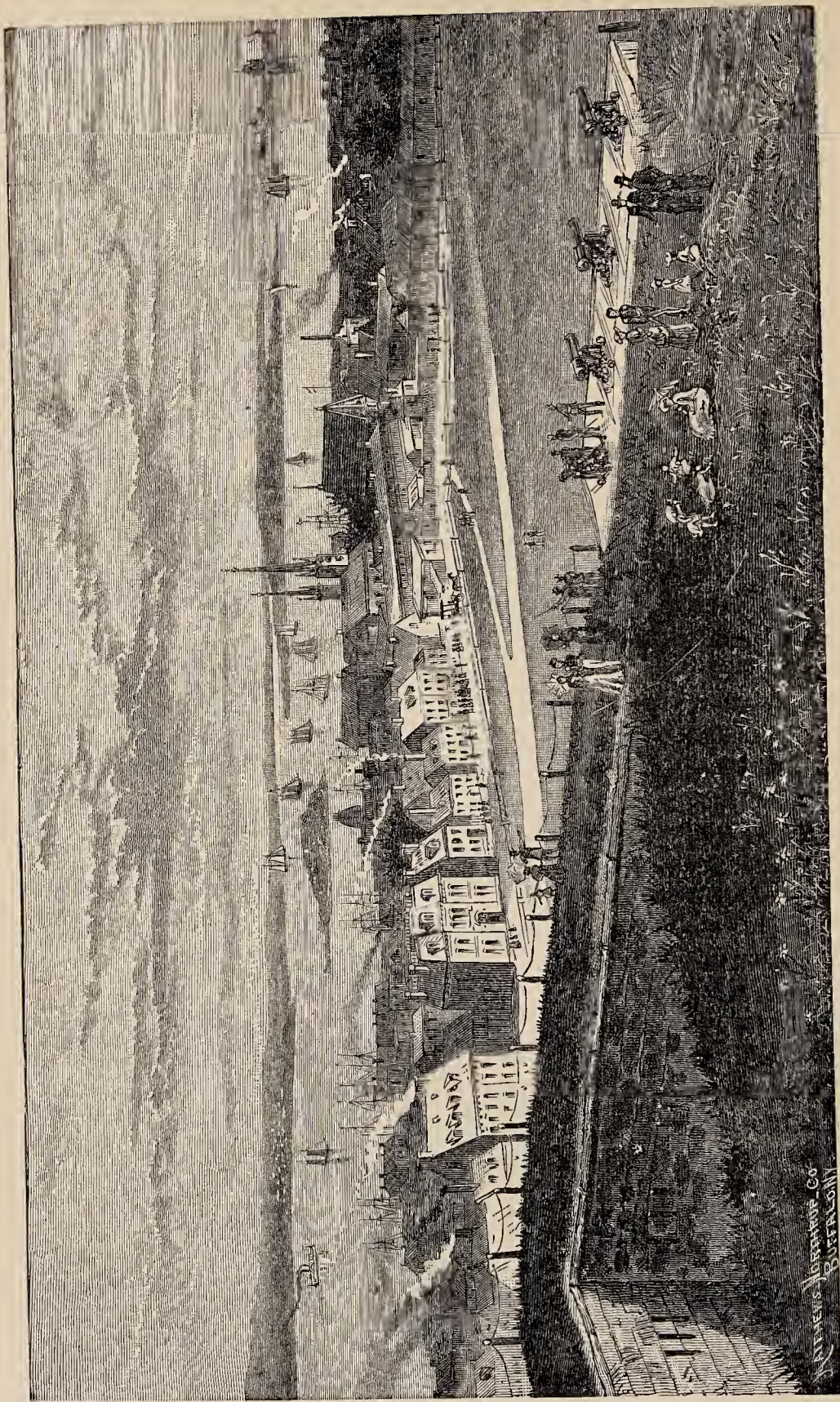
"Canada is the third maritime power of the world, being exceeded only by Great Britain and the United States.

"The trade of Canada is assuming highly respectable proportions, and gives further evidence of the energetic and enterprising character of our people. In 1868, the first year of Confederation, our total trade was \$131,000,000. In 1883 it had grown to \$230,000,000, an increase of \$100,000,000, or an average of nearly \$7,000,000 dollars a year. The Bank of Montreal, a purely Canadian institution, is the largest, wealthiest, most influential and widely-extended banking corporation in the world unconnected with Government.

"Our public works especially evidence the pluck, energy and enterprise of the Canadian people. The Canadian Pacific Railway, that mighty trans-continental line, recently completed from ocean to ocean, binding the scattered parts of this vast Confederation together, is the longest railway in the world, and is the most stupendous public enterprise ever undertaken and successfully accomplished by a country of the population of this Dominion. The Intercolonial Railway, connecting Quebec with the Maritime Provinces, covers 890 miles, and cost over \$40,000 000; while the Grand Trunk Railway was, until the completion of the Canadian Pacific, the longest railway in the world under one management, its total length being 3,300 miles.

"Canada has constructed twenty-three miles of canals at a cost of nearly \$30,000,000."





HALIFAX, FROM THE CITADEL,

WILLIS & GORHAM CO.
BUFFALO, N.Y.

NOVA SCOTIA.

WE will begin our survey of our noble national inheritance, with the sea-board province of Nova Scotia, which stretches its deeply-indented peninsula far out into the Atlantic, as if to be the first portion of the Dominion to welcome visitors from the Old World. With the exception of Prince Edward Island, it is the smallest of the Canadian Provinces. Its entire length from Cape St. Mary to Cape Canseau is 386 miles. Its breadth varies from 50 to 104 miles. Its area is 18,670 square miles. Its soil is generally fertile, and its climate is favourable to agriculture. For fruits of the apple family it is unsurpassed, and good grapes are often grown in the open air. It was said by an old French writer that Acadia produced readily everything that grew in France, except the olive. No country of its size in the world has more numerous or more excellent harbours; and, except Great Britain, no country has, in proportion to its population, so large a tonnage of shipping.

HALIFAX.

Halifax, the capital of the province, occupies a commanding position on one of the finest harbours in the world. It is the chief naval station of Great Britain in the western hemisphere, and here in landlocked security "all the navies of Europe" might safely float. The city slopes majestically up from the waterside to the citadel-crowned height of two hundred and fifty feet, and around it sweeps the North-West Arm, a winding inlet, bordered with elegant villas. The citadel was begun by the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, and has been continually strengthened till it has become a fortress of the first class.

On a glorious summer morning in August, 1887, I climbed the citadel hill. Never was a more perfect day. Earth and sky were new washed by a recent rain. The magnificent harbour

sparkled like sapphire. The signal flagstaffs of the fort made it look like a three-masted ship that had stranded on a lofty hill-top. On every side sloped the smooth glacis, with the quaint town clock in the foreground. Peaceful kine cropped the herbage even to the edge of the deep moat, from whose inner side rose a massive wall, concealing huge earth-roofed and sodded casemates within and presenting yawning embrasures above.

A garrulous old sailor with telescope beneath his arm sauntered along. He kindly pointed out the chief objects of interest—the many churches, the men-of-war and merchant shipping; on the opposite shore the pleasant town of Dartmouth, the distant forts, George's Island, which lay like a toy fort beneath the eye, carved and scarped and clothed with living green, and farther off McNab's Island and the far-stretching vista to the sea, just as shown in the engraving on page 20. Mine ancient mariner had sailed out of Halifax as boy and man for forty years, and was full of reminiscences. He pointed out the tortuous channel by which the confederate cruiser *Tallahasse* escaped to sea one dark night, despite a blockading United States squadron. He said that the harbour was studded with mine torpedoes which could blow any ship out of the water; and that a hostile vessel attempting to enter at night would strike electric buoys which would so indicate her position that the fire of all the forts could be concentrated upon her in the dark.

Presently a crowd began to gather on the hillside, including many old bronzed tars, red-jackets and artillery-men, and I discovered that a grand regatta was to come off between the yachts *Dauntless* and *Galatea*. The bay was full of sails flitting to and fro, and like snowy sea-birds with wings aslant, in the brisk breeze the contending yachts swept out to sea. I thought what gallant fleets had ploughed these waves during the hundred years that the harbour had been a great naval rendezvous. It was a pretty sight to see the boat-drill of the blue-jackets of the great sea-kraken *Bellerophon*, or "*Billy Ruffin*," as mine ancient mariner called it—as they manœuvred around the huge flag-ship.

Near the citadel hill are the public gardens, comprising seventeen acres, beautifully laid out, with broad parterres and floral designs. Nowhere else have I ever seen such good taste and beautiful gardening, except, perhaps, at the royal pleasure of Hampton Court. Certainly, I know no American public gardens that will compare with these. The old gardener was as proud of his work as a mother of her babe, and as fond of hearing it praised. In the evening I attended a military concert here. The scene was like fairyland. Festoons of coloured lights illuminated the grounds and outlined every spar and rope of a toy ship that floated on a tiny lake. On this lake a novel kind of water fire-works were exhibited, and the orderly and well-dressed throngs sauntered to and fro enjoying a ministry of beauty that many larger cities might emulate.

Near the gardens is the new cemetery. The older burying ground is of special interest. On some of the mossy slabs, beneath the huge trees, I found inscriptions dating back a hundred years. The monument of Welsford and Parker, Nova Scotian heroes of the Crimean war, is finely conceived. A massive arch supports a statue of a grim-looking lion—the very embodiment of British defiance. Here is the common grave of fourteen officers of the war-ships *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, which crept side by side into the harbour, reeking like a shambles after a bloody sea-fight over seventy years ago. I observed the graves of four generations of the honoured family of Haliburton. On a single stone were the names of eleven A. B. sailors—victims of yellow fever. On some of the older slabs symbolism was run mad. On one I noticed a very fat cherub, a skull and cross-bones, an hour-glass and a garland of flowers.

Opposite this quiet God's acre is the quaint old brown stone Government House, where Governor Ritchie, the honoured son of an honoured sire, presides with dignity and grace. In the Court House, near by, is a novel contrivance. The prisoner is brought from the adjacent jail by a covered passage, and is shot up into the dock on a slide trap, like a jack-in-a-box. The Hospital and Asylums for the Blind and for the Poor, the latter said to have cost \$260,000, are fine specimens of architecture, as is also the New Dalhousie College. The new city buildings

will be a magnificent structure. The old Parliament House was considered, sixty years ago, the finest building in America. It is still quite imposing. Dr. Allison, the accomplished Superintendent of Education, showed me in the library, what might be called the Doomsday Book of Nova Scotia, with the register of the names and taxable property of, among others, my grandfather and grand-uncles, who were U. E. Loyalist refugees from Virginia.

I was told a story of the Wesleyan Book-Room, which if not true deserves to be. A Yankee book peddler seeing over the door the word "Wesleyan," asked if Mr. Wesley was in. "He has been dead nearly a hundred years," said the clerk. "I beg pardon," replied the peddler, "I'm a stranger in these parts."

Few cities in the world can present so noble a drive as that through the beautiful Point Pleasant Park—on the one side the many-twinkling smile of ocean, on the other a balm-breathing forest and the quiet beauty of the winding North-West Arm. At one point, in the old war times, a heavy iron chain was stretched across this inlet to prevent the passage of hostile vessels.

I crossed afterwards, in a golden sunset, to the pleasant town of Dartmouth, with its snow-white houses and neat gardens. The waters of the broad bay were flashing like a sea of glass mingled with fire; and a few minutes later deepened into crimson, as if the sinking sun had turned them into blood, as did Moses the waters of the Nile. The return trip in the darkening twilight was very impressive. The huge hulks of the warships loomed vaguely in the gathering gloom, while the waves quivered with many a light from ship and shore—the white blaze of the electric lamps contrasting with the ruddy glow of the oil lanterns on the crowded shipping.

Halifax is in appearance and social tone probably the most British city on the continent. Long association with the army and navy have accomplished this. For a hundred years British red-coats and blue-jackets thronged its streets. Princes and dukes, admirals and generals, captains and colonels, held high command and dispensed a graceful hospitality, royal salutes

were fired from fort and fleet, yards were manned and gay bunting fluttered in the breeze, drums beat and bugles blew with a pomp and circumstance equalled not even at the fortress-city of Quebec. It is to a stranger somewhat amusing to see the artillery-troopers striding about, with their legs wide apart, their clanking spurs, their natty canes, and their tiny caps perched on the very corner of their heads.

"One should have a sail on Bedford Basin," says one who knew Halifax well, "that fair expanse of water—broad, deep, blue, and beautiful. It was on the shore of this Basin that the Duke of Kent had his residence, and the remains of the music pavilion still stands on a height which overlooks the water. The 'Prince's Lodge,' as it is called, may be visited during the land drive to Bedford, but the place is sadly shorn of its former glory; and the railway, that destroyer of all sentiment, runs directly through the grounds. It was a famous place in its day, however, and the memory of the Queen's father will long continue to be held in honour by the Halifax people." I saw in the Parliamentary library a striking portrait of the Duke of Kent, wonderfully like his daughter, Queen Victoria, in her later years.

"Halifax has communication with all parts of the world, by steamer and sailing vessel. Hither come the ocean steamships with mails and passengers, and numbers of others which make this a port to call on their way to and from other places. A large trade is carried on with Europe, the United States, and the West Indies, and from here, also, one may visit the fair Bermudas, or the rugged Newfoundland."

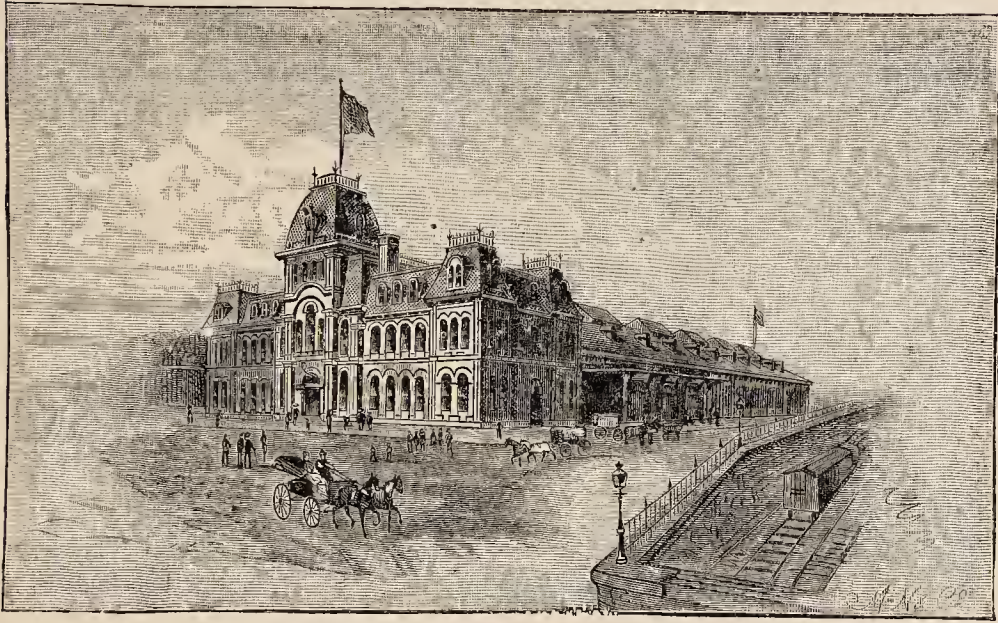
The early history of Halifax is one of romantic interest. Nearly half a century had passed since the cession of Acadia to Great Britain by the peace of Utrecht, yet not a step had been taken towards settlement. An energetic movement was made for the colonization of the country, under the auspices of the Board of Trade and Plantations, of which Lord Halifax was the President. On account of its magnificent harbour, one of the finest in the world, Chebucto, or Halifax, as it was henceforth to be called, in honour of the chief projector of the enterprise, was selected as the site of the new settlement. In the

month of July, 1749, Governor Cornwallis, in H.M. ship *Sphynx*, followed by a fleet of thirteen transports, conveying nearly three thousand settlers,—disbanded soldiers, retired officers, mechanics, labourers, and persons of various rank,—reached Chebucto Bay. On a rising ground, overlooking the noble bay, the woods were cleared and the streets of a town laid out. In busy emulation, the whole company was soon at work, and before winter three hundred log-houses were constructed, besides a fort, store-houses, and residence for the Governor,—the whole surrounded by a palisade.

It has been since then the scene of many a gallant pageant, but none of these, I think, were of greater moral significance than one which I witnessed thirty years ago. I happened to be in Halifax when the steamship arrived with the first Atlantic submarine telegraph cable. She was a rust-stained, grimy-looking craft, seaworn with a long and stormy voyage. But never gallant ship received a warmer or a more well-deserved greeting. A double royal salute was fired from fort and fleet, yards were manned and many-coloured bunting fluttered, in honour of the greatest scientific achievement of recent times. The first message transmitted was one of peace on earth and good will to men—an augury of the blessed time when the whole world shall be knit together in bonds of brotherhood. But alas! the continuity of the cable was in a short time interrupted, and the whispered voice beneath the sea from the Old World to the New for nearly ten years was silent. To overcome the loss of faith in the scheme and other obstacles to its completion, its daring projector, Cyrus W. Field, crossed the Atlantic fifty times, and at last, like a new Columbus, to use the words of John Bright, “moored the New World alongside of the Old;” or, to adopt the beautiful simile of Dr. George Wilson, welded the marriage-ring which united two hemispheres.

The accompanying cut gives a good idea of the handsome Halifax terminus of the Intercolonial Railway. Till the completion of the Canadian Pacific this was our greatest national work. It still is a system of incalculable value to the Maritime Provinces. Before these great roads were completed, the Dominion was a giant without bones. But these roads, extending nearly four

thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have given it a backbone, a spinal cord, and a vital artery that will contribute marvellously to its organic life and energy.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, HALIFAX.

HALIFAX TO CAPE BRETON.

It was on a bright August day that I left Halifax for a run through Eastern Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island. As the train swept around Bedford Basin, magnificent vistas by sea and land were obtained. As we advanced, the fair expanse of Grand Lake, and the beautiful valley of the Shubenacadie, gave variety to the scenery. The Shubenacadie is a large swift stream, and was at one time regarded as the future highway of commerce across the province. More than fifty years ago the people of Halifax resolved to construct a canal connecting this river with tide water at Dartmouth. Surveys were made and a number of locks were built, the stone for which, I was told, was all brought out ready hewn from Scotland—genuine Aberdeen granite—though not a whit better than that on the spot. But the canal was never built, and never will be.

The railway has more than filled its place, and the locks make picturesque ruins and water-falls along the projected route of the canal.

Colchester County, through which we are now passing, abounds in large tracts of rich intervale and excellent upland, which makes the district a good one for the farmer—one of the best in Nova Scotia. The pretty town of Truro, near the head of Cobequid Bay, with its elegant villas, trim lawns and gardens, and magnificent shade trees, presents a very attractive appearance. The Provincial Normal and Model Schools are noteworthy features of the place. The town is nearly surrounded by an amphitheatre of gracefully rounded hills, and on the west by the old diked meadows of the Acadian period.

On the Cobequid mountains, and on the upper waters of the Stewiacke River, are found considerable numbers of Caribou and Moose deer. There is also, for devotees of the rod, very fine fishing in some of the picturesque streams.

The branch of the Intercolonial running east from Truro passes through one of the most extensive coal-fields of Nova Scotia. It is said that there are no less than seventy-six fields of coal, with an aggregate thickness of not less than 14,750 feet. Stellarton is a populous village, dependent almost entirely on the coal industry. New Glasgow is an important manufacturing and ship-building place, with extensive steel, iron and glass works. The green hills by which it is surrounded contrast pleasantly with its somewhat grimy and smoky streets.

A short run by rail brings one down to Pictou Harbour, on the opposite side of which, sloping gracefully up from the water-side, is the old and wealthy town of Pictou, with about 4,000 inhabitants. Pictou has the honour of having given to Canada two of its most distinguished men—Sir J. W. Dawson, Principal of McGill University, Montreal, and the Rev. Dr. Grant, Principal of Queen's University, Kingston.

For a considerable distance east of New Glasgow the country is monotonous and uninteresting, though the glorious sunlight glittering on the ever-restless aspens and the lichen-covered rocks, brightens into beauty, what under a dull sky must be a sufficiently dreary outlook. At length, in the distance loom up

the twin-towers of a huge cathedral, and the train draws up at the pretty Catholic village of Antigonish—the most picturesque in eastern Nova Scotia. The scene at the station is like a bit of Lower Canada—two nuns in a caleche, a couple of priests, a group of seminary students. But the people are Scottish, not French, Catholics. The cathedral is dedicated to the Scottish Saint, Ninian, and on the façade is the Gaelic inscription, *Tighe Dhe*—"the House of God." The Antigonish mountains, reaching an altitude of a thousand feet, trend off northward in a bold cape into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Tracadie is a small French settlement on the railway, commanding a splendid view of St. George's Bay and the Gulf. Here is a wealthy monastery, belonging to the Trappists, the most severe of the monastic orders. The monks, who are mostly from Belgium, add the business of millers to their more spiritual functions. The people belong to the old Acadian race, which gave such a pathetic interest to this whole region.

The railway runs on to the strait of Canseau, amid picturesque mountains, commanding magnificent views over the Gulf. This strait, the great highway between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the North Atlantic Coast, is some fourteen miles in length and about a mile in width. It is of itself a picture worth coming far to see, on account of its natural beauty; but when on a summer's day hundreds of sail are passing through, the scene is one to delight an artist's soul. On the Nova Scotia side the land is high, and affords a glorious view both of the strait and of the western section of Cape Breton. The prospect both up and down the strait is pleasing in the extreme. It is traversed, it is claimed, by more keels than any other strait in the world, except that of Gibraltar. The steam whistle at its entrance, which is blown constantly in foggy weather, can be heard with the wind twenty miles, and in calm weather fifteen miles.

From Port Mulgrave, the railway terminus, small steamers convey tourists to Port Hood, in Cape Breton, and to the flourishing town of Guysborough, on the mainland.

CAPE BRETON.

Before we visit Cape Breton let us glance for a moment at its general characteristics. The island is so named from its early discovery by the mariners of Breton, in France. It is about one hundred miles long by eighty wide. The Sydney coal fields are of peculiar richness, and cover 250 square miles. The magnificent Bras d'Or Lakes are a great inlet of the sea, ramifying through the centre of the island and bordered by bold and majestic hills, rising to, in places, a height of over 1,000 feet. The scenery is of surpassing loveliness. To thread the intricate navigation by steamer is a delightful experience.

The Great Bras d'Or is a channel from the sea of nearly thirty miles—a continuous panorama of bold and majestic scenery. The Little Bras d'Or is a narrow and river-like passage through which the tides sweep rapidly, and where the water-view is sometimes limited to a few score feet, so tortuous is the channel. The surrounding hills are not more than five or six hundred feet in height, but their pleasing lines, and purple shadows, and reposeful beauty delight the eye and rest the mind. Many of the inhabitants of the island are descendants of the original Acadian settlers, and retain the French language and the Roman Catholic religion. A larger proportion of the population are of Highland Scottish origin, and many of them still speak the Gaelic tongue.

The pleasure of visiting this delightful, but comparatively little known, part of Canada we enjoyed under especially favourable circumstances. Taking the good steamer *Marion*, at Port Mulgrave, we sailed down the strait in the brilliant afternoon sunlight which made the grassy shores gleam like living emerald. We passed through a winding channel, dividing Cape Breton and Isle Madame. The latter was settled a century ago by Acadian exiles, whose descendants now number 5,000. They are mostly bold and skilful fishermen. It is a pleasant sight to see these sturdy fellows haul their boats ashore, as shown in our engraving. The fishing villages, of which the stables and out-houses—roofs and all—were white-

washed, shone like the snowy tents of an army. One sturdy peasant, who came down with his ox-team to the wharf, might just have stepped out of a picture by Millet. I was struck with the lonely little lighthouses which stud the channel, which seemed the very acme of isolation.



A FISHING VILLAGE—CAPE BRETON.

Our steamer passed through the recently constructed St. Peter's Canal, from the broad Atlantic to the secluded waters of the Bras d'Or Lake. It was so solitary, so solemn in the golden glow of sunset, that it seemed as if

“We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.”

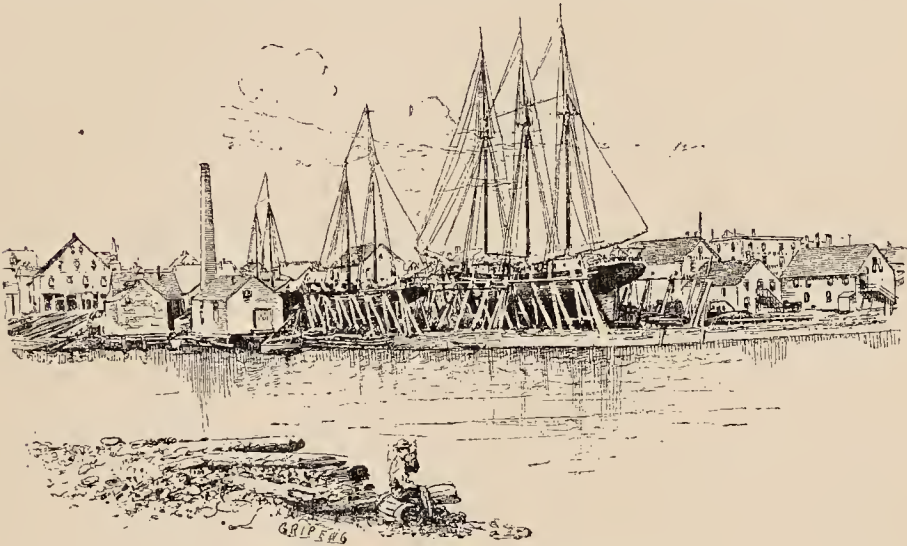
I will let the facile pen of Charles Dudley Warner describe the pleasant scene:

"The Bras d'Or is the most beautiful salt-water lake I have ever seen, and more beautiful than we had imagined a body of salt-water could be. The water seeks out all the low places, and ramifies the interior, running away into lovely bays and lagoons, leaving slender tongues of land and picturesque islands, and bringing into the recesses of the land, to the remote country farms and settlements the flavour of salt, and the fish and mollusks of the briny sea. It has all the pleasantness of a fresh-water lake, with all the advantages of a salt one. So indented is it, that I am not sure but one would need, as we were informed, to ride 1000 miles to go round it, following all its incursions into the land. The hills around it are not more than 700 to 800 feet high, but they are high enough for reposeful beauty, and offer everywhere pleasing lines."

As we sailed on over the enchanted lake the saffron sky deepened slowly into gold and purple, and at length the gathering shadows hid the shores from view, except where the red light of Baddeck glimmered over the wave. I turned in early, that I might be up by daylight to see the beauty of the famous "Golden Arm." With the first dawn I was awake, and found the steamer threading a channel about a mile wide, between the lofty St. Anne range and the highlands of Boularderie. The farm-houses and fishermen's cottages seemed absolutely insignificant beneath the lofty wood-crowned hills behind them. Presently a lurid sunrise reddened the eastern sky and lit up the hill-tops, when I saw what seemed beacon fires, kindling all along the shore. But I soon found that it was the reflection of the level rays from the fishermen's windows. So illusory did it seem, that I was almost certain that they were camp-fires, till I found that they went out as rapidly as they had been kindled, when the angle of reflection was passed.

Soon we pass out of the channel into the ocean, exposed to the broad sweep of the Atlantic, leaving the surf-beaten Bird-rock, rising abruptly from the waves on the left, while to the right stretch away the stately mountains of St. Anne's, culminating in the ever-cloud-capped headland, Smoky Cape. At length we turn into a wide harbour, where we are told the mines run far beneath the sea. The steamer stops first at

North Sydney—a busy coal-shipping port with a marine railway, and the relay station of the American submarine Cable, where all the news is transferred to the land-wires. About thirty or forty operators, I was informed, were employed.



NORTH SYDNEY, SHIP-RAILWAY.

SYDNEY.

Seven miles further and we reach old Sydney—one of the most delightfully quaint and curious old-fashioned places to be found in America. On the high ridge are the remains of the old Government Building. For be it known, Sydney was once an independent province with a parliament of its own. But its ancient grandeur is fading away. The shore is lined with decaying wharfs, and broken-backed and sagging houses—which seem as if they would slip into the water—with queer little windows, and very small panes of glass. I saw at Oxford, England, an old Saxon church, which looked less ancient than the Roman Catholic chapel of this town. On the dilapidated old court-house was the appropriate motto, FIAT JUSTITIA. But everything was not old. There were two new churches in course of erection, a large and imposing academy, elegant steam-heated houses, and a long and lofty coaling wharf, where they could load a ship with 300 tons of coal, or 70 cars, in an

hour, and where ocean-going steamers have received cargoes of 3,700 tons.

The hotel at which I stopped was very comfortable, or would have been so, but for one or two slight drawbacks. A chimney came up in the middle of my bedroom and took up nearly all the space; the water ewer was, I think, the smallest I ever saw; the door was so warped that it would not shut; the window was so low that I had to sit on the floor to look out with comfort; a pane of glass out, and I could not tell where the wind came from, and the glass that was in was so twisted and warped that it distorted everything outside in a very absurd manner. For instance, a man passing the window, as seen through one pane, reminded one of Milton's description of Satan as he sat "squat like a toad close at the ear of Eve." As he passed the window bar he appeared to shoot up suddenly into the stature of the tall archangel that erect walked in Eden. Such glass is apt to be embarrassing; it is hard to recognize through it one's most intimate friends. But barring these slight defects, the house was most comfortable. I was surprised at the pleasant tinkle of a piano, and I have seldom eaten more appetising meals, sweeter lamb, or more tender vegetables; and for all this the price was exceedingly modest. Indeed, one of the advantages of touring in Cape Breton is that one cannot spend very much money, the prices of everything are so very moderate. The weather one day happened to be very wet, and everybody wore water-proof—even the houses were shingled down their sides. Everywhere were boats, sails, ropes, and even the out-houses were framed with ship's knees timber. The hall was lighted from the sky like a ship's cabin; and looking seaward we beheld the stately square-rigged ships, swaying swan-like in the breeze and preening their wings for their ocean flight. Yet in this out of the way place I found on the hotel table Principal Tulloch's *Movements of Religious Thought*, a book by Dr. McCosh, a large embroidered picture of the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots, with very wooden or rather very woollen figures, and a rather florid portrait in oil of Sir Walter Scott.

We have in Cape Breton a fine example of social stratifica-

tion, a Scottish overlying an earlier French civilization. Many of the older people speak only Gaelic, and the preaching is often in that language. Among the guests at the hotel were two brothers, both born on the island, one returning with his wife from New Zealand—shrewd, keen, enterprising men, yet betraying their ancestral Gaelic by an occasional “whateffer” and “moreoffer.” Speaking of the Sunday morning’s sermon, one remarked to the other “Did you no think it the least bit short, you know?”—the first time I ever heard that complaint. Yet out of the great route of travel as Sydney is, I found in the register the names of travellers from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Galt, Berlin, Nanaimo, B.C.—the latter come to study coal-mining, I judge.

I was glad to worship with the people called Methodists, and to give them a few words of friendly greeting, as I had a few months before greeted the Methodists on the Pacific Coast. I know no other country in which one may travel 4,000 miles in a straight line and find everywhere the ministers and members of the same Church.

On a bright sunny Monday morning, with the Methodist minister and a couple of good sailors, I went for a sail on the beautiful Sydney harbour. We sailed and tacked far up Crawley’s Creek, a land-locked inlet of fairy loveliness, and then returning tacked boldly up the bay against a brisk headwind. We raced along through the foaming water which curled over the combings of the yacht, and every now and then, with a lurch that brought my heart into my mouth, the yacht encountered a wave that drenched me with the spray. I suppose it was great fun, but for my part I was very glad to get once more on *terra firma*.

I had the pleasure of calling, before I left, on my friend Dr. Bourinot, who was on a visit to his ancestral home—the charming mansion of his father, the late Senator Bourinot, who was for many years French Consul in the port. The little tree-shaded dock was kept with real man-of-war neatness. There used to be almost always a French frigate on the station, and the military music and stately etiquette gave quite an air of the olden time to society.

I found also time to visit the relay house of the French submarine Atlantic Cable. The officer in charge showed me the small mirror which is deflected to left or right by the interruptions of an electric current. A beam of light is thrown from a lamp on this oscillating mirror and thus the thoughts of men are flashed beneath the sea at the rate of thirty-five words a minute. It is very hard to watch steadily this beam of light. If one even winks he may lose a word or two. The ear can follow sound better than the eye the light; therefore this gentleman is trying, with good promise of success, to use a "sounder" instead of the mirror.

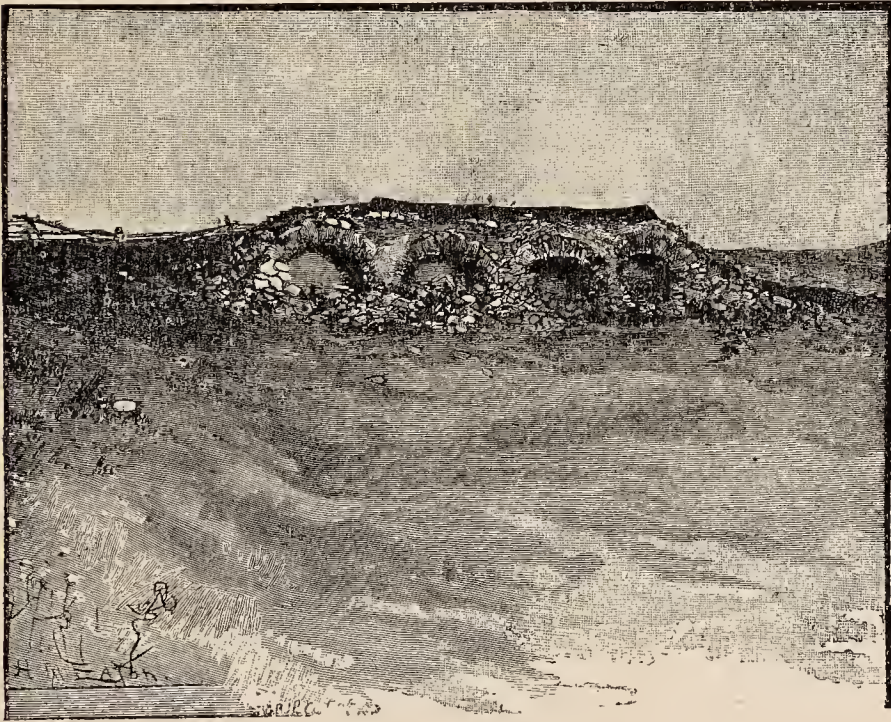
LOUISBURG.

It was a great disappointment that I was not able to visit the old fortress of Louisburg. But the railway had ceased to run trains, and in consequence of heavy rains the coach-road was in a very bad condition. Our engraving, however, accurately portrays the most salient feature that is left of the most famous fortress in America. This once proud stronghold is now a small hamlet of fishermen, who reap the harvest of the sea on the stormy banks of Newfoundland. The construction of the "Dunkirk of America," as it was proudly called, was begun by the French in 1720. During twenty years they spent upon it 30,000,000 livres. It became a rendezvous of privateers, who preyed upon the commerce of New England, and was a standing menace to the British possessions. In 1744, Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, determined on its capture. Four thousand colonial militia were collected, and William Pepperel, a merchant and militia colonel of Maine, took command.

The celebrated George Whitefield, the eloquent Methodist preacher, who was then in New England, was asked to furnish a motto for the regimental flag, and gave the inscription, "Nil desperandum, Christo duce." Indeed, in the eyes of the more zealous Puritans, the expedition possessed quite the character of a crusade against the image-worship of the Catholic faith.

On the 29th of April, 1745, a hundred vessels, large and small,

among them a few ships of the royal navy, under Commodore Warren, having been detained many days by the thick-ribbed ice off Canseau, sailed into the capacious harbour of Louisburg. This was one of the strongest fortresses in the world. It was surrounded by a wall forty feet thick at the base, and from twenty to thirty feet high, and by a ditch eighty feet wide. It mounted nearly two hundred guns, and had a garrison of sixteen hundred men. The assailants had only eigh-



RUINS OF LOUISBURG.

teen cannon and three mortars. With a rush they charged through the surf, and repulsed the French who lined the steep and rugged shore. Dragging their guns through a marsh on sledges, the English gained the rear; the French in a panic abandoned an outwork, spiking their cannon.

On the 21st of May trenches were opened; on the 16th of June, Duchambon, the commandant, despairing of a successful resistance, capitulated, and the New England militia marched into the works. As they beheld their extent, they exclaimed

"God alone has delivered this stronghold into our hand," and a sermon of thanksgiving was preached in the French chapel. A troop-ship with four hundred men and two valuable East India-men were captured in the harbour. The garrison and the inhabitants of the town, over four thousand in all, were conveyed to Brest. The fall of the strongest fortress in America before a little army of New England farmers and fishermen caused the wildest delight at Boston and the deepest chagrin at Versailles.

In 1755 it was again taken by the British. Early in June, Admiral Boscawen, with thirty-seven ships of war, and one hundred and twenty transports conveying 12,000 troops, appeared off the harbour. For six days a rough sea, dashing in heavy breakers on the iron coast, prevented debarkation, the French meanwhile actively throwing up earthworks all along the shore. Early on the seventh day, Wolfe, with a strong force, gallantly landed through the surf, and seized the outworks of the fort. The siege was vigorously pressed by day and night for seven weeks. Madame Drucourt, the wife of the Governor, inspired the garrison by her heroism. During the bombardment, she often appeared among the soldiers on the ramparts, and even fired the great guns, and encouraged with rewards the most expert artillery men. With her own hands, she dressed the wounds of the injured, and by the exhibition of her own courage enbraved the hearts of the defenders of the fort. Every effort, however, was in vain. The walls crumbled rapidly under the heavy fire of the besiegers. The resistance was brave but ineffectual. With all but two of their vessels burned, captured or sunk, and when town and fortress were well nigh demolished by shot and shell, Louisburg capitulated. Its inhabitants were conveyed to France, and the garrison and sailors, over five thousand in number, were sent prisoners to England.*

As Halifax was a good naval station and well fortified, "it was deemed inexpedient to maintain a costly garrison at Louisburg; so sappers and miners were sent there in the summer of 1760, and in the short space of six months all the fortifications

* Withrow's *History of Canada*, p. 222.

and public buildings, which had cost France twenty-five years of labour and a vast amount of money, were utterly demolished,—the walls and glacis levelled into the ditch,—leaving, in fact, nothing to mark their former situation but heaps of stones and rubbish. All the artillery, ammunition, stores, implements,—in short, everything of the slightest value, even the hewn stones which had decorated the public buildings, were transported to Halifax.”

The fortress, constructed at such cost and assailed and defended with such valour, thus fell into utter ruin. Where giant navies rode and earth-shaking war achieved such vast exploits, to-day the peaceful waters of the placid bay kiss the deserted strand, and a small fishing hamlet and a few mouldering ruin-mounds mark the grave of so much military pomp, and power, and glory.

The project of making Louisburg the terminus of the Canadian trans-continental railway system, the Cape Breton section of which is now under construction, promises to restore much of its former importance to this historic spot. It will shorten the ocean travel to Europe by about a thousand miles, a consideration of much importance in these days of rapid transit.

In retracing my way through the Big Bras d'Or, I had, through the courtesy of Captain Burchell, the opportunity of studying the striking scenery from the elevated pilot-house. The twilight shadows of deeper and deeper purple filled the glens and mantled over the broad slopes till it became too dark to see, and I turned to the less esthetic, but more practical, rites of the supper-table. Here let me commend Steward Mitchell, of the *Marion*, as one of the best of caterers. His broiled mackerel were really a work of art. The steamer was crowded, no berths were to be had, so the steward made up a cot in the cabin and tucked me in my little bed just before we reached Baddeck. But the deck passengers were very noisy, and I found it impossible to sleep—we had a lot of Italian railway navvies, and Indians with their squaws—the latter carrying bundles of birch bark to build their next wigwam. So I went ashore at Baddeck and stopped over for the next boat. Everybody in the town seemed to have come down to meet us by

lamplight. Baddeck (accent on the second syllable) has become quite classical in its way since Charles Dudley Warner made his famous pilgrimage hither: "Having attributed the quiet of Baddeck on Sunday to religion," he says, "we did not know to what to lay the quiet on Monday. But its peacefulness continued. Mere living is a kind of happiness, and the easy-going traveller is satisfied with little to do and less to see."

But I found a good deal to see. The Dominion Customs House and Post Office is one of the most elegant "Queen Anne" structures I have anywhere seen. I visited the quaint old jail—a low log building, more like a country school-house than anything else but for the iron gratings on each window. The cells were not cells, but good-sized rooms with a fire-place and wide bed in each. A prisoner was looking cheerfully out of the front window, taking advantage of the unwonted stir in the little town—for it was court-day. To the court, therefore, I went and found that I formed one-ninth of its constitution—the others being the judge, clerk, tipstaff, defendant, lawyer, and three spectators.

It was not very lively, so I went to visit the Indian village. This I found much more interesting. The Indians were Micmacs, who are said to be of purer blood than any other tribe on the Atlantic Coast. I visited several wigwams, but found their inmates rather stolid and uncommunicative. One thing they had of much interest. In several cases I got them to turn out from their little boxes in which they kept their few belongings, their prayer-book and catechism, printed in arbitrary characters invented for them by the Trappist monks. The characters resemble a mixture of Greek and Russian with some cursive letters; not nearly so simple as the Cree characters, invented by the Rev. James Evans. The Indians could read them quite readily, especially the women; but although they spoke English fairly, they said they could not translate what they read. The books were printed, as the German title page announced, at the Imperial printing establishment, in the Imperial city of Vienna—in der Kaiserlichen stadt Wein in Oesterreich. There was also a quaint picture of Christ—"the Way the Truth, the Life"—*Der Weg, die Wahrheit, das Leben*. Their

religious training did not seem to have done much for the civilization of these Indians, for they were squalid and filthy in the extreme. Yet it is said, that once a year they all meet at an appointed rendezvous, and all the marriages and christenings and other religious rites for the year are duly performed.

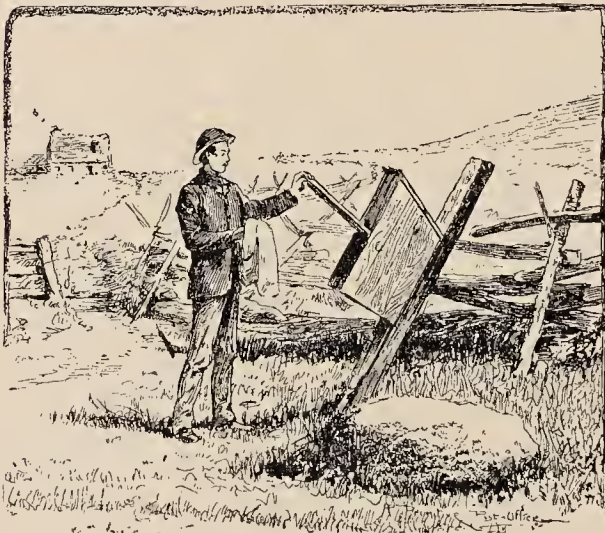
In the afternoon, on a tiny steamer, I sailed twenty miles up the winding St. Patrick's Channel, to Whycocomagh. Mr. Warner went by stage, and thus describes his adventures :

"Now we were two hundred feet above the water, on the hill-side skirting a point or following an indentation ; and now we were diving into a narrow valley, crossing a stream, or turning a sharp corner, but always with the Bras d'Or in view, the afternoon sun shining on it, softening the outlines of its embracing hills, casting a shadow from its wooded islands. The reader can compare the view and the ride to the Bay of Naples and the Cornice Road ; we did nothing of the sort ; we held on to the seat, prayed that the harness of the pony might not break, and gave constant expression to our wonder and delight."

It was a lovely sail between wooded heights, at the narrows approaching so close that one could "toss a biscuit ashore." When we got to the very end of the channel, what was my surprise to see a good-sized vessel loading with cattle and sheep for St. John's, Newfoundland. Near the landing is a very fine hill of rugged outline, some 800 feet high—Salt Mountain. To this I betook me, and lounging on a couch of soft moss and grass, basking in the sunlight, enjoyed one of the grandest prospects in the maritime provinces. The Great Bras d'Or Lake was spread like a map beneath, an occasional vessel winging its way across the placid surface ; at my feet the little hamlet, and winding afar amid the hills the ribbon-like coach-road to Mabou and Port Hood. "This," I thought, "is one of the most sequestered spots in the Dominion." I had seldom felt so isolated from every one I had ever known. At this moment I saw creeping over the brow of the hill a group of climbers, the more adventurous spirits of a Sunday-school picnic ; and the leader of the band was a fellow-townsmen of my own, a young Congregational minister then in charge of the church at Baddeck.

Not without an effort I tore myself away from the glorious

view, as the sun gave his good-night kiss to the mountain's brow, and made my way to the little village. To our mutual surprise I was met by Stewart Mitchell, who the night before had put me in my cot on the steamer *Marion*, and thought I must be by this time two hundred miles away. His wife kept the inn and he was home on a visit, and soon gave fresh evidence of his culinary skill. In few places can a man, at the proper season, do his marketing so easily as mine host can here. He can go to the garden foot and gather a pailful of oysters, which he fattens with oatmeal thrown upon the still water. He can step into his boat and drop a line, and draw in the finest salmon. He can stop on his way home, and gather ripe strawberries and fresh vegetables from his garden—and this in daily view of some of the loveliest scenery in the world.



PRIMITIVE POST OFFICE, CAPE BRETON.

I had enjoyed my mountain-climb so much that I repeated it next day; but under the noon-day glare the prospect was not nearly so beautiful as in the soft afternoon light. A row boat crossing the harbour looked in the distance like one of those water ants we often see. It was very curious to

watch through a glass the steamer emerging out of space and approaching the very mountain's base. I learned afterwards that I was the subject of a discussion on board, as to whether I was a sheep or a goat. When I rose from my mossy couch and waved my handkerchief I suppose they decided that I was neither.

Captain Burchell brought up his horse and carriage on the

steamer—as is often done in this primitive country—to give his wife a drive over the mountains. He is a good example of a Nova Scotian globe-trotter—or rather sea-farer. There are not, I suppose, many great ports in the world which he has not visited. He took his wife—a captain's daughter of Yarmouth, N.S.—on a wedding trip from Bangor, Wales, to Singapore. She has travelled farther and seen more than most ladies.

I took a charming five-miles walk out of Baddeck to climb a lofty hill. The struggle between mountain glory and mountain gloom, as a strong east wind rolled heavy masses of cloud over the sun-lit landscape, was very impressive. The houses seemed a spectral white against the sombre sky. I entered a peasant's log-house for a glass of milk; the meagre furniture was very primitive—a few home-made benches and a cradle, with a fire-place and a few iron and earthen pots. A kindly Scotch lad gave me a ride in his waggon, and asked if I were going to the "Sacrament," an ordinance soon to be administered, which was awakening deep interest far and wide. Prof. Bell, the American patentee of the telephone, has here an elegant villa.

That night I had the captain's cabin all to myself on the *Marion*, and next day arrived again at Port Mulgrave in a steady rain that dimmed and blurred, past recognition, the glorious landscape through which I had passed a few days before. It did not depress the spirits, however, of a merry party of American tourists homeward-bound. As one of them unfolded his voluminous ticket with attached coupons, he congratulated himself on the large amount of reading matter for the trip which was thrown in free. Their witty talk kept the car full of people in good humour, despite the dismal weather.



EVANGELINE'S COUNTRY.

The road from Halifax to Windsor does not, to put it mildly, take one through the finest part of Nova Scotia. I crossed the country thirty years ago on one of the first trains that ran over the newly opened railway, and anything wilder or more rugged than the country through which we passed it would be hard to imagine. Even now it is sufficiently rough, and if, as Dudley Warner remarks, a man can live on rocks like a goat, it will furnish a good living. Some pretty lakes, and pleasant valleys and hamlets, relieve the monotony of the journey.

The old university town of Windsor, situated at the junction of the Avon and the St. Croix, presents many attractive features. If the tourist arrives at low tide, he will agree with the witty American writer who, with a pardonable vein of exaggeration, says: "The Avon would have been a charming stream, if there had been a drop of water in it . . . I should think that it would be confusing to dwell by a river that runs first one way and then another, and then vanishes altogether."

When the tide is up, however, the Avon is a very respectable-sized stream, and the view, from the hill crowned with the old block-houses and earth-works of Fort Edward, of the widening river and distant basin of Minas, is very attractive; but when the tide is out, the banks of mud are stupendous. The two places which the present writer sought out with especial interest were the old-fashioned house of the witty Judge Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick," and the plain buildings of King's College, the oldest college in the Dominion, founded in 1787. The gypsum quarries are of much interest, and large quantities of plaster of paris are exported.

We are now approaching the region invested with undying interest by Longfellow's pathetic poem, "Evangeline."

The Acadian peasants, on the beautiful shores of the Bay of Fundy, were a simple, virtuous, and prosperous community. Their civil disputes, when any arose, which was rare, were all settled by the kindly intervention of their priest, who also made their wills and drew up their public acts. If wealth was rare, poverty was unknown; for a feeling of brotherhood anticipated the claims of want. Domestic happiness and public

morality were fostered by early marriages; and homely thrift was rewarded by almost universal comfort. Such is the delightful picture painted by the sympathetic pen of the Abbé Raynal,—a picture that almost recalls the innocence and happiness of the poets' fabled Golden Age.

With remarkable industry the Acadians reclaimed from the sea by dikes many thousands of fertile acres, which produced abundant crops of grain and orchard fruits; and on the sea meadows, at one time, grazed as many as sixty thousand head of cattle. The simple wants of the peasants were supplied by domestic manufactures of wool or flax, or by importations from Louisburg. So great was their attachment to the government and institutions of their fatherland, that during the aggressions of the English after their conquest of the country, a great part of the population—some ten thousand, it has been said, although the number is disputed—abandoned their homes and migrated to that portion of Acadia still claimed by the French, or to Cape Breton or Canada. Some seven thousand still remained in the peninsula of Nova Scotia, but they claimed a political neutrality, resolutely refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the alien conquerors. "Better," said the priests to their obedient flock, "surrender your meadows to the sea, and your houses to the flames, than peril your souls by taking that obnoxious oath." They were accused, and probably with only too good reason, of intriguing with their countrymen at Louisburg, with resisting the English authority, and with inciting and even leading the Indians to ravage the English settlements.

The cruel Micmacs needed little instigation. They swooped down on the little town of Dartmouth, opposite Halifax, and within gun-shot of its forts, and reaped a rich harvest of scalps and booty. The English prisoners they sometimes sold at Louisburg for arms and ammunition. The Governor asserted that pure compassion was the motive of this traffic, in order to rescue the captives from massacre. He demanded, however, an excessive ransom for their liberation. The Indians were sometimes, or indeed generally it was asserted, led in these murderous raids by French commanders. These violations

of neutrality, however, were chiefly the work of a few turbulent spirits. The mass of the Acadian peasants seem to have been a peaceful and inoffensive people, although they naturally sympathized with their countrymen. They were, however, declared rebels and outlaws, and a council at Halifax, confounding the innocent with the guilty, decreed the expulsion of the entire French population.

The decision was promptly carried out. Ships soon appeared before the principal settlements in the Bay of Fundy. All the



EXPULSION OF THE ACADIANS.

male inhabitants, over ten years of age, were summoned to hear the King's command. At Grand Pré, four hundred assembled in the village church, when the British officer read from the altar the decree of their exile. Resistance was impossible; armed soldiers guarded the door, and the men were encaged in prison. On the fifth day they were inarched at the bayonet's point, amid the wailings of their relatives, on board the transports. The women and children were shipped in other vessels. Families were scattered; husbands and wives separated—many never to meet again. It was three months later,

in the bleak December, before the last were removed. Hundreds of comfortable homesteads and well-filled barns were ruthlessly given to the flames. A number, variously estimated at from three to seven thousand, were dispersed along the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Georgia. Twelve hundred were carried to South Carolina. A few planted a new Acadia among their countrymen in Louisiana. Some tried to return to their blackened hearths, coasting in open boats along the shore. These were relentlessly intercepted when possible, and sent back into hopeless exile. It is a page in our country's annals that is not pleasant to contemplate, but we may not ignore the painful facts. Every patriot must regret the stern military necessity—if necessity there were—that compelled the inconceivable suffering of so many innocent beings.*

The following pathetic lines describe the idyllic community, and the consummation of this tragical event:

In Acadian land, on the shores of the basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain, and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly-built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the
maidens.

* Withrow's *History of Canada*, p. 207.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
 Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
 Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
 Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
 Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
 Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
 Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

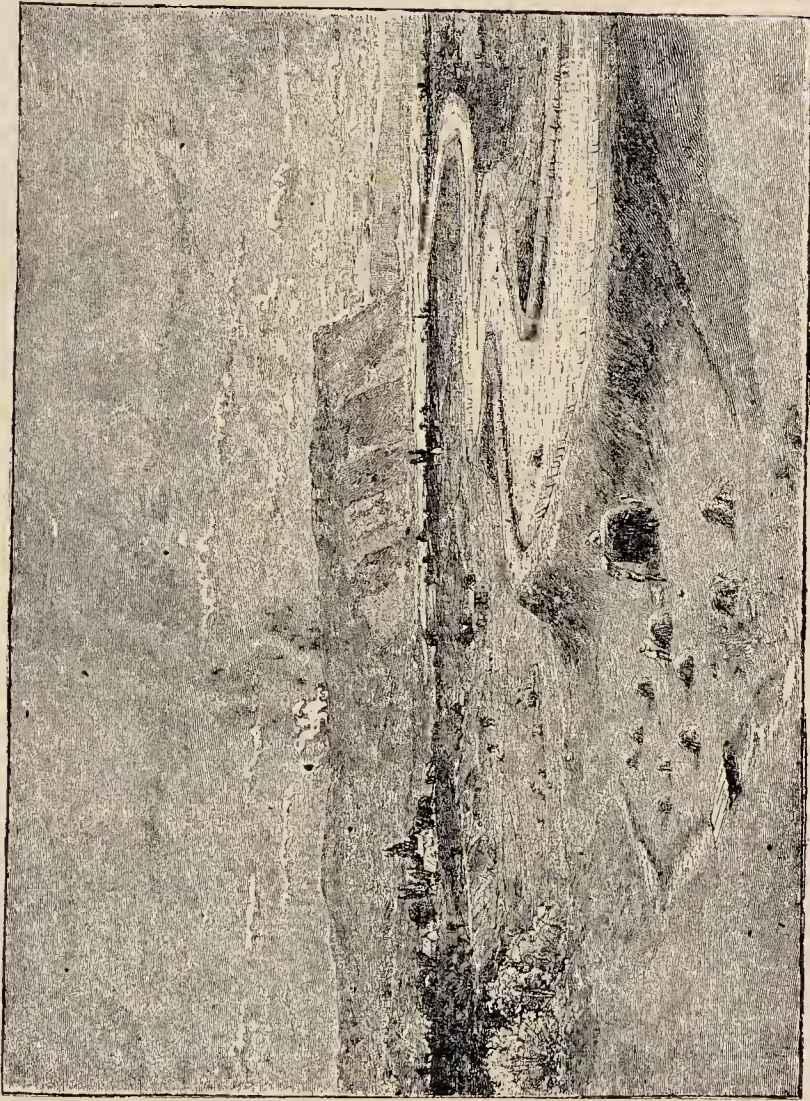
Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
 When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
 Bearing a nation, with all its household goods, into exile,
 Exile without an end, and without an example in story.

Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the
 north-east

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the banks of Newfoundland.
 Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
 From the cold lakes of the North to the sultry Southern savannas,—
 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of waters
 Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
 Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
 Friends they sought and homes; and many despairing, heart-broken,
 Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.

The Horton Railway Station is quite close to the site of the
 old Acadian settlement. The scene is peculiarly impressive,
 and not without a tinge of sadness. In front stretch the vast
 diked meadows, through which winds in many a curve the
 sluggish Gaspéreaux. In the distance are seen the dark basaltic
 cliffs of Cape Blomidon, rising to the height of five hundred and
 seventy feet. In the foreground to the left, near a large willow
 tree, are shown remains of the foundation of the old Acadian
 church. A gentleman, living in Horton, informed me that there
 were in the neighbourhood the traces of forty cellars of the

Acadian people, also of an old mill, and old wells. A long row of ancient willows shows the line of the old road. Now, my informant assured me, there is not a single Frenchman in the whole county.



GRAND PRÉ,

The Acadians reclaimed the fertile marsh lands from the sweep of the tides, by constructing dikes with much labour by means of wattled stakes and earthen embankments. There were more than two thousand acres of this reclaimed meadow at Grand Pré and much more at other places. These areas have been much

extended from time to time, they form an inexhaustibly fertile pasture and meadow land.

Mrs. Sarah D. Clark's musical verses, which follow, sum up skilfully the touching associations of Grand Pré:

Grand Pré! whose level meadows stretch away,
Far up the deep-cut dikes thy waves roll on,
Free, as a hundred years ago to-day,
They climb the slopes of rocky Blomidon.

These lonely poplars, reared by sons of toil,
Look out like exiles o'er a foreign sea,
Their haggard fronts grown gray on alien soil,
Far from the province of fair Lombardy.

Long-vanished forms come thronging up the strand;
I close my eyes to see the vision pass,
As one shuts out the daylight with his hand,
To view the pictures in a magic glass.

This is the little village famed of yore,
With meadows rich in flocks and plenteous grain,
Whose peasants knelt beside each vine-clad door,
As the sweet Angelus rose o'er the plain.

High-hearted, brave, of gentle Norman blood,
Their thrifty life a prospering fame did bring;
They held the reins o'er peaceful field and flood,
Lords of their lands, and rivals of a king.

By kingly rule, an exile's lot they bore,
The poet's song reclaims their scattered fold;
Blown in melodious notes to every shore,
The story of their mournful fate is told.

And to their annals linked while time shall last,
Two lovers from a shadowy realm are seen,
A fair, immortal picture of the past,
The forms of Gabriel and Evangeline.

And hither shall that sweet remembrance bring
Full many a pilgrim as the years roll on,
While the lone bittern pauses on the wing,
Above the crest of rocky Blomidon.

Still over wave and meadow smile the day,
The twilight deepens, and the time is brief,
I bid farewell to beautiful Grand Pré,
While yet on summer's heart bloom flower and leaf

I could not help being struck with the photographic fidelity with which Longfellow describes the country. The long beard-like moss on the pines suggests exactly the simile employed in the following lines :

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

Three miles from Horton is the charming collegiate town of Wolfville. Here I was most kindly met by Mr. J. W. Caldwell, a gentleman who knew me only by report. Learning that I was passing through the town, he intercepted me at the station, insisted that I should stop over, carried me off to his house and showed me no end of kindness—a thorough specimen of Nova Scotia hospitality. From the roof of Acadia College, a flourishing Baptist institution, beautifully situated, I enjoyed a magnificent view over the storied scene which Longfellow has made “more sadly poetical than any other spot on the western continent.” My friend had apprised the Rev. Mr. Friggens, the junior Methodist preacher on the Circuit, of my expected arrival, and after dinner there he was with his horse and carriage to give me a drive up the famous Gaspereaux Valley and on to Horton and Grand Pré. And a magnificent drive it was. I have seen few things finer in my life than the view from the lofty hill surmounting the valley, sweeping up and down its winding slopes many a mile. We stopped for an hour at Horton parsonage, the successor of a previous one on the same site in which the Rev. Dr. Pope, the distinguished theologian was born. No one but a travelling Methodist preacher, I think, could be made the recipient of so many kindnesses as fell to my lot.

Proceeding westward, the railway passes through the picturesque Cornwallis Valley, in frequent view of the dike-bordered Cornwallis River. Kentville, the railway headquarters, is a pleasant and thriving town. We are now entering what is known as “the Garden of Nova Scotia”—the far-famed Annapolis valley.

It is a magnificent farming region, especially adapted to the growth of apples. It has been said that for fifty miles one may drive through an almost continuous orchard.

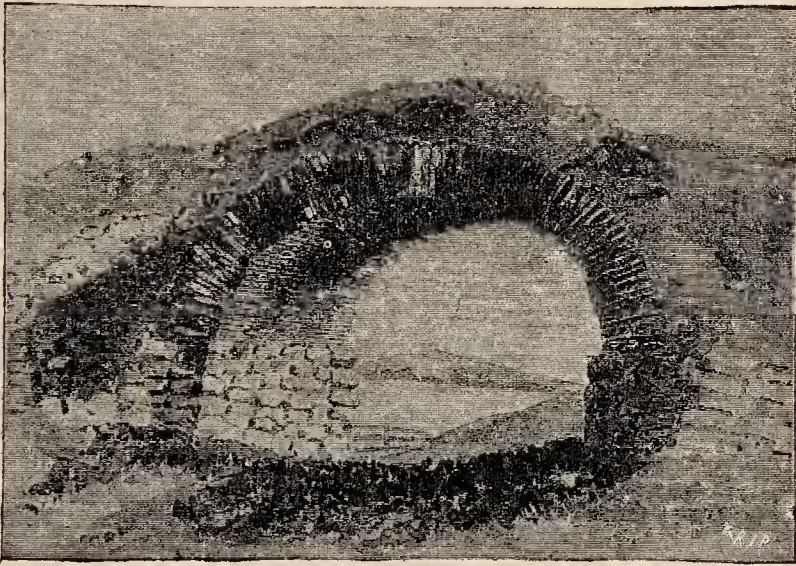
ANNAPOLIS.

The town of Annapolis, or Annapolis Royal, to give it its complete name, is full of historical interest. Save St. Augustine, in Florida, it was the earliest permanent European settlement in the New World. Its early history reads like a romance. It was first colonized by Baron Poutrincourt, in 1605. In 1628 it was captured by the British, afterward surrendered to the French; again captured by Sir William Phips, and again surrendered. It was captured for the last time by the British in 1710, and ever since the Red Cross flag has waved above the noble harbour, then named, in honour of the reigning sovereign, Annapolis.

The point of central interest, in the ancient and historic town of Annapolis, to which the tourist first makes his way, is the old dismantled fort. It is at the very water's edge and covers with its ramparts and outworks an area of twenty-eight acres. The extensive earthworks—ramparts and curtains, bastions and demilunes—are softly rounded by the gentle ministries of nature, and are covered with turf of softest texture and greenest hue. An inner fort, entered by an arched stone gateway, contains an ample parade ground. At one side are built the quaint old English wooden barracks, still in good condition. They are surmounted by a steep wooden roof with great chimney stacks. It is quite unique among structures of the kind in that, while containing thirty-six rooms, each room, as the young girl who acted as my guide informed me, has a separate fireplace. In one of the bastions is the magazine, with a vaulted roof of Caen stone, the keystone bearing the date 1707—three years before its final capture by the British. Near by are the ruins of the earlier French barracks. An arched passage, now fallen in, led down to the old French wharf, which is now a crumbling mass of blackened stones mantled thickly with sea-weed.

The view from the north-west bastion is very beautiful, in-

cluding the far-shining Annapolis basin amid its environment of forest-clad hills, and the twin villages of Annapolis and Granville Ferry. In the distance to the left is seen a long, low, rambling farm-house, nearly two hundred years old, the only one now remaining of the old French settlement. As I looked upon the pleasant scene, I could not help thinking of the time, well-nigh three hundred years ago, when De Monts and his sturdy band of French pioneers first sailed up the lonely waters of that placid bay and planted their little fort, the only habitation of civilized men, on the outermost fringe of the vast



ANCIENT ARCHWAY, IN OLD FORT, ANNAPOLIS.

wilderness stretching from Florida to the North Pole. Then came memories of the poet pioneer, Lescarbot, fresh from the gay *salons* of Paris, cheering the solitude of the long and dreary winters with his classic masques and pageants, and organizing "*L'Ordre de Bon Temps*" for festivity and good fellowship, holding their daily banquets with feudal state around their blazing fires. It was a strange picture, especially in view of the subsequent suffering, disappointment and wrong which visited the hapless colony. For Port Royal was the grave of many hopes, and its early history was a perfect *Iliad* of disaster. Strange that when there were only two or three scattered groups of Spanish, French and English settlers

on the whole continent, each of which could scarce hold the ground which it possessed, they could not desist from attacking each other's settlements. In those early raids were begun those long and bloody wars which afterwards devastated the whole continent.

Before I came away I took a long draught from the cool well, which had quenched the thirst of so many generations of men. Then I turned into the quiet God's acre where "the peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep." Amid the tangled grass and briars I tried to decipher some of the later inscriptions. I noticed one of date 1763, and another of John Bernard Gilpin, Esq., who died 1811, aged ninety-eight, also the epitaphs of his son and grandson. Their crest was a very curious one—a boar, with the legend "Dictis factisque simplex." On one lichen-stained stone I read this touching avowal of faith—"which promise He for His part will most surely keep and perform." Another stone bears this inscription, *verbatim et literatim*:

Stay friend stay nor let they hart prophane
The humble Stone that tells you life is vain.
Here lyes a youth in mouldering ruin lost
A blofsom nipt by Death's unkindly frost.
O then prepare to meet with him above
In realms of everlasting love.

My attention was called to the grave of "the Spanish lady"—Gregoria Remonia Antonia—who lives in local legend as a light-of-love companion of the Duke of Wellington. When the Iron Duke wished to sever the unblest connection, says the legend, she was sent to Annapolis, under military protection, and gnawed her heart out in this solitude. The tree-shaded streets and the quaint old-fashioned houses and gardens give the village a very sedate and reposeful look.

In the late afternoon I crossed in a row-boat to the Granville side of the river, to climb the inviting-looking North Mountain. It was surprising how fast the tide flowed up the long sloping wharf at which I embarked. The view from the mountain well repaid the climb. For miles and miles the Annapolis basin and valley lay spread out like a map, showing, near by, the meadows where the French first reaped their meagre crops

of wheat. The windows, miles away, flashed like living carbuncles in the level rays of the setting sun, then the purple shadows filled the valley, and in the fading light the little steamer came creeping slowly up the bay. On my way down I met an ox-team conveying a fishing boat many miles over the mountain, in a most primitive manner. I recrossed the ferry by starlight and saw great Orion hunting his prey forever through the sky, and I thought

“How often, O how often,
In the years that have gone by,”

the vanished generations had watched the sun set on sea and shore, and had seen the stars shine on unchanged amid all time's changefulness.

The following verses, by James Hannay, written ten years ago, finely embody the stirring memories of Port Royal :

Fair is Port Royal river in the Acadian land ;
It flows through verdant meadows, widespread on either hand ;
Through orchards and through cornfields it gayly holds its way,
And past the ancient ramparts, long fallen to decay.

Peace reigns within the valley, peace on the mountain side,
In hamlet and in cottage, and on Port Royal's tide ;
In peace the ruddy farmer reaps from its fertile fields ;
In peace the fisher gathers the spoils its basin yields.

Yet this sweet vale has echoed to many a warlike note ;
The strife-compelling bugle, the cannon's iron throat,
The wall-piece, and the musket have joined in chorus there,
To fill with horrid clangor the balmy morning air.

And many a gallant war-fleet has, in the days gone by,
Lain in that noble basin, and flouted in the sky
A flag with haughty challenge to the now ruined hold,
Which reared its lofty ramparts in warlike days of old.

And in the early springtime, when farmers plough their fields,
Full many a warlike weapon the peaceful furrow yields ;
The balls of mighty cannon crop from the fruitful soil,
And many a rusted sword-blade, once red with martial toil.

Three hundred years save thirty have been and passed away
Since bold Champlain was wafted to fair Port Royal Bay ;

And there he built a fortress, with palisadoes tall,
Well flanked by many a bastion, to guard its outward wall.

Here was the germ of Empire, the cradle of a state,
In future ages destined to stand among the great ;
Then hail to old Port Royal ! although her ramparts fall,
Canadian towns shall greet her the mother of them all.



IN THE BAY OF FUNDY.

From Annapolis one may sail direct to Boston or he may take the steamer across the Bay of Fundy to St. John. The most conspicuous features in sailing down the basin are the fishing hamlets, each with its little wharf which at low tide seems to be stranded high and dry far from the water's edge, and an occasional tide mill. From this basin come those toothsome herrings known throughout the world as "Digby chickens." At Digby, near the entrance to the basin, the huge wharf was so out of repair that we had to drop anchor and transfer our passengers to a scow—a work of no small difficulty in the turbulent waves made by the meeting of the wind and tide. While all was bright and sunny in the basin, the cold and clammy sea fog lay in wait without, to wrap us in its damp embrace. I once sailed from St. John to Windsor in so dense a fog that when land loomed high and threatening through it the captain had to send a boat ashore to find out where we were; and all the time the swirling tides were making eddies in the water which threatened to drift us upon the rocks. Our engraving shows the character of the bold and rugged scenery of the tide-swept bay.

THE ATLANTIC COAST.

From Digby, with its houses scattered over the windy downs, like a flock of frightened sheep, one may go by rail to Yarmouth, the extreme south-west point of Nova Scotia. My own visit to Yarmouth was made by steamer from Halifax. It was an experience never to be forgotten. The route follows an iron-bound coast of bold and rugged front, which has been the scene of numerous shipwrecks. The deep fiords, rocky ledges and unending pine forests resemble the coast of Norway, but without the mountain heights. In the beautiful Mahone Bay is the quaint German town of Lunenburg, settled a hundred and forty years ago by German religious refugees. They still retain their German language and customs and Lutheran mode of worship. They have adopted the thrifty Nova Scotia practice of seafaring, and carry on a lucrative trade with the West Indies. Liverpool is another thriving town of over three thousand inhabitants. Shelbourne, an active ship-building town, has a romantic history. At the close of the revolutionary war

in 1783, a large number of U. E. Loyalist refugees from the United States settled here, with the hope of creating a great city on this magnificent harbour. Within a year the population numbered twelve thousand, of whom twelve hundred were Negro slaves. It quite ran ahead of Halifax, and it was seriously proposed to remove thither the seat of Government. But it was soon found that there was no back country to support the town, and the high-toned inhabitants would not engage in the fisheries. So, after \$2,500,000 was expended in two years, the attempt was abandoned and the population soon dwindled to about four hundred.

We next pass Port La Tour, with its heroic memories of Madame La Tour. Cape Sable, at the extreme southern angle of the peninsula, is the terror of the mariners. Here the *S. S. Hungarian* was wrecked with great loss of life. Rounding this angle and passing Barrington Bay, the steamer in fair weather can thread the kaleidoscopic mazes of the Tusket Islands. These, while having almost the intricacy of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, lie quite out at sea, and through them sweep the swift and swirling tides. On the occasion of my own visit to Yarmouth the weather was dismally foggy, we therefore had to give those dangerous islands a wide berth. As we approached by dead reckoning the vicinity of Yarmouth the precautions were redoubled. The lead was heaved. The log was cast. The whistle blew and the small cannon on deck was frequently fired. But only dull cloud echoes were returned. At length, while listening intently for any sound that might give indication of our whereabouts, the hoarse roar of the surf, lashing with ceaseless rage the rocky shore, was heard. Soon the fog lifted a little, and a white line of breakers was seen on almost every side. When the familiar landmarks were recognized, it was found that we were almost at the entrance of the harbour.

Yarmouth is one of the most enterprising towns in the Province, and for its size, it is claimed, the greatest ship-owning port in the world. Its population in 1887 was 7,000. Its shipmasters owned twelve steamers, fifty-two ships, forty-three barques, eleven brigs and one hundred and nine schooners,

an aggregate of two hundred and twenty-seven vessels, with a carrying capacity of 120,394 tons—a record of which any country might be proud. Almost alone it has constructed the Western Counties' Railway to Annapolis. Its schools, banks, churches and public institutions are of conspicuous excellence.

Along this rugged coast that we have been describing, that heroic pioneer explorer, Champlain, with his companions in their puny vessels sailed, exploring every bay and island, as well as the New England shore. Champlain has left us a minute and accurate account of the country, its products and people, illustrated with quaint drawings by his own hand.

This south-western part of the peninsula, especially the Tusket Lakes, and the vast forests in the vicinity, is a very paradise of sportsmen. Salmon streams, with picturesque waterfalls, abound, and the country is still the home of the moose and cariboo deer, and the Government is taking proper precautions to prevent their extermination.

An old moose-hunter thus discourses on this noble sport: "There are three modes of hunting the moose, termed still-hunting, fire-hunting, and calling. There was another mode which legislation has in a great measure suppressed, viz.: the wholesale slaughter of the unfortunate animals when the deep-lying snows of a protracted winter had imprisoned them in their yard, and rendered them only a too easy prey to the unprincipled butchers who slew them for their skins.

"To be successful in still-hunting, or creeping upon the moose, necessitates the aid of a skilful Indian guide; very few, if any, white men ever attain the marvellous precision with which an Indian, to whom the pathless forest is an open book which he reads as he runs, will track to its death an animal so exceedingly sensitive to the approach of man. This gift, or instinct, seems born with the Indian, and is practised from his early childhood.

"The finely modulated voice of the Indian is especially adapted to imitate the different calls and cries of the denizens of the forest, and with a trumpet of birch bark, he will imitate to the life the plaintive low of the cow-moose and the re-

sponsive bellow of the bull. Early morning, twilight, or moonlight are all favourable to this manner of hunting. The



SALMON STREAM, NOVA SCOTIA.

Indian, having selected a favourable position for his purpose, generally on the margin of a lake, heath, or bog, where he can

readily conceal himself, puts his birch trumpet to his mouth, and gives the call of the cow-moose, in a manner so startling and truthful that only the educated ear of an Indian could detect the counterfeit. If the call is successful, presently the responsive bull-moose is heard crashing through the forest, uttering his blood-curdling bellow or roar, and rattling his horns against the trees in challenge to all rivals, as he comes to the death which awaits him. Should the imitation be poor, the bull will either not respond at all, or approach in a stealthy manner and retire on discovery of the cheat. Moose-calling is seldom attempted by white men, the gift of calling with success being rare even among the Indians.

"Fire-hunting, or hunting by torchlight, is practised by exhibiting a bright light formed by burning bunches of birch bark, in places known to be frequented by moose. The brilliant light seems to fascinate the animals, and he will readily approach within range of the rifle. The torch placed in the bow of a canoe is also used as a lure on a lake or river, but is attended with considerable danger, as a wounded or enraged moose will not unfrequently upset the canoe.

"The mode of hunting which generally prevails is that of still-hunting, or creeping upon the moose, which is undoubtedly the most sportsman-like way. Still-hunting can be practised in September, and all through the early winter months, until the snow becomes so deep that it would be a sin to molest the poor animals. The months of September and October are charming months for camping out, and the moose then are in fine condition, and great skill and endurance are called for on the part of the hunter. The moose possesses a vast amount of pluck, and when once started on his long, swinging trot, his legs seem tireless, and he will stride over boulders and wind-falls at a pace which soon distances his pursuers, and, but for the sagacity of the Indian guide in picking out the trail, would almost always escape.

"The largest moose that I ever saw measured six feet and nearly five inches at the withers, and from the withers to the top of the skull, twenty-seven inches. The head measured two feet and five inches from the muffle to a point between the

ears, and nine inches between the eyes. The horns weighed forty-five pounds, and measured four feet and three inches from tine to tine at their widest part, and at the greatest width the palmated parts measured thirteen inches. The horn, at its junction with the skull, was eight inches in circumference. The great length of his legs and prehensile lip are of much benefit to the moose, and wonderfully adapted for his mode of feeding, which consists in peeling the bark from, and browsing upon, the branches and tender shoots of deciduous trees. When the branches or tops of trees are beyond his reach, he resorts to the process termed by hunters 'riding down the tree,' by getting astride of it and bearing it down by the weight of his body until the coveted branches are within his reach.

"The senses of smelling and hearing are very acute, his long ears are ever moving to and fro, intent to catch the slightest sound, and his wonderfully constructed nose carries the signal of danger to his brain, long before the unwary hunter has the slightest idea that his presence is suspected. When alarmed, this ponderous animal moves away with the silence of death, carefully avoiding all obstructions, and selecting the moss-carpeted bogs and swales, through which he threads his way with a persistence that often sets at defiance all the arts and endurance of even the practised Indian hunter."

The fine engraving which accompanies this article gives a graphic view of some of the magnificent moose and caribou deer of the forests of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and British Columbia. The broad snow-shoes and the toboggan-like sleigh will be observed, also the big ass-like ears, and broad heavy horns of the gigantic moose; and the more slender and branching horns of the caribou deer. The favourite time of hunting them is in the deep snow of winter, when the hunter on his snow-shoes can skim over the surface while the moose breaks through. The moose has a habit of treading down the snow within a certain area, called a moose-yard, till he has eaten all the tender shoots of the trees, and then he moves on to fresh fields and pastures new.

Forty miles from Yarmouth is the old French "Clare Settle-



MOOSE HUNTING, (p. 62).

ment." After the conquest of Canada, the Acadian exiles were permitted to return to their native land, but finding their former homes on the basin of Minas occupied by the English, a number settled on St. Mary's Bay. They grew eventually to a community of four or five thousand souls. They preserve their own language and usages, and form probably the most considerable Acadian settlement extant, the next being those Louisiana Acadians of whom fable discourses so pleasantly.

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

Only along the shores of the mournful and misty Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy ;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighbouring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

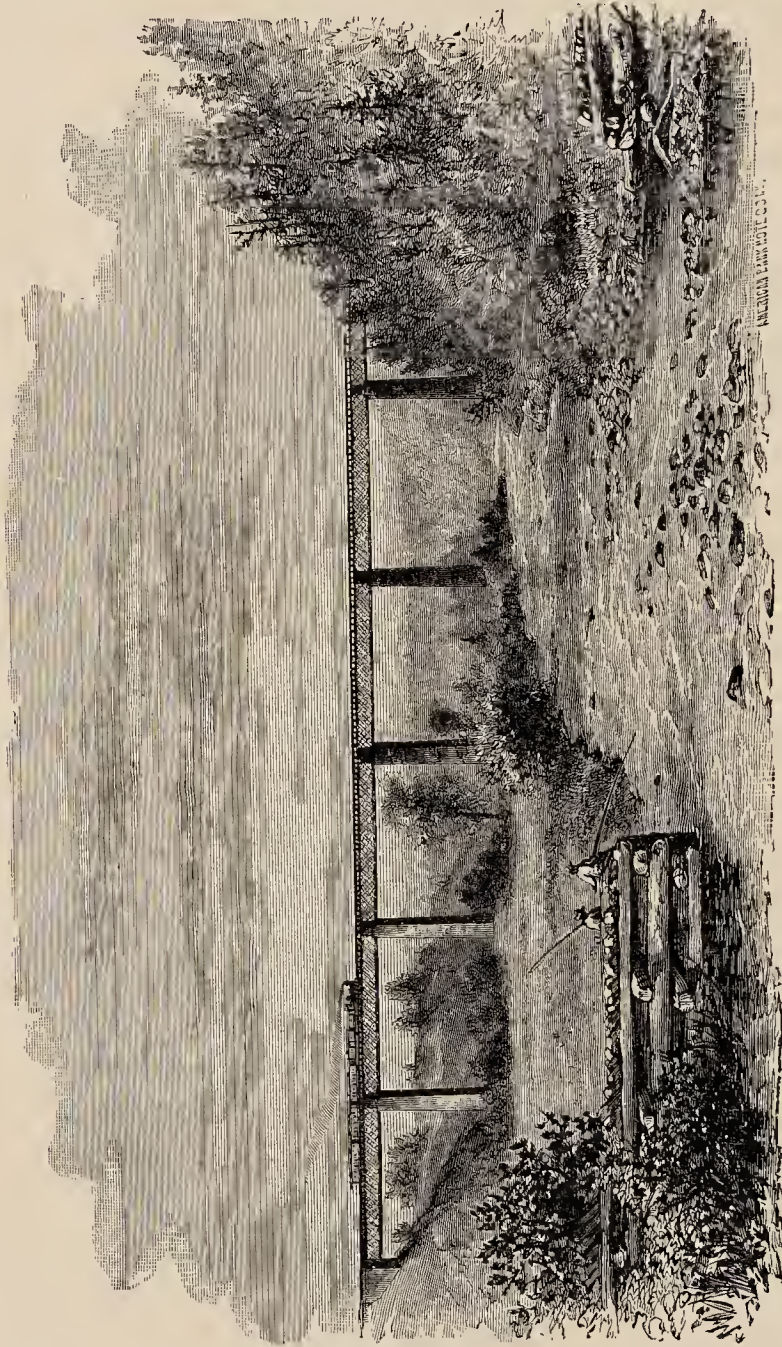
TRURO TO AMHERST.

I have left undescribed that part of Nova Scotia between Truro and Amherst ; I therefore return to briefly recount its more striking features.

I arrived at Truro Junction in a pouring rain, and was in doubt whether to go on by the night train, or to stop over in hope of having fairer weather to visit Fort Cumberland and Sackville. I sallied out therefore to look for a barometer. I found one in a doctor's office, and, though it was still pouring, as the top of the column of mercury was somewhat convex, I concluded to stay. Next day it was still raining heavily, but my faith in science was confirmed by the fine weather signal on the train. Sure enough, in an hour or two we came out of the rain belt, and had bright sunshine.

The railroad for some distance west of Truro traverses the Cobequid Mountains, low rounded hills about a thousand feet high. The scenery is picturesque, and the outlook over the vast Wallace Valley is extremely grand and impressive. At the Folly River is a substantial viaduct, six hundred feet long and eighty-two feet high, and many deep cuttings give evidence of the labour expended in the construction of the road.

At Springhill station one may take the Cumberland Railway to Parrsboro', one of the most charming summer resorts of Nova



FOLLY VIADUCT.

Scotia. A few miles farther on, the main line brings one to the pleasant town of Amherst. Its prevailing aspect is one of

neatness and thrift, and there are evidences of large manufacturing industries. Nearly every window seemed filled with flowers, even those of the Roman Catholic church. The Methodist church is a very handsome one, the best in the place.

As it was a lovely day, I walked from Amherst to Sackville, a distance of ten or eleven miles, stopping to explore the ruins of Fort Lawrence and Fort Cumberland, formerly Fort Beaubassin and Fort Beausèjour, on the way. These grass-grown ramparts, on the opposite sides of the Missiguash River, are among the latest relics of the long conflict between France and England for the Province of Acadia. They were constructed at this narrowest part of the isthmus connecting Nova Scotia and the main land, and were the scene of much hard fighting. It was a pleasant walk through a Ruysdael-like landscape—vast meadows reclaimed from the sea, and protected by miles on miles of dikes, constructed with enormous labour, to keep out the tides. The outline of Fort Lawrence can with difficulty be traced amid the fields and neat white buildings of a comfortable farmstead. Three miles distant rise the clear-cut outlines of Fort Cumberland—Beausèjour, as the French called it—crowning a somewhat bold eminence. Here for long years these forts frowned defiance at each other, and not seldom exchanged salutes, not of friendship, but of deadly hate. I walked across the intervening valley on the Intercolonial Railway, whose iron bridge spans the Missiguash, now, as then, the boundary line.

These tidal rivers have the habit of changing their direction in an extraordinary manner. When the tide is rising it rushes violently up stream in a turbulent flood, sometimes accompanied by a great "bore" or rolling wave, five or six feet high. At low water a languid, slimy stream crawls sluggishly between its muddy banks. You will often see good-sized vessels stranded among the orchard trees, and leaning at all angles in their oozy bed. But this very marsh mud, when diked and cultivated, produces with apparently exhaustless fertility the richest crops.

"Man scarcely begins to realize such productions of nature," says Mr. C. Murphy, "until he considers the practicability of utilizing them. The early settlers were not slow in recognizing the value of these marshes, and the feasibility of their acqui-

sition by diking them. The currents, too, are considered, studied and applied by the mariner, and made to subserve his purpose in bearing him rapidly along with more unerring precision than the no less phenomenal trade winds.

“The fisherman also profits by the great height of the tide which, during the flood, comes with its large shoals of such fish as resort to the coast. These remain to feed until the return or ebb tide falls somewhat, and are trapped within weirs of wattles, that are made to run out past their line of retreat. Large quantities of herring, cod and shad thus left dry at low water, are carted to the smoke-houses, prepared and packed in small cases and forwarded to the different markets.”



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BEFORE I cross the Missiguash river, the boundary line between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, I must turn for a few pages to the sister province of Prince Edward Island. It is difficult to treat, systematically, the several provinces of our vast Dominion, without certain interruptions of the continuity of the narrative. But it will be more convenient, before we turn westward, to describe the islands of the Lower Gulf, including also the great island of Newfoundland.

Prince Edward Island is the smallest of the Canadian Provinces, embracing an area of only 2,133 square miles. But what it lacks in extent it largely makes up in fertility. The island is one hundred and thirty miles long, with an extreme breadth of thirty-four miles; but its much-indented shore gives it a great extent of coast line. The surface is low and undulating; the air soft and balmy, and much milder and less foggy than the adjacent mainland. The scenery, while not bold or striking, is marked by a rural picturesqueness, and is often lighted by shimmering reaches of salt-water lagoons, and far-stretching bays, clear and blue as those of the Mediterranean.

Prince Edward Island, known till 1798 as St. John's Island, is supposed to have been discovered by Cabot in one of his early voyages. For over two centuries it remained uncolonized, save as a French fishing-station. When Acadia and Newfoundland were ceded to England by the treaty of Utrecht, many of the French inhabitants removed to the fertile island of St. John. This population was still further increased, on the expulsion of the Acadians in 1755, by fugitives from that stern edict. By the treaty of 1763, St. John's Island, with the whole of Canada and Cape Breton, passed into the possession

of the British. It continued to form part of the extensive province of Nova Scotia till 1770. It was surveyed by Captain Holland, and reported to contain 365,400 acres of land, all but 10,000 of which was fit for agriculture.

In 1798, the name of the colony was changed, out of compliment to Edward, Duke of Kent—afterwards father of Queen Victoria—to Prince Edward Island. Among the most energetic proprietors was the Earl of Selkirk, the founder of the Red River Settlement, to be hereafter described. During the early years of the century, he transferred not less than 4,000 hardy Highlanders, from his Scottish estates, to this fertile island, and contributed greatly to its agricultural development.

The island is most readily reached from the mainland, by boat from Shediac to Summerside, or from Pictou to Charlottetown. Summerside is a pleasant town, with a population of 4,000, with a charming summer resort on an island commanding a fine view of the Bedique shores and Northumberland Strait.

Sailing eastward, the steamer passes through this strait at its narrowest part—between Cape Traverse and Cape Tormentine. Here the mails and passengers are carried across by ice-boats in winter, it being often found impracticable to keep a steamer running through the thick and drifting ice. This unique mode of travel is thus described by Mr. W. R. Reynolds:

“The distance to Cape Traverse is about nine miles, part solid ice, part drifting ice, part water, and sometimes a great deal of broken ice or ‘lolly.’ The ‘ice-boat’ is a strongly built water boat, in charge of trusty men who thoroughly understand the difficult task that is before them. To this boat straps are attached, and each man, passengers included, has one slung over him. So long as there is any foothold, all hands drag the boat along, and when the water is reached they pull the boat in it and get on board. In this way, sometimes up to the waist in water, but safely held by the strap, pulling and hauling over all kinds of places, the journey is accomplished. Sometimes, when the conditions are good, the trip has less hardships than when a large amount of loose ice is piled across the path; but at any time the ‘voyage’ is sufficiently full of novelty, excite-

ment and exercise, to be remembered for many days. There is nothing like it in the ordinary experience of a traveller. It is an unique style of journeying, yet, so far, it is the only sure method of communication with the island in the winter season."

Charlottetown, the capital of the island, with a population of about 12,000, is situated on gently rising ground, fronting on a capacious land-locked harbour. The streets, one hundred feet wide, are laid out in regular rectangles. The most imposing structure is the Colonial Building, constructed of Nova Scotia freestone, at a cost of \$85,000. The Legislative Council and Assembly chambers are handsomely furnished. The Wesleyan College overlooks the city and harbour. It has ten instructors and about three hundred students.

The island is traversed from end to end by a narrow-gauge railway, constructed by the Dominion Government. Fertility of soil, simplicity of manners, and thrift and industry of the people, are the characteristics of the country. As a local poet expresses it:

"No land can boast more rich supply,
That e'er was found beneath the sky;
No purer streams have ever flowed,
Since Heaven that bounteous gift bestowed. . .
And herring, like a mighty host,
And cod and mackerel, crowd the coast."

The railway traverses a fertile farming country—"a sort of Acadia in which Shenstone might have delighted." Among the principal stations, going west from Charlottetown, are Rustico, a pleasant marine settlement; Summerside, already referred to; Alberton, a prosperous village engaged in ship building and fisheries; and Tignish, in the extreme northern point, an important fishing station. At Alberton were born the Gordons—martyred missionaries of Erromanga, one of whom was killed by the natives in 1861, and the other in 1872. At the eastern end of the island are Souris and Georgetown, termini of the two branches of the railway. They are prosperous fishing and shipping towns.

The Magdalen Islands, thirteen in number, lie out in the Gulf, fifty miles north of Prince Edward Island. The inhabi-

tants are mostly Acadian fishermen, speaking French only. The harbours, during the fishing season, are the rendezvous of hundreds of sail engaged in the pursuit of the immense schools of mackerel and cod, which swarm in the neighbouring waters. The drift ice in the spring brings down myriads of seals, of which, 6,000 have been taken in a fortnight, by seal hunters going out from the shore. It is claimed that these islands furnish the best lobster fishery in America.

Deadman's Isle, an isolated rock, takes its name from its fancied resemblance to a corpse laid out for burial. While passing this rock, in 1804, Tom Moore wrote the poem, of which the following are the closing lines:

“There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador,
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tossed.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire that lights her deck
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furled,
And the hand that steers is not of this world.”

In the month of August, 1873, a terrible storm swept over these waters, strewing with wrecks their rocky shores. Many scores of vessels were lost, and hundreds of gallant fishermen found a watery grave. The dreadful disaster is commemorated in the following fine poem, by Edmund C. Stedman:

THE LORD'S-DAY GALE.

In Gloucester port lie fishing craft,—
More staunch and trim were never seen:
They are sharp before and sheer abaft,
And true their lines the masts between.
Along the wharves of Gloucester town
Their fares are lightly landed down,
And the laden flakes to sunward lean.

And some must sail to the banks far north
And set their trawls for the hungry cod,—
In the ghostly fog creep back and forth
By shrouded paths no foot hath trod;
Upon the crews the ice-winds blow,
The bitter sleet, the frozen snow,—
Their lives are in the hand of God!

The Grand Bank gathers in its dead,—
The deep sea-sand is their winding-sheet;
Who does not George's billows dread
That dash together the drifting fleet?
Who does not long to hear, in May,
The pleasant wash of Saint Lawrence Bay,
The fairest ground where fishermen meet?

The Province craft with ours at morn
Are mingled when the vapours shift;
All day, by breeze and current borne,
Across the bay the sailors drift:
With toll and seine its wealth they win,—
The dappled silvery spoil come in
Fast as their hands can haul and lift.

Cape Breton and Edward Isle between,
In strait and gulf the schooners lay;
The sea was all at peace, I ween,
The night before that August day;
Was never a Gloucester skipper there,
But thought erelong, with a right good fare,
To sail for home from Saint Lawrence Bay.

The east wind gathered all unknown,—
A thick sea-cloud his course before;
He left by night the frozen zone
And smote the cliffs of Labrador;
He lashed the coasts on either hand,
And betwixt the Cape and Newfoundland
Into the Bay his armies pour.

He caught our helpless cruisers there
As a gray wolf harries the huddling fold;
A sleet—a darkness—filled the air,
A shuddering wave before it rolled:
That Lord's-day morn it was a breeze,—
At noon, a blast that shook the seas,—
At night—a wind of Death took hold!

It leaped across the Breton bar,
A death-wind from the stormy east !
It scarred the land, and whirled afar
The sheltering thatch of man and beast ;
It mingled rick and roof and tree,
And like a besom swept the sea,
And churned the waters into yeast.

From Saint Paul's light to Edward's Isle
A thousand craft it smote amain ;
And some against it strove the while,
And more to make a port were fain :
The mackerel-gulls flew screaming past,
And the stick that bent to the noonday blast
Was split by the sundown hurricane.

Woe, woe to those whom the islands pen !
In vain they shun the double capes ;
Cruel are the reefs of Magdalen ;
The wolf's white fang what prey escapes ?
The Grindstone grinds the bones of some,
And Coffin Isle is craped with foam ;—
On Deadman's shore are fearful shapes !

O, what can live on the open sea,
Or moored in port the gale outride ?
The very craft that at anchor be
Are dragged along by the swollen tide !
The great storm wave came rolling west,
And tossed the vessels on its crest :
The ancient bounds its might defied !

The ebb to check it had no power ;
The surf ran up to an untold height ;
It rose, nor yielded, hour by hour,
A night and day, a day and night ;
Far up the seething shores it cast
The wreck of hull and spar and mast,
The strangled crews,—a woeful sight !

There were twenty and more of Breton sail
Fast anchored on one mooring ground ;
Each lay within his neighbour's hail,
When the thick of the tempest closed them round :
All sank at once in the gaping sea,—
Somewhere on the shoals their corpses be,
The foundered hulks, and the seamen drowned.

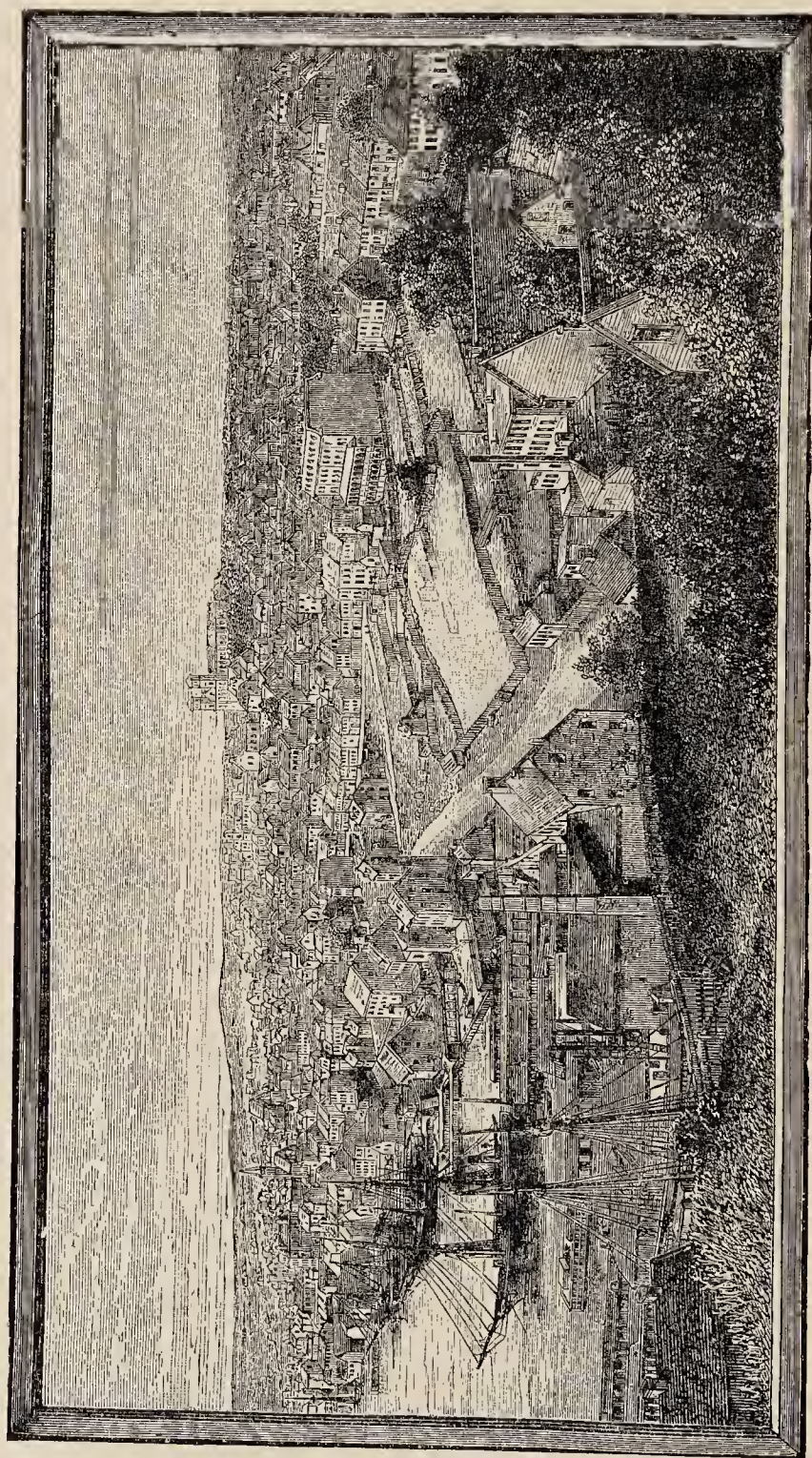
On reef and bar our schooners drove
Before the wind, before the swell;
By the steep sand-cliffs their ribs were stove,—
Long, long their crews the tale shall tell!
Of the Gloucester fleet are wrecks threescore;
Of the Province sail two hundred more
Were stranded in that tempest fell.

The bedtime bells in Gloucester town
That Sabbath night rang soft and clear;
The sailors' children laid them down,—
Dear Lord! their sweet prayers could'st Thou hear?
'Tis said that gently blew the winds;
The good wives, through the seaward blinds,
Looked down the Bay and had no fear.

New England! New England!
Thy ports their dauntless seamen mourn;
The twin capes yearn for their return
Who never shall be thither borne;
Their orphans whisper as they meet;
The homes are dark in many a street,
And women move in weeds forlorn.

And wilt thou fail, and dost thou fear?
Ah, no! though widows' cheeks are pale,
The lads shall say: 'Another year,
And we shall be of age to sail!'
And the mothers' hearts shall fill with pride,
Though tears drop fast for them who died
When the fleet was wrecked in the Lord's-day gale.





CITY OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

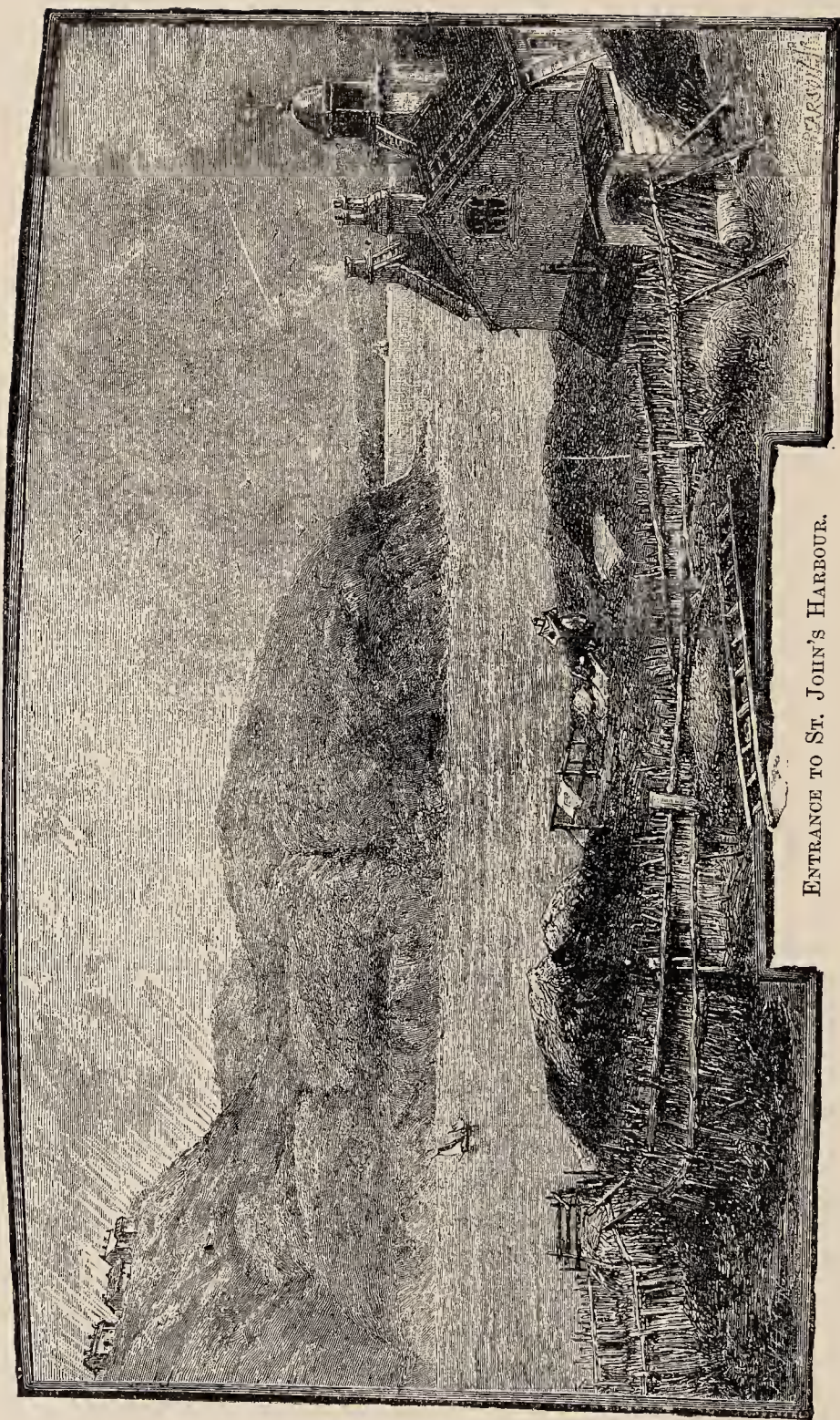
NEWFOUNDLAND.

BEFORE turning westward to the great provinces of Quebec and Ontario, I must give a sketch of the physical character, principal industries, and historic associations of the vast island of Newfoundland. Though not yet a part of the Dominion of Canada, it is not likely that it will much longer remain dissevered from political relations with the rest of British North America. The present writer has not personally visited Newfoundland, and is, therefore, dependent upon the excellent authorities cited for the account of it here given.

The physical aspect of this great island is thus described by the Rev. Dr. Carman:

Newfoundland is a vast, triangular island with a base of 316 miles, and altitude of 317 miles. It has an area of 42,000 square miles, one-sixth larger than Ireland; two-thirds the size of England and Wales together; and with a coast line of 2,000 miles; having in its whole extent only 200,000 people scattered and grouped along that coast line, and perhaps not 5,000 of them three miles from the sea. But how could there be coast line of 2,000 miles on a triangle of the dimensions given above? That line is gashed with great bays, broader than Lake Ontario, and half as long at places, nearly cutting the island in twain, and embraced in huge, protruding arms of rocky range that themselves, with all the shore, are riven and ploughed into a thousand less bays, and rough and rocky coves, around which the fishermen have built their little houses, and into the largest of which the merchants and traders have followed them, and built up the villages and little towns.

Let us stand on ship-deck and look at the shore, and what we see in one place we see in nearly all: rock, towering rock, from 50 to 500 feet above the restless sea, bare and barren;



ENTRANCE TO ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR.

mighty bulwarks against the northern main, battered and broken with iceberg; ploughed and ground with tempest and wave. What less than such ramparts and citadels, whose massive masonry was laid deep in subterranean chambers, and whose walls were lifted and piled by the twin giants, earthquake and volcano, could ever have withstood the rush of the tremendous phalanxes of iceberg and avalanche poured upon these rugged shores by the ice king of the Arctic domain, and the dash of the fierce tempests upon the storm-scarred towers? And these grand harbours, of which the island has its scores, how utterly indispensable they are, and how wonderfully they are formed!

Take a port like that of St. John's, where you enter as in an instant from the open sea betwixt two walls of precipitous rock, hundreds of feet high, by a passage scarcely wide enough for two vessels to pass, and come in a minute into a long and broad basin completely surrounded by equally lofty ranges of rock, where a navy may ride in calm, deep sea, in perfect security.

Take another, like that at Trinity, where we enter by a channel not much wider, and come at once into a large, open bay, surrounded by towering rocks as at St. John's, and then may press up into the land betwixt the precipitous hills on either of two extensive arms of the sea, giving not only a safe retreat, but actually a hiding-place for the navies of nations. These wonders abound, but there is not one too many or one too safe when the storms of the Atlantic and the fogs and currents and ice come into the account.

Think of such a coast as this, with its lofty head bold and bald to the sea; its mountain and hill girt bays and coves; its tempest-riven and wave-worn cliffs and precipices; with the people given to fishing, and the communication by water tenfold readier and easier than by land; and how are you going to build waggon roads and railroads? And what are you going to do with them when you get them? But the enterprising Newfoundlanders are solving that very problem, difficult as it is. Not by a sectional or municipal arrangement, but by the concentration of the energies and resources of all the people in the general Government they are gradually, by well-built

roads connecting the out-ports, inaccessible by land as they have been, with the capital; and even invading the interior of the island, which is a *terra incognita*, and will yet be, in many



SIGNAL STATION, ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR.

respects, a new-found-land to the Newfoundlanders themselves. The waggon-roads they have built are most of them excellent to travel upon, as the bed is hard, and much of the rock is

easily triturated and cements naturally, making in a little while a very smooth and solid way indeed. The road runs along the shore, from harbour to harbour, connecting the coves as nearly as possible at their heads, and opening up to the traveller some of the grandest mountain and ocean scenery in the world.

ST. JOHN'S.

We are indebted to the Rev. W. W. Percival for the following account of the entrance to the famous harbour of St. John's, and of the city itself :

On every side a lofty, iron-bound coast presents itself to view ; the grim, hoary rocks seem to frown defiance to the angry Atlantic. As the ship approaches nearer and nearer, you think that surely she is only rushing on to her doom, when suddenly the voyager sees a narrow opening in the rocky wall, as if by some mighty convulsion of nature the rampart had been rent asunder, and the sea had rushed in. Through this narrow entrance he safely glides, surrounded by a wall of rock on either side, some five or six hundred feet in height. It is impossible to gaze upon those great cliffs of dark red sandstone, piled in huge masses on a foundation of gray slate-rock, without experiencing a feeling of awe. On his right, surmounting an almost perpendicular precipice five hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea, stands the "Block House" for signalling vessels as they approach the harbour. On his left, the hill rises still higher by a hundred feet, and looks rugged and broken. From the base of this hill a rocky promontory juts out, forming the entrance of the "Narrows" on one side, its summit being crowned by Fort Amherst lighthouse. In former years batteries, armed with formidable guns, rose one above another amid the clefts of the rocks ; but years ago the garrison was withdrawn, and the cannon removed.

The passage leading to the harbour, commonly called the Narrows, is nearly half a mile in length, and it is not till about two-thirds of it is passed that the city itself comes into view, as at the termination of this channel, the harbour tends suddenly to the west, thus completely shutting out the swell of the

ocean. Ten minutes after leaving the foam-crested billows of the Atlantic, your ship is safely moored at the wharf, in a perfectly land-locked harbour. Vessels of the largest tonnage can enter at all times, for there is not more than four feet of a tide. The Narrows, in the narrowest part, is about sixteen hundred feet in width. The harbour is about half a mile in length, and about half a mile in width. It is deep, having from five to ten fathoms, and in the centre sixteen fathoms of water.

Mr. Percival proceeds as follows to describe the capital: The city occupies a commanding site on the northern side of the harbour. From the water's edge the ground rises with a gradual slope till the summit is reached, where there is a large level space. Along the face of this slope the main streets run east and west, being intersected by others running up over the hill north and south. Water Street, the principal business avenue, runs parallel with the harbour the whole length of the city. It presents a very substantial, if not a very artistic appearance, the houses being mostly built of brick and stone. Shops, stores, and mercantile counting-houses occupy the ground floors, while many of the merchants and shopkeepers live in the upper stories. A vast amount of business is transacted every year in this street; perhaps there is not another in British America that transacts more, for nearly the whole business of the colony is done here.

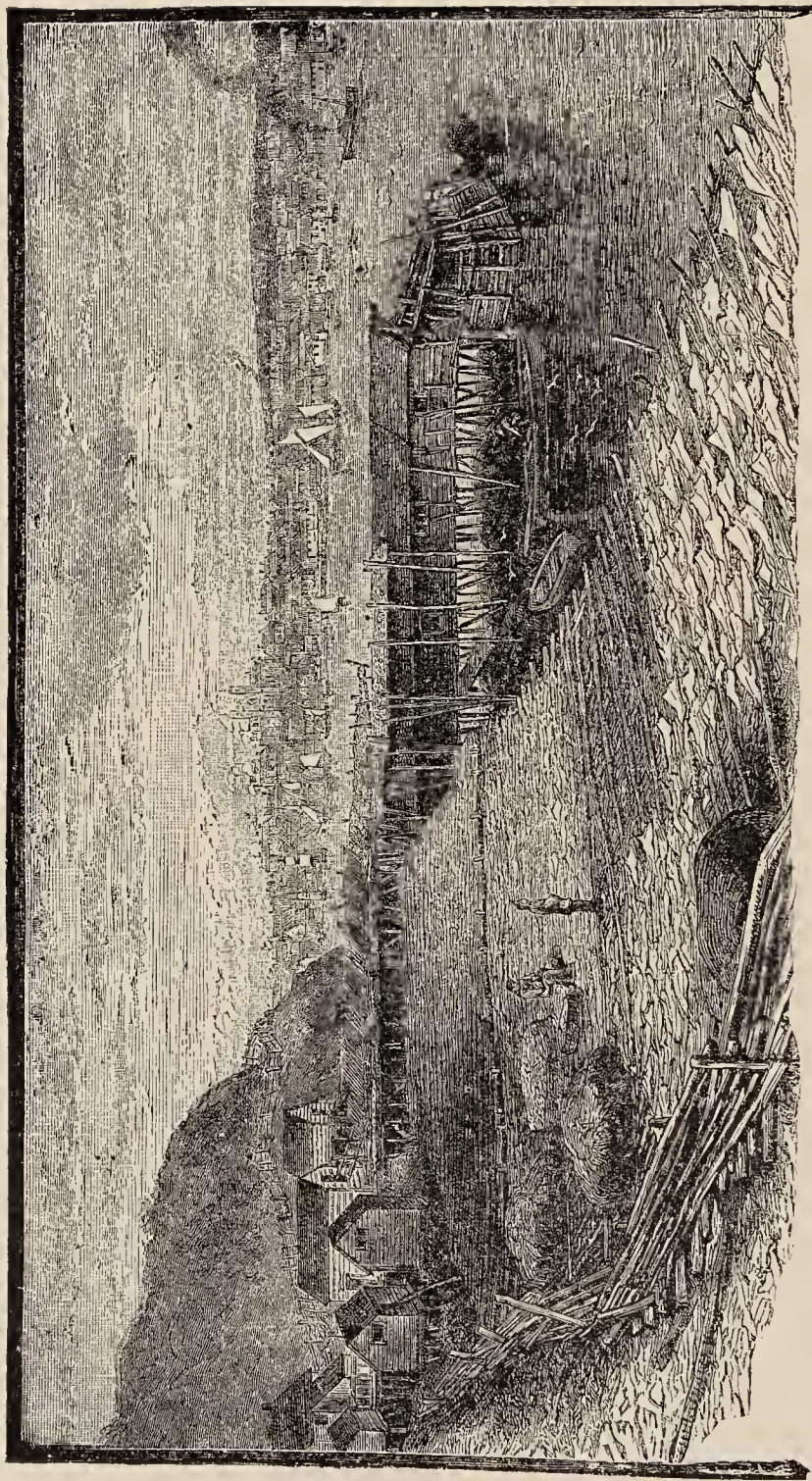
The architectural appearance of the city, though nothing to be proud of, has vastly improved during the past dozen years. Heretofore the custom too largely prevailed of many of the merchants coming out to St. John's simply to make money, and after succeeding in doing so, returning to England or Scotland to spend it lavishly in embellishing their homes. Only intending to live here for a brief period, they were not particular how they lived, or where. But this condition of things, we are thankful to say, is rapidly becoming obsolete, and the result is seen in the marked architectural improvement of the city. Already, on the summits overlooking the business part of the city, there are houses of a very superior description, and many more are being erected every summer.

St. John's, in former years, suffered terribly by fire. Twice

the greater portion of it was laid in ashes. In 1816 a fire broke out, which consumed \$400,000 worth of property, leaving fifteen hundred persons homeless and shelterless, amidst the biting frosts of February. Just as they were partially recovering from the effects of this calamity another of the same kind, only of still greater extent, occurred. On the morning of the 9th of June, 1846, another fire broke out in the western end of the city, which swept everything before it, and before night three-fourths of the wealthy and populous city were a smoking mass of ruins. As the houses were then mostly built of wood, and as a high wind prevailed at the time, the firebrands were hurled far and wide. To add to the terrors of the scene, while the red tongues of flame were leaping from street to street, the huge oil vats on the south side of the harbour took fire. Liquid fire now spread over the whole surface of the water, and ignited a number of ships in the harbour, thus adding to the terrible grandeur of the scene. Before the day closed, twelve thousand people were homeless, and property valued at \$4,500,000 was destroyed.

Among the more prominent public buildings are the Government House, the Colonial Building, Custom House, Athenæum Hall, and several churches. Government House is a plain, substantial stone building, without architectural pretensions, but spacious and comfortable. The Colonial Building is a large plain structure, built of white limestone, imported direct from Cork, though why it was necessary to send all the way there for it was always a mystery to the writer. The Athenæum comprises a large public hall, reading-room, and library of well-selected books, and several public offices. The most conspicuous of the churches is the Roman cathedral. It occupies a commanding site on the summit of the hill, on which the city is built. It is in the form of a vast Latin cross, with two lofty towers in front. The Church of England cathedral will rank among the finest ecclesiastical edifices in British America. The growth of Methodism has been rapid within the past few years, and it has a number of fine churches.

Any description of this ancient and loyal Colony would be essentially incomplete were we to omit mention of the fisheries,



FISH CURING—ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR.

as these constitute the grand staple industry of the island. In this department Newfoundland is in advance of all other countries. Her cod-fisheries are the most extensive in the world. The cod-fishery has been prosecuted during the last three hundred and seventy-five years; but notwithstanding the enormous draughts every year, the fishing grounds show not the least sign of exhaustion. When Sir Humphrey Gilbert took possession of the island, in 1583, he found thirty-six ships in the harbour of St. John's engaged in fishing. All the other fisheries, including seal, salmon, and herring, in the aggregate only amount in value to about one-fifth of the cod-fishery.

FISH-CURING.

The method of curing the cod-fish is thus described in Messrs. Harvey and Hatton's admirable History of Newfoundland:

When the fisherman's boat, laden with the day's catch, reaches his stage—a rough-covered platform, projecting over the water and supported on poles—the fish are flung one by one from the boat to the floor of the stage, with an instrument resembling a small pitchfork, and called a “pew.” The cod is now seized by the “cut-throat,” armed with a sharp knife, who with one stroke slits open the fish, and passes in to the “header.” This operator first extracts the liver, which is dropped into a vessel at his side, to be converted into cod-liver oil. He then wrenches off the head, removes the viscera, which are thrown into a vessel, to be preserved along with the head for the farmer, who, mixing them with bog and earth thus forms an excellent fertilizer. The tongues and sounds, or air-bladders, are also taken out, and when pickled, make an excellent article of food. The fish now passes to the “splitter,” who, placing it on its back, and holding it open with his left hand, cuts along the backbone to the base of the tail. The fish now lies open on the table, and with a sharp stroke of the knife the “splitter” severs the backbone, and catching the end thus freed, severs it from the body. The “salter” now takes hold of the fish, and having carefully washed away every particle of blood, he salts it in piles on the floor of the fish-house. After remaining the proper length of time in

salt, it is taken from the heap, washed, and carried to the "flake," where it is spread out to dry. The flake consists of a horizontal framework of small poles, covered with spruce-boughs, and supported by upright poles, the air having free access beneath. Here the cod are spread to bleach in the sun and air, and during the process require constant attention. In damp or rainy weather, or at the approach of night, they are piled in small



FISH FLAKES.

heaps with the skin outward. When thoroughly dried they have a whitish appearance, and are then ready for storing.

To Messrs. Harvey and Hatton's excellent book I am also indebted for the following graphic account of the seal-fishery:

Next to the cod-fishery, the most valuable of the Newfoundland fisheries is that of the seal. The average annual value at

present of the seal-fishery is about \$1,100,000, being about an eighth part of the entire exports. The number of men employed is from 8,000 to 10,000.

Beginning with a few nets, there followed the sealing-boats and the little schooners, carrying each a dozen men, until the industry was prosecuted with vessels of 200 or 250 tons, and crews of forty or fifty men. At length, all-conquering steam entered the field, and in 1863 the first steamer took part in this fishery. Since then the number of steamers has rapidly increased, and the number of sailing vessels has still more rapidly diminished. The day is not very distant when this industry will be carried on solely by powerful steamers. They are strongly built, to stand the pressure of ice, and cleave their way through the ice-fields, being stoutly timbered, sheathed with iron-wood, and having iron-plated stems.

SEALING AND SEALS.

There is always great excitement connected with the seal-fisheries. The perils and hardships to be encountered, the skill and courage required in battling with the ice-giants, and the possible rich prizes to be won, throw a romantic interest around this adventure. Not the seal-hunters alone, but the whole population, from the richest to the poorest, take a deep interest in the fortunes of the hunt. It is like an army going out to do battle for those who remain at home. In this case the enemies to be encountered are the icebergs, the tempest, and the blinding snow-storm. A steamer will sometimes go out and return in two or three weeks, laden to the gunwale, occasionally bringing home as many as thirty or forty thousand seals, each worth two and a half or three dollars. The successful hunters are welcomed with thundering cheers, like returning conquerors, and are the heroes of the hour.

According to law, no sailing vessel can be cleared for the ice before the first of March, and no steamer before the 10th of March; a start in advance of ten days being thus accorded to the vessels which depend on wind alone. As the time for starting approaches, the streets and wharves of the capital assume

an appearance of bustle, which contrasts pleasantly with the previous stagnation. The steamers and sailing vessels begin to take in stores, and complete their repairs. Rough berths are fitted up for the sealers; bags of biscuit, barrels of pork, and other necessities are stowed away; water, fuel, and ballast are taken on board; the sheathing of the ships, which has to stand the grinding of the heavy Arctic ice, is carefully inspected. A crowd of eager applicants surrounds the shipping offices, powerful-looking men, in rough jackets and long boots, splashing tobacco-juice over the white snow in all directions, and shouldering one another in their anxiety to get booked. The great object is to secure a place on board one of the steamers, the chances of success being considered much better than on board the sailing vessels. The masters of the steamers are thus able to make up their crews with picked men. Each steamer has on board from one hundred and fifty to three hundred men, and it would be difficult to find a more stalwart lot of fellows in the Royal Navy itself. The steamers have an immense advantage over the sailing vessels. They can cleave their way through the heavy ice-packs against the wind: they can double and beat about in search of the "seal-patches;" and when the prey is found, they can hold on to the ice-fields, while sailing vessels are liable to be driven off by a change of wind, and if beset with ice are often powerless to escape. It is not to be wondered at that steamers are rapidly superseding sailing vessels in the seal-fishery. They can make two, and even three trips to the ice-field during the season, and thus leave behind the antiquated sealer dependent on the winds.

Before the introduction of steamers, one hundred and twenty sailing-vessels, of from forty to two hundred tons, used to leave the port of St. John's alone for the seal-fishery. Now they are reduced to some half-dozen, but from the more distant "out-ports" numbers of small sailing vessels still engage in this special industry.

The young seals are born on the ice from the 10th to the 25th of February, and as they grow rapidly, and yield a much finer oil than the old ones, the object of the hunters is to reach them in their babyhood while yet fed by their mothers' milk,

and while they are powerless to escape. So quickly do they increase in bulk, that by the 28th of March they are in perfect condition. By the 1st of April they begin to take to the water, and can no longer be captured in the ordinary way. The great Arctic current, fed by streams from the seas east of Greenland, and from Baffin's and Hudson's Bays, bears on its bosom hundreds of square miles of floating ice, which are carried past the shores of Newfoundland, to find their destiny in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. Somewhere amid these floating masses, the seals have brought forth their young, which remain on the ice during the first period of their growth, for five or six weeks. The great aim of the hunters is to get among the hordes of "white-coats," as the young harp seals are called, during this period. For this purpose they go forth at the appointed time, steering northward till they come in sight of those terrible icy wildernesses, which, agitated by the swell of the Atlantic, threaten destruction of all rash invaders. These hardy seal-hunters, however, who are accustomed to battle with the floes, are quite at home among the bergs and crushing ice-masses; and where other mariners would shrink away in terror, they fearlessly dash into the ice wherever an opening presents itself, in search of their prey.

In the ice-fields the surface of the ocean is covered with a glittering expanse of ice, dotted with towering bergs of every shape and size, having gleaming turrets, domes and spires. The surface of the ice-field is rugged and broken, rushing frequently into steep hillocks and ridges. The scene in which "The Ancient Mariner" found himself, is fully realized :

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold ;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men, nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around ;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound."

When a storm arises amid these icy solitudes the scene is grand and awful, beyond all powers of description.

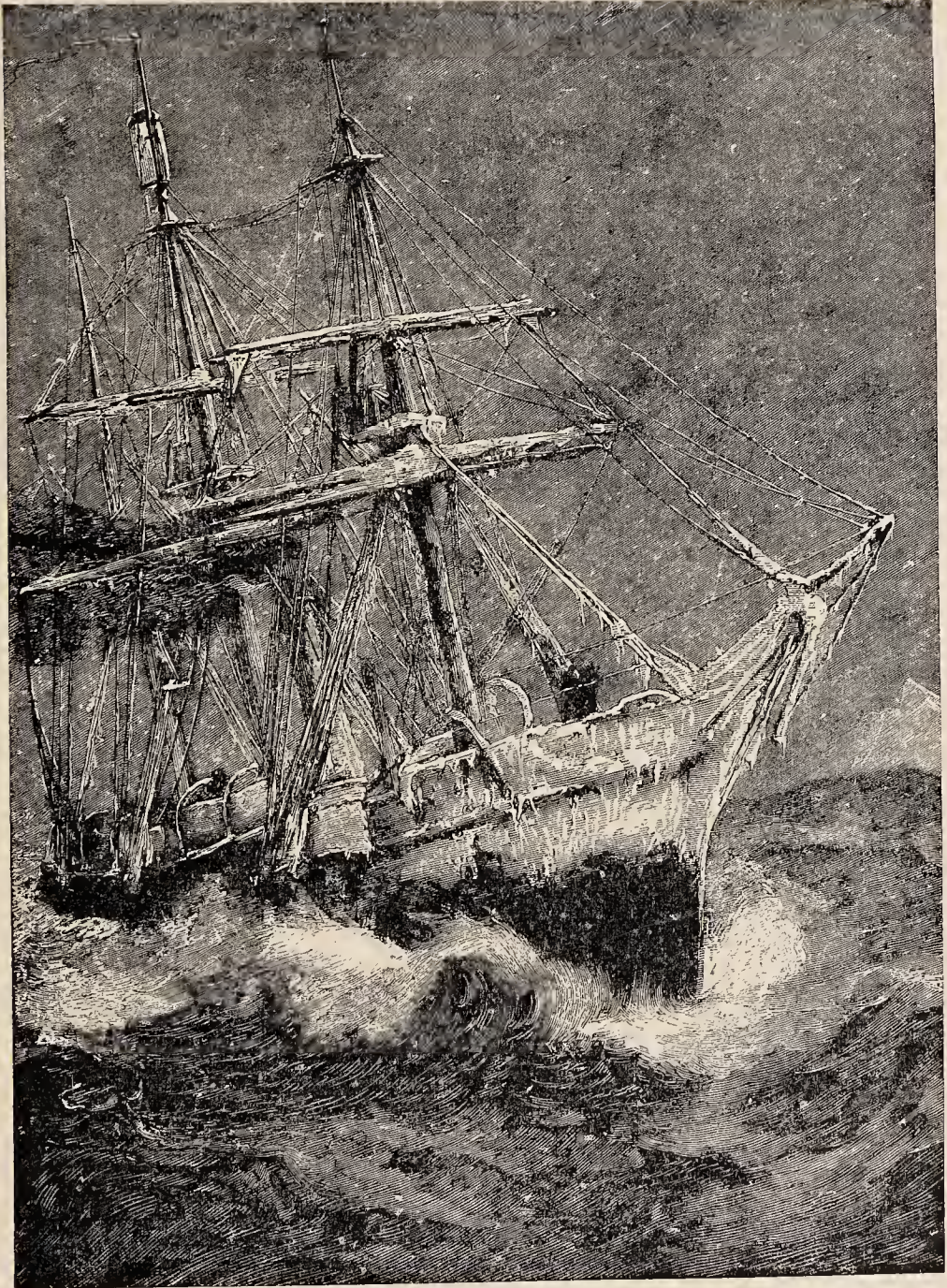
Considering all the perils, it is surprising how few fatal disasters occur. During the seal hunt of 1872, one hundred men perished, fifty of these having gone down in a single vessel, called the *Huntsman*, on the coast of Labrador. In the same year, two steamers, the *Bloodhound* and *Retriever*, were crushed by the ice and sank, but their crews, numbering nearly four hundred men, managed to reach Battle Harbour, in Labrador, over the ice, after enduring great hardships.

Happily these terrible storms are not frequent. For the most part the sea is at rest, and then the ice-fields present a strange beauty of their own, which has a wonderful fascination. When the sun is shining brightly, it is too dazzling, and its monotony is wearisome. The moon, the stars, and the flickering Aurora, are needed to reveal all its beauty.*

We shall now look into the equipment of a sealing steamer, and then, in imagination, accompany her to the ice-fields, in order to form some idea of the hunt.

In the last week of February, the roads leading from the various out-ports of St. John's, begin to be enlivened by the appearance of the sealers, or, as they are called in the vernacular, "swilers," their enterprise being designated "swile huntin'." Each of them carries a bundle of spare clothing over his shoulder, swinging at the extremity of a pole six or seven feet in length, which is called a "gaff," and which serves as a bat or club to strike the seal on the nose, where it is most vulnerable. The same weapon serves as an ice-pole in leaping from "pan" to "pan," and is also used for dragging the skin and fat of the seal over the fields and hummocks of ice to the side of the vessel. To answer these various purposes, the "gaff" is armed with an iron hook at one end and bound with iron. Some of the men, in addition, carry a long sealing-gun on their shoulders. These are the "bow" or "after gunners," who are marksmen to shoot

*Mr. Harvey gives in his book a graphic engraving of a night scene among the icebergs, with the bright curtains of the northern Aurora waving overhead.



SEAL HUNTER IN SNOW-STORM.

old seals or others that cannot be reached by the "gaff." The outfit of the sealers is of the simplest description. Sealskin boots, reaching to the knee, having a thick leather sole well nailed, to enable them to walk over the ice, protect the feet; coarse canvas jackets, often showing the industry of a wife or mother, in the number of patches which adorn them, are worn over warm woollen shirts and other inner clothing; sealskin caps, and tweed or moleskin trousers, with thick woollen mitts, complete the costume, which is more picturesque than handsome.

In the forecastle, or other parts of each ship, rough berths are constructed. The sealers have to furnish themselves with a straw mattress and blanketing. The men are packed like herrings in a barrel, and, as a rule, they never undress during the voyage. In the rare event of putting on a clean shirt, it goes over its predecessor, without removing the latter—a method which saves time and trouble, and is, besides, conducive to warmth. The owner of the vessel supplies the provisions. In sailing vessels, half the proceeds of the voyage are divided as wages among the men, but in steamers only a third is thus distributed. The captain gets a certain number of cents per seal.

The food of the men is none of the daintiest, and no one who is at all squeamish about what he "eats, drinks and avoids," need attempt to go "swile huntin'." The diet consists of biscuit, pork, butter, and tea, sweetened with molasses. On three days of the week dinner consists of pork and "duff," the latter item consisting of flour and water, with a little fatty substance intermixed "to lighten it." When boiled it is almost as hard as a cannon ball. On the other four days of the week, all the meals consist of tea, sweetened with molasses, and biscuit. Such is the rough fare on which these hardy fellows go through their trying and laborious work. When, however, they fall in with seals, their diet is improved. They cook the heart, liver, flippers, and other parts, and feast on them *ad libitum*, and generally come ashore in excellent condition, though the odour that attends them does not suggest the "spicy breezes" which "blow soft from Ceylon's Isle." The use of fresh seal meat is highly conducive to health, and is the best preventive of scurvy. Very

little sickness occurs among the men while leading this rough life. They are often out for eight or ten weeks without seeing land, and enduring the hardest toils. When seals are taken in large quantities, the hold of the vessel is first filled, and then the men willingly surrender their berths, which are packed full of "white-coats." In fact, every nook and corner is crammed with the precious fat; and the sealers sleep where they can—in barrels on deck, on a layer of seals, or in the coal bunks. It is marvellous to see men, after eight or ten weeks of such life, leap ashore hearty and vigorous. Their outer garments are polished with seal fat, and it is advisable to keep to windward of them till they have procured a change of clothing.

The experiences of a sealing voyage are various, being influenced by the ever-shifting condition of the ice, and the direction of the winds. The grand aim of the sealers is to reach that portion of the ice which is the "whelping-grounds" of the seals, while yet the young are in their plump, oleaginous babyhood. The position of this icy cradle is utterly uncertain, being dependent on the movements of the ice, and the force of the winds and waves. It has to be sought for amid vast ice-fields. At times, in endeavouring to push her way through, the vessel is caught in the heavy ice, and then the ice-saws are called into requisition, to cut an opening to the nearest "lead" of clear water, that she may work her way north. But the heavy Arctic ice may close in under the pressure of a nor'-easter, and then no amount of steam-power can drive her through. Howling night closes in; bergs and floes are crashing all around, and momentarily threatening her with destruction; the wind roars through the shrouds, driving on its wings the arrowy sleet and snow, sharp as needles, which only men of iron can stand. Thus, locked in the embrace of the floe, the luckless vessel is drifted helplessly hundreds of miles, till a favourable wind loosens the icy prison walls. It is no uncommon occurrence for a hundred vessels to be thus beset by heavy ice, through which no passage can be forced. Some are "nipped," some crushed to atoms, and the men have to escape for their lives over the ice. Others are carried into the great northern bays, or borne in the heavy "pack" up and down on the ocean for weeks, returning

to port "clean"—that is, without a single seal. There are seasons when the boldest and most skilful captains fail. At other times, by a turn of good fortune, a vessel "strikes the seals" a day or two after leaving port, and finds herself in the middle of a "seal patch" sufficient to load the *Great Eastern*. The whole ice for miles around is covered thick with the young "white-coats," and in a fortnight from the time of the departure, she returns to port, loaded to the gunwale, her very decks being piled with the skins and fat of seals.

When approaching such an El-Dorado as this, the excitement on board may be imagined, as the welcome whimpering of the young harp seals is heard. Their cry has a remarkable resemblance to the sobbing or whining of an infant in pain, which is redoubled as the destroyers approach. Young hunters, who now apply their gaffs for the first time, are often almost overcome by their baby lamentations. Compassion, however, is soon gulped down. The vessel is "laid to," the men eagerly bound on the ice, and the work of destruction begins. A blow on the nose from the gaff, stuns or kills the young seal. Instantly the sculping-knife is at work, the skin, with the fat adhering, is detached, with amazing rapidity, from the carcass, which is left on the ice, while the fat and skin alone are carried off. This process is called "sculping"—a corruption, no doubt, of scalp-ing. The skin or pelt is generally about three feet long, and two and a half feet wide, and weighs from thirty-five to fifty pounds. Five or six pelts are reckoned a heavy load to drag over rough or broken ice, sometimes for one or two miles. If the ice is loose and open, the hunter has to leap from pan to pan.

Fancy two or three hundred men on a field of ice carrying on this work. Then what a picture the vessel presents as the pelts are being piled on deck to cool, previous to stowage below! One after another the hunters arrive with their loads, and snatch a hasty moment to drink a bowl of tea, and eat a piece of biscuit and butter. The poor mother seals, now cubless, are seen popping their heads up in the small lakes of water and holes among the ice, anxiously looking for their young.

So soon as the sailing vessel reaches port with her fat cargo,

the skimmers go to work and separate skin and fat. The former are at once salted and stored for export to England, to be converted into boots and shoes, harness, portmanteaus, etc. The old method of manufacturing the fat was to throw it into huge wooden vats, in which the pressure of its own weight, and the heat of the sun, extracted the oil, which was drawn off and barrelled for exportation. This was a tedious process. Latterly steam has been employed to quicken the extraction of the oil. By means of steam-driven machinery, the fat is now rapidly cut up by revolving knives into minute pieces, then ground finer in a sort of gigantic sausage-machine; afterwards steamed in a tank, which rapidly extracts the oil; and finally, before being barrelled, it is exposed for a time in glass-covered tanks to the action of the sun's rays. By this process, the work of manufacturing, which formerly occupied two months, is completed in two weeks. Not only so, but by the steam process, the disagreeable smell of the oil is removed, the quality improved, and the quantity increased.

The refuse is sold to the farmers, who mix it with bog and earth, which converts it into a highly fertilizing compost. The average value of a ton of seal-oil is about a hundred and forty dollars. The skin of a young harp seal is worth from ninety to one hundred cents. The greater part of the oil is sent to Britain, where it is largely used in lighthouses and mines, and for lubricating machinery. It is also used in the manufacture of the finer kinds of soap.

The maternal instinct appears to be peculiarly strong in the female seal, and the tenderness with which the mothers watch over their young offspring, is most touching. When the young seals are cubbed on the ice, the mothers remain in the neighbourhood, going off each morning to fish, and returning at intervals to give them suck. It is an extraordinary fact that the old seals manage to keep holes in the ice open, and to prevent them freezing over in order that they may reach the water. On returning from a fishing excursion, extending over fifty or a hundred miles, each mother seal manages to find the hole by which she took her departure, and to discover her own snow-white cub, which she proceeds to fondle and suckle. This is



SEALERS AT WORK.

certainly one of the most remarkable achievements of animal instinct. The young "white-coats" are scattered in myriads over the ice-field. During the absence of the mother, the field of ice has shifted its position, perhaps many miles, being borne on the current. Yet each mother seal is able to find her own hole, and to pick out her own cub from the immense herd with unerring accuracy. It is quite touching to witness their signs of distress and grief when they return and find only a skinless carcass, instead of their whimpering little ones.

Just as the eagle "stirs up her young," and encourages them to use their wings, so, it is said, the mother seals tumble their babies into the water and give them swimming lessons. When they are in danger from "rafting" ice, or fragments of floes dashed about by the wind and likely to crush them, the self-sacrificing affection of the mothers leads them to brave all dangers, and they are seen helping their young to places of safety in the unbroken ice, sometimes clasping them in their fore-flippers, and swimming with them, or pushing them forward with their noses.

At the end of six weeks, the young shed their white woolly robe, which has a yellowish or golden lustre, and a smooth, spotted skin appears, having a rough, darkish fur. They have now ceased to be "white-coats," and become "ragged-jackets." The milk on which they are sustained is of a thick, creamy consistency, very rich and nutritious. While the mothers are thus guarding and suckling their young, the males take the opportunity of enjoying themselves, and are seen sporting about in the open pools of water. The old male harps appear to be indifferent about their young. The male hood seal, on the other hand, assists his mate in her maternal guardianship, and will fight courageously in defence of her and the young.

In the seas around Newfoundland and Labrador there are four species of seals—the bay seal, the harp, the hood, and the square flipper. The bay seal is local in its habits, does not migrate, but frequents the mouths of rivers and harbours around the coast, and is never found on the ice. It is frequently taken in nets, but, commercially, is of small importance. The harp seal—*par excellence*, the seal of commerce—is so called from

having a broad curved line of connected dark spots proceeding from each shoulder, and meeting on the back above the tail, and forming a figure something like an ancient harp. The old harp seals alone have this figuring, and not till their second year.

The hood seal is much larger than the harp. The male, called by the hunters "the dog-hood," is distinguished from the female by a singular hood or bag of flesh on his nose. When attacked or alarmed, he inflates this hood so as to cover the face and eyes, and it is strong enough to resist seal shot. It is impossible to kill one of these creatures when his sensitive nose is thus protected, even with a sealing-gun, so long as his head or his tail is toward you; and the only way is by shooting him on the side of the head, and a little behind it, so as to strike him in the neck, or the base of the skull.

The square flipper seal is the fourth kind, and is believed to be identical with the great Greenland seal. It is from twelve to sixteen feet in length. By far the greatest "catch" is made among the young harps, though some seasons great numbers of young hoods are also taken.

At a time when all other Northern countries are idle and locked in icy fetters, here is an industry that can be plied by the fishermen of Newfoundland, and by which, in a couple of months, a million (and, at times, a million and a half) of dollars are won. It is over early in May, so that it does not interfere with the summer cod-fishery, nor with the cultivation of the soil. This, of course, greatly enhances its value.*

* "The seal-fishery," writes the Rev. Mr. Percival, for some time Methodist minister at St. John's, Newfoundland, "furnishes us with not a few illustrations of that firm adhesion to Christian principle which it is impossible, for even the worldly, to gaze upon without admiration. Many of these stalwart and grim-looking 'swilers' have, in our churches, sat at the blessed feet of the 'Master,' and learnt lessons from Him. These Christian principles are often severely tested. For instance, I knew of a case this spring (and not a few such cases occur every spring), when a Christian captain was out at the ice after seals. On a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning, he struck one of those El-Dorados; hundreds of thousands of seals surrounded his ship. Other crews about him were busily engaged in taking them, and his men were impatient also to begin the work of death. Before

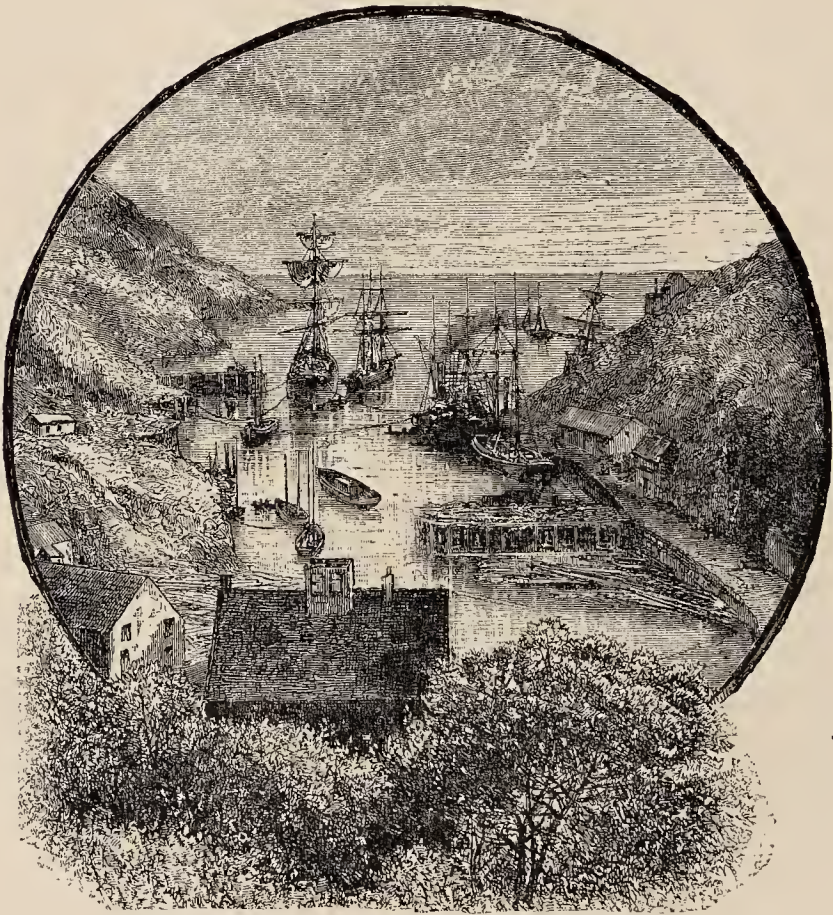
Newfoundland possesses another considerable source of attraction to a certain class of immigrants, and especially to capitalists, in the shape of its vast mineral deposits. Beyond all question, portions of the island are rich in valuable minerals. These mines are principally situated in Notre Dame Bay, and the ore is shipped directly to Swansea. Six or seven mines have been in operation. According to the testimony of geologists, the mineral lands exceed five thousand square miles. Up to 1879, the Tilt Cove mine yielded 50,000 tons of copper ore, valued at \$1,572,154; and nickel, worth \$32,740. A few miles from Tilt's Cove, another mine was opened in 1875, at Betts' Cove. By 1879, this latter mine exported 125,556 tons of ore, valued at \$2,982,836. The cut on page 98 shows the busy scene at the harbour of Betts' Cove, a rich mining region. Magnetic iron ore has been found, though not as yet in large masses; while lead ore has been found in workable quantities. Coal has also been found in pretty extensive beds. Gypsum is found in immense developments. Marbles, too, of almost every shade of colour, occur in various parts of the island; while granite, of the finest quality, building stone, whetstones, limestones, and roofing-slate, are in ample profusion.

The town of Placentia is situated at the head of a magnificent harbour. The fisheries of cod, herring, and salmon, are unsurpassed, and the scenery is grandly picturesque. The town possesses considerable historic interest, having been founded by the French in 1660. Notre Dame, Bonavista, Trinity, Conception, Fortune, and many another ample bay, indents the hospitable coast of Newfoundland.

the close of day, he might have loaded his ship with some \$60,000 worth of seals, but he was firm to his Christian principles, *and not one seal was taken by him or any of his crew on the Sabbath day.* During the following night a strong breeze sprang up, and when Monday morning dawned there was not a seal to be seen anywhere. That same captain returned to port with eighty seals, and yet the brave man said, 'I would do the same thing again next year, sir!' Such illustrations of moral heroism the ice-fields oft present, and every one of them is a sermon of greater eloquence and power than ever came from the lips of John the Golden-mouthed."

The chief facilities for travel on the island is thus described by Dr. Carman.

The railway starts at St. John's, and runs around Conception Bay, the first of the great bays that gash into the eastern coast of the island; followed, as it is in order, as you go northward



BETTS' COVE, NOTRE DAME BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

by Trinity Bay, Bonavista Bay, Notre Dame, or Green Bay, and White Bay. Placentia Bay, on the south, almost meets Trinity on the north and east, nearly cutting off the southeastern section for another island. The railway runs west from the capital, climbing hills and dodging lakes and rocks, twelve miles to Topsail, one of the prettiest beaches on the island, and a fashionable watering place; then south, close along the shore,

having a beautiful view of the bay on the one side, and the rugged hill, mountain and forest on the other, to Holyrood—a cozy little place on the slopes and among the rocks in the little cove at the head of the bay; then turning here, due north, and climbing the mountain by a great sweep of engineering skill,



PLACENTIA.

through wildest, grandest scenery of rocky head and quiet cove, beetling cliff and yawning gulf, it reaches the wilder plateau of forest and lake on which it threads its serpentine way, amid ledges and lagoons, past many coves, to Harbour Grace, its present terminus; making the distance from St. John's fully double what it is across the Point and then across the Bay.

Harbour Grace is the second city of Newfoundland, with a population of seven thousand, on Conception Bay. It has a fine Roman Catholic cathedral and convent. Carbonear, three miles distant, has two thousand inhabitants, and Methodist and Catholic schools. Fifteen miles across the rugged peninsula is Heart's Content, on Trinity Bay, a town of nine hundred inhabitants, amid magnificent scenery. It is best known to the outside world as the western terminus of the old Atlantic telegraph cable, the subject of Whittier's fine hymn:

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

O lonely Bay of Trinity,
Ye bosky shores untrod,
Lean breathless to the white-lipped sea,
And hear the voice of God!

From world to world His couriers fly,
Thought-winged and shod with fire;
The angel of His stormy sky
Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord?
The world's long strife is done;
Close wedded by that mystic cord,
The continents are one.

And one in heart, as one in blood,
Shall all the people be;
The hands of human brotherhood
Are clasped beneath the sea.

Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain,
And Asian mountains borne,
The vigour of the northern brain
Shall nerve the world outworn.

From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Shall thrill the magic thread;
The new Prometheus steals once more
The fire that wakes the dead.

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder! beat
From answering beach to beach;
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
And melt the chains of each!

Wild terror of the sky above,
Glide tamed and dumb below!
Bear gently, Ocean's carrier dove,
Thy errands to and fro.

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
Beneath the deep so far,
The bridal robe of Earth's accord,
The funeral shroud of war!

For lo! the fall of Ocean's wall,
Space mocked, and Time outrun;
And round the world the thought of each
It is the thought of one!

The poles unite, the zones agree,
The tongues of striving cease;
As on the Sea of Galilee
The Christ is whispering, Peace!

The other principal "out-ports" of Newfoundland—all the ports except St. John's are so named—are on the east coast. Bonavista, an old maritime town of some three thousand inhabitants; Catalina, with five hundred inhabitants; Greenspond, with one thousand inhabitants, on an island so rocky that the soil for gardens is brought from the mainland; Fogo, an important port of entry, amid magnificent scenery—"a western *Ægean* Sea filled with a multitude of isles;" Twillingate, with a population of three thousand, situated on two islands, connected by a bridge—noted for its fine breed of almost amphibious Newfoundland dogs; Betts' Cove and Tilt's Cove, in Notre Dame Bay—famous for copper and nickel mines.

On the south coast are Placentia, once strongly fortified; Burin, the finest harbour in Newfoundland, with two thousand inhabitants; Burgeo, the most important port on the west shore; Rose Blanche, in a rocky fiord, and, near by, the Dead Islands—Les Isles aux Morts—so called from the many wrecks which have bestrewn their iron coasts.

The French shore is an immense sweep of deeply indented coast, from Cape Ray around the whole north-west and northern part of the island to Cape St. John, a distance of four hundred miles. It includes the richest valleys and fairest soils of New-

foundland. It is nearly exempt from fogs, borders on the most prolific fishing grounds, and is called the "Garden of Newfoundland." By the treaties of 1713, 1763, and 1783, the French received the right to catch and curé fish, and to erect huts and stages along this entire coast,—a concession of which they have availed themselves to the fullest extent. There are several British colonies along the shore, but they live without law or magistrates, since the Home Government believes that such appointments would be against the spirit of the treaties with France (which practically neutralized the coast).

It is destitute of roads, and has only one short and infrequent mail-packet route. The only settlements are a few widely scattered fishing-villages, inhabited by a rude and hardy class of mariners; and no form of local government has ever been established on any part of the shore.

Off the south shore are the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, the sole possessions of France of all her once vast territories in the New World. The town of St. Pierre, says Mr. Sweetson, is guarded by about fifty French soldiers, whose presence is necessary to keep the multitudes of fearless and pugnacious sailors from incessant rioting. The street, during the spring and fall, is crowded with many thousands of hardy fishermen, arrayed in the quaint costumes of their native shores—Normans, Bretons, Basques, Provincials, and New-Englanders—all active and alert; while the implements of the fisheries are seen on every side. There is usually one or more French frigates in the harbour, looking after the vast fisheries, which employ 15,000 sailors of France, own 1,000 sail, and return 30,000,000 francs worth of fish.

The Grand Banks of Newfoundland are about fifty miles east of Cape Race. They consist of vast sandbanks, on which the water is from thirty to sixty fathoms deep, and are strewn with shells. Here are found innumerable cod-fish, generally occupying the shallower waters over the sandy bottoms, and feeding on the shoals of smaller fish below. Immense fleets are engaged in the fisheries here, and it is estimated that over 100,000 men are dependent on this industry.

"Far off by stormy Labrador--
Far off the banks of Newfoundland,
Where the angry seas incessant roar,
And foggy mists their wings expand,
The fishing-schooners, black and low,
For weary months sail to and fro."

In the Strait of Belle Isle are situated the lonely islands of Belle Isle and Quirpon, of which weird legends are recorded. They were called the Isles of Demons, and the ancient maps represent them as covered with "devils rampant, with wings, horns, and tails." These were said to be fascinating but malicious, and André Thevet exorcised them from a band of stricken Indians by repeating a part of the Gospel of St. John. The mariners feared to land on these haunted shores, and "when they passed this way, they heard in the air, on the tops, and about the masts, a great clamour of men's voices, confused and inarticulate, such as you may hear from the crowd at a fair or market-place; whereupon they well knew that the Isle of Demons was not far off."

This desolate island has now a lonely lighthouse—type of many such amid those stormy seas. The following description will apply, with little modification, to scores of such solitary yet beneficent structures.

On its southern point is a lonely lighthouse, four hundred and seventy feet above the sea, sustaining a fixed white light, which is visible for twenty-eight miles. During the dense and blinding snow-storms that often sweep over the strait, a cannon is fired at regular intervals; and large deposits of provisions are kept here for the use of shipwrecked mariners. Between December 15th and April 1st there is no light exhibited, for these northern seas are then deserted, save for a few daring seal-hunters. There is but one point where the island can be approached, which is one and a half miles from the lighthouse, and here the stores are landed. There is not a tree, or even a bush on the island, and coal is imported from Quebec to warm the house of the keeper—who, though visited but twice a year, is happy and contented. The path from the landing is cut through the moss-covered rock, and leads up a long and

steep ascent. Hundreds of icebergs may sometimes be seen hence, moving in stately procession up the strait.

Newfoundland was one of the first discovered portions of the New World, having been visited by Cabot in 1497, and named *Prima Vista*—hence the English designation of Newfoundland. The rich fisheries of the Grand Banks were soon visited by hardy Breton, Basque and Norman fishermen. The name of Cape Breton, found on some of the oldest maps, is a memorial of those early voyages. After the discoveries of the rich harvest of the sea, which might be thus gathered, these valuable fisheries were never abandoned. As early as 1517, no less than fifty French, Spanish and Portuguese vessels were engaged in this industry. The spoils of the ocean from the fisheries of the New World formed an agreeable addition to the scanty Lenten fare of the Roman Catholic countries of Europe.

In 1622, Lord Baltimore organized on the south and east coast of the island the Province of Avalon, but soon forsook it for the more genial climate and more fertile soil of Maryland. Even previous to this time the jurisdiction of the coast was given to a British officer, Captain Whitburn—the first of those “fishing admirals,” as they were called—who “governed the island from their vessel’s deck.”

The appointment of those admirals was worthy of the infamous Star Chamber, whence they originated. The law enacted that the master of the first ship arriving at the fisheries from England should be admiral of the harbour in which he cast anchor, and that the masters of the second and third following vessels were to be vice-admiral and rear-admiral respectively. These admirals were empowered to “settle all disputes among the fishermen, and enforce due attention to certain Acts of Parliament.” In their judicial character they would decide cases according to their caprice; frequently over a bottle of rum. As a class, these masters of fishing vessels were rude and ignorant men, and utterly unfit to act in the capacity of judges. Yet this iniquitous system continued for nearly one hundred years, when the Home Government was induced to send out a Governor with a commission, to establish some form of civil government. Captain Henry Osborne, of H.M.S. *Squirrel*, was the first constituted Governor of the island, 1728.

LABRADOR.

As this bleak coast belongs in large part to Newfoundland, we give here a brief notice abridged from the authorities cited in Osgood's admirable guide-book to the Maritime Provinces. This vast region extends through ten degrees of latitude, and more of longitude—a region larger than the whole of France, Belgium and Switzerland.

The land is covered with low mountains, and barren plateaus, on which are vast plains of moss, interspersed with rocks and boulders. There are no forests, and the inland region is dotted with lakes and swamps. The rivers and lakes swarm with fish, and the whole coast is famous for its valuable fisheries of cod and salmon. At least one thousand decked vessels are engaged in the Labrador fisheries, and other fleets are devoted to the pursuit of seals. The commercial establishments here are connected with the great firms of England and the Channel Islands. The Esquimaux population is steadily dwindling away, and probably consist of four thousand souls.

"The coast of Labrador," says the Rev. S. Noble, "is the edge of a vast solitude of rocky hills, split and blasted by the frost, and beaten by the waves of the Atlantic, for unknown ages. Every form into which rocks can be washed and broken is visible along its almost interminable shores.

"It is a great and terrible wilderness of a thousand miles, and lonesome to the very wild animals and birds. Left to the still visitation of the light from the sun, moon, and stars, and the auroral fires, it is only fit to look upon, and then be given over to its primeval solitariness. But for the living things of its waters—the cod, the salmon, and the seal—which bring thousands of adventurous fishermen and traders to its bleak shores, Labrador would be as desolate as Greenland."

The following spirited verses by Whittier describe the adventurous life of the hardy "toilers of the sea" who, during the fishing season, make populous those else lonely shores:

"Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St. George's bank;
Cold on the coast of Labrador the fog lies white and dank;
Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout are the hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun glare on their icy forms,
 Bent grimly o'er their straining lines, or wrestling with the storms;
 Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the waves they roam,
 They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their rocky home.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs of frozen Labrador,
 Floating spectral in the moonshine along the low black shore!
 Where like snow the gannet's feathers on Brador's rocks are shed,
 And the noisy murr are flying, like black scuds, overhead;

Where in mist the rock is hiding, and the sharp reef lurks below,
 And the white squall lurks in summer, and the autumn tempests blow;
 Where, through gray and rolling vapour, from evening until morn,
 A thousand boats are hailing, horn answering unto horn."

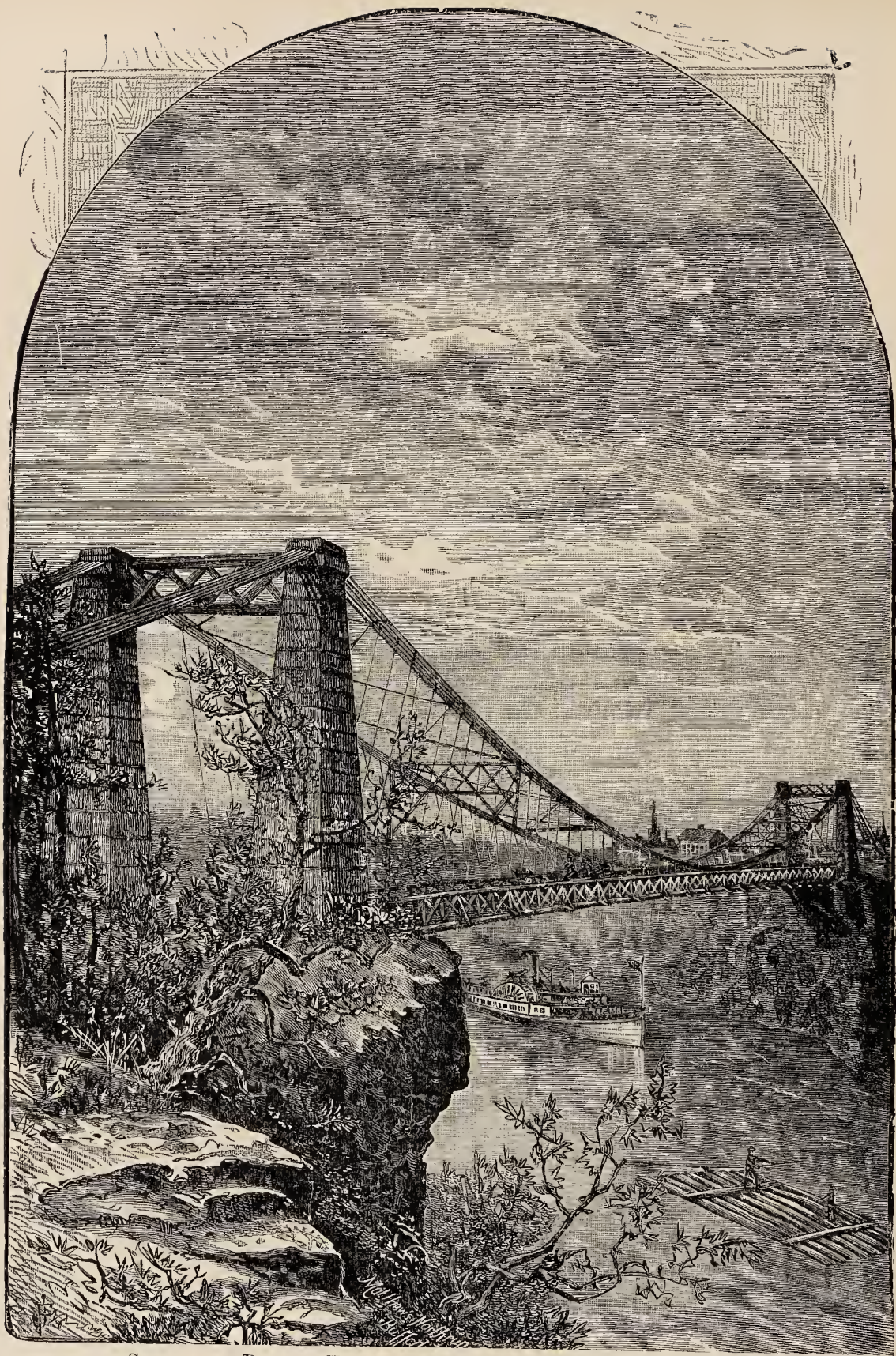
ANTICOSTI.

Though Anticosti belongs to Quebec, we may give it a paragraph here. It is a very large island, one hundred and eighteen miles long, and thirty-one wide. "The Anticosti Land Company," says Mr. Sweetser, "have designed to found here a new Prince Edward Island, covering these peat-plains with prosperous farms. The enterprise has, as yet, met with but a limited success. Anticosti has some woodlands, but it is for the most part covered with black peaty bogs and ponds, with broad lagoons near the sea. The bogs resemble those of Ireland, and the forests are composed of low and stunted trees. The shores are lined with great piles of driftwood and the fragments of wrecks. The Government has established supply huts along the shores since the terrible wreck of the *Granicus*, on the south-east point, when the crew reached the shore, but could find nothing to eat, and were obliged to devour each other. None were saved."

The following is the terrible character given the island by Eliot Warburton: "The dangerous, desolate shores of Anticosti, rich in wrecks, accursed in human suffering, this hideous wilderness has been the grave of hundreds; by the slowest and ghastliest of deaths they died—starvation. Washed ashore from maimed and sinking ships, saved to destruction, they drag their chilled and battered limbs up the rough rocks; for a

moment, warm with hope, they look around with eager, straining eyes for shelter—and there is none; the failing sight darkens on hill and forest, forest and hill, and black despair. Hours and days waste out the lamp of life, until at length the withered skeletons have only strength to die.”





SUSPENSION BRIDGE, FALLS OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER, ST. JOHN, N.B.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE Province of New Brunswick contains an area of 27,105 square miles. It is a little larger than Holland and Belgium, and about two-thirds the size of Great Britain. Its four hundred miles of coast is indented by commodious and numerous harbours, and it is intersected in every direction by large navigable rivers. The country is generally undulating. During the last fifty years over six thousand vessels have been built in this province; it is claimed to have more miles of railway, in proportion to its population, than any country in the world. According to the records of the British army, its climate is one of unsurpassed salubrity. The fisheries, both of the Atlantic and the Gulf ports, are of incalculable value, and give employment to many thousands of hardy mariners. The lumber industry is carried on on a vast scale on all the rivers, and reaches, says a competent authority, the value of \$4,000,000 a year.

I resume my personal reminiscences at the Missiguash River, the boundary line between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, on the eastern and western banks of which respectively are situated the ruins of Fort Lawrence and Fort Cumberland.

FORT CUMBERLAND.

Crossing the river I climbed up the steep slope of Fort Cumberland, over masses of half-buried squared stones, once forming part of the strong defences. A great crumbling breach in the ramparts gave unimpeded entrance to a well-constructed star-shaped fort, whose bastions and curtains were still in a state of remarkably good preservation, and all were turfed with softest velvet, and in the mellow afternoon light gleamed like emerald. Grim-visaged war had smoothed his rugged front,

and the prospect was one of idyllic peace. I paced the ramparts and gazed upon a scene of rarest beauty. The white-walled houses and gleaming spires of Amherst and Sackville were about equidistant on either side. In the foreground were fields of yellowing grain, and stretching to the landward horizon was the vast expanse of the deep green Tantramar and Missiguash marshes—not less, it is said, than 50,000 fertile acres. Looking seaward the eye travels many a league down the blue waters of the Cumberland Basin. One solitary schooner was beating up against the wind, and nearer land the white sails of a few fishing-boats gleamed like the wings of sea-birds seeking shore. A peculiarity of these marshes was, that they had no dwelling-houses; but scores on scores of barns were dotted over their surface, from which many hundred carloads of hay are shipped every year.

Within the enclosure was a large and dilapidated old wooden building, apparently once used as officers' quarters. Beside it was another, which had completely collapsed, like a house of cards. I crawled into the old casemates and bomb-proofs, built of large squared stones. Some of these were nearly filled with crumbling *débris*. In others the arched roofs, seven bricks in thickness, was studded with stalactites from the drip of over a hundred years.

At one side of the fort was a large stone powder magazine. It was about thirty feet square, with walls about four feet thick. The arched roof, of solid stone, was of immense thickness, and was overgrown with weeds. It seemed actually more solid than the century-defying Baths of Caracalla at Rome. Yet the arch was falling in, the walls were cracked as if by earthquake, and a great hole yawned in the roof. It was struck, I learned, a few years ago by lightning. A very large well was near, but an air of disuse and utter desolation rested upon everything.

SACKVILLE TO ST. JOHN.

It was a pleasant walk through shaded roads, and along the dike side, to the fine old collegiate town of Sackville. One of the most interesting features of the town is the group of buildings of the Mount Allison University and Academies.

The Centenary Memorial Hall is a perfect architectural gem, both within and without; and the view from the roof of the Ladies' Academy, of the college campus and groups of buildings and their environments is one of never-to-be-forgotten beauty. I much regret that I could not accept the kind invitation of Professor Burwash to visit the Joggin's Shore, where there is probably the finest geological exposure in the world. In the cliffs, which vary from 130 to 400 feet in height, may be seen a most remarkable series of coal beds, with their intervening strata. Eighty-one successive seams of coal have been found, seventy-one of which have been exposed in the sea cliffs. Sir William Dawson estimates the thickness of the entire carboniferous series as exceeding three miles. Numerous fossil trees have been found standing at right angles to the plane of stratification in these coal measures. One trunk was twenty-five feet high and four feet in diameter.

The isthmus connecting Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is only about fourteen miles at its narrowest part, and a canal from Au Lac, near Sackville, to Baie Verte, or perhaps a ship-railway, would save, in some cases, a navigation of some hundreds of miles around the peninsula.

The great Tantramar Marsh extends for many a mile its level floor, like a vast smooth bowling green. The home of innumerable water fowl, and changing hue with the changes of the seasons, it is not without its beautiful and poetic aspects, which have been vividly caught and sketched by Prof. Roberts, in the following lines of photographic fidelity:

Skirting the sunbright uplands stretches a riband of meadow,
Shorn of the labouring grass, bulwarked well from the sea,
Fenced on its seaward border with long clay dikes from the turbid
Surge and flow of the tides vexing the Westmoreland shores.
Yonder, toward the left, lie broad the Westmoreland marshes,—
Miles on miles they extend, level, and grassy, and dim,
Clear from the long red sweep of flats to the sky in the distance,
Save for the outlying heights, green-rampired Cumberland Point;
Miles on miles outrolled, and the river-channels divide them,—
Miles on miles of green, barred by the hurtling gusts.

Miles on miles beyond the tawny bay is Minudie.

There are the low blue hills; villages gleam at their feet.

Nearer a white sail shines across the water, and nearer
Still are the slim, gray masts of fishing boats dry on the flats.
Ah, how well I remember those wide red flats, above tide-mark
Pale with scurf of the salt, seamed and baked in the sun !
Well I remember the piles of blocks and ropes, and the net-reels
Wound with the beaded nets, dripping and dark from the sea !

Proceeding westward from Sackville, eleven miles, one passes Dorchester, a pretty town on a rising slope ; its most conspicuous feature being its picturesque-looking penitentiary. The scenery is of a bolder character as we ascend the right bank of the Memramcook River, traversing a prosperous farming region, occupied by over a thousand Acadian peasants. It is like a bit of Lower Canada. Across the river is a large Roman Catholic college, and near it is a handsome stone church. In the railway car a priest was diligently reading his breviary, and a young girl without the least self-consciousness was singing a Catholic hymn.

At Painsec Junction, passengers for Prince Edward Island change cars for Shediac, and Point Du Chêne, pleasant villages on Northumberland Strait.

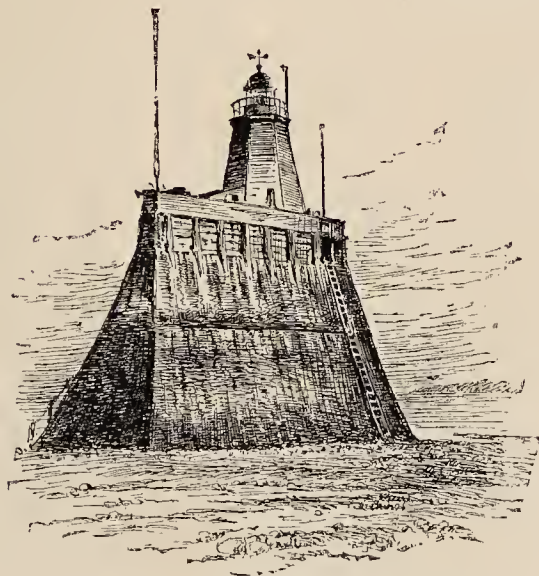
The train soon reaches the prosperous town of Moncton, the head-quarters of the Intercolonial Railway. It has a population of about seven thousand, and gives abundant evidence of life and energy. The central offices of the railway present a very imposing appearance. The town is situated at the head of navigation of the Petitcodiac River, and affords an opportunity to see the great "bore" or, tide-wave, for which the place is famous. When the tide is out, there is only a vast sloping mud bank on either side. At the beginning of flood-tide, a wave of water from four to six feet high comes rolling up the river, and within six hours the stream rises to sixty or seventy feet.

At Moncton, the St. John branch of the Intercolonial bears off at a right angle from the main line, to the chief city of the province. It is a ride of three hours, through pleasant but not striking scenery.

At Salisbury, connection is made with the Albert Railway to Hillsboro' and Hopewell, on the lower Petitcodiac. We soon enter the famous Sussex Valley, a beautiful farming country.

The long upland slopes, flooded with the mellow afternoon light, formed a very pleasant picture. From Hampton, a branch railway runs to Quaco, a favourite sea-side resort, where the red sandstone cliffs rise abruptly three hundred and fifty feet from the water, commanding a noble view. Continuing on the main line, we soon strike the Kennebecasis River—the scene of many a famous sculling match—the hills rising on either side in romantic beauty. The approach to the city of St. John is exceedingly picturesque. Rich meadows, elegant villas, and bold hills meet the eye on every side. I never before saw such stacks of hay. I was told the crop reached four tons to the acre.

ST. JOHN.



BEACON LIGHT, ST. JOHN HARBOUR,
AT LOW TIDE.

The most striking approach to St. John, however, is from the sea. Partridge Island guards the entrance to the harbour, like a stern and rocky warder. We pass close to the left, the remarkable beacon light shown in our engraving. At low tide this is an exceedingly picturesque object. Its broad base is heavily mantled with dripping sea weed, and its tremendous mass gives one a vivid idea

of the height and force of the Bay of Fundy tides. Conspicuous to the left, is the Martello Tower, on Carleton Heights, and in front, the many-hilled city of St. John. Sloping steeply up from the water, it occupies a most commanding position, and its terraced streets appear to remarkable advantage. It looks somewhat, says the author of "Baddeck," in his exaggerated vein, as though it would slide



ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

off the steep hillside, if the houses were not well mortised into the solid rock. It is apparently built on as many hills as Rome, and each of them seems to be crowned with a graceful spire.

Situated at the mouth of one of the largest rivers on the continent, the chief point of export and import, and the great distributing centre for a prosperous province, it cannot fail to be a great city. It is indeed beautiful for situation. Seated like a queen upon her rocky throne, it commands a prospect of rarely equalled magnificence and loveliness. Its ships are on all the seas, and it is destined by Nature to be, and indeed is now, one of the great ports of the world. The huge wharves, rendered necessary by the high tides, and the vessels left stranded in the mud by their ebb, are a novel spectacle to an inlander.

There are few more graceful sights than a large square-rigged vessel, swaying, swan-like, in the breeze, and gliding on her destined way before a favouring breeze. Small wonder that Charles Dibbin's sea-songs stir the pulses of the veriest landsman with a longing for the sea. It must be the old Norse blood of our viking ancestors that responds to the spell.

Since the great fire of 1877, which swept over two hundred acres, and destroyed over sixteen hundred houses, its street architecture has been greatly improved. Stately blocks of brick and stone have taken the place of the former wooden structures.

Many of the new buildings are splendid specimens of architecture. The Custom House is one of which any city might be proud. The Post Office, the churches, and numerous other buildings, public and private, cannot fail to evoke admiration. The city is naturally well adapted to show its buildings to the best advantage, with its streets wide, straight, and crossing each other at right angles. A closer inspection does not dissipate the first favourable impression, and St. John is voted a city of noble possibilities and delightful surroundings.

The new Methodist, Anglican, and Presbyterian churches, are beautiful stone structures, that would do credit to any city. The Centenary Church has a noble open roof, and the elaborate tracery of the windows is all in stone. The stained glass in

the windows is very fine. It is situated on the highest ground in the city, and when its magnificent spire is erected will be the most conspicuous object in this city of churches.

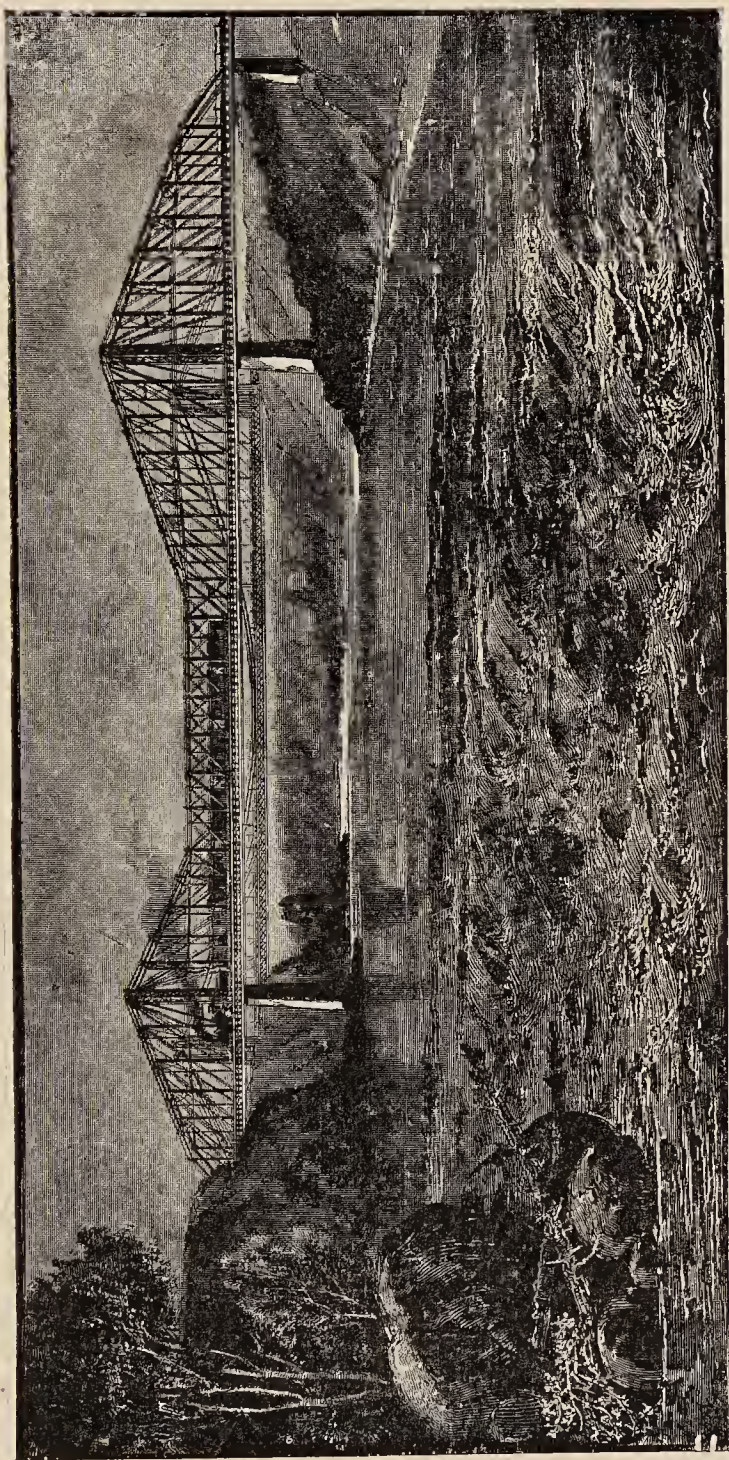
St. John is essentially a maritime city. Its wharves are always in demand for shipping, and vast quantities of lumber, etc., are annually exported to other countries. It is, indeed, the fourth among the shipping ports of the world, and St. John ships are found in every part of the seas of both hemispheres.



TIMBER SHIP, LEAVING ST. JOHN.

Before the introduction of steam, its clipper ships had a fame second to none, and voyages were made of which the tales are proudly told even unto this day.

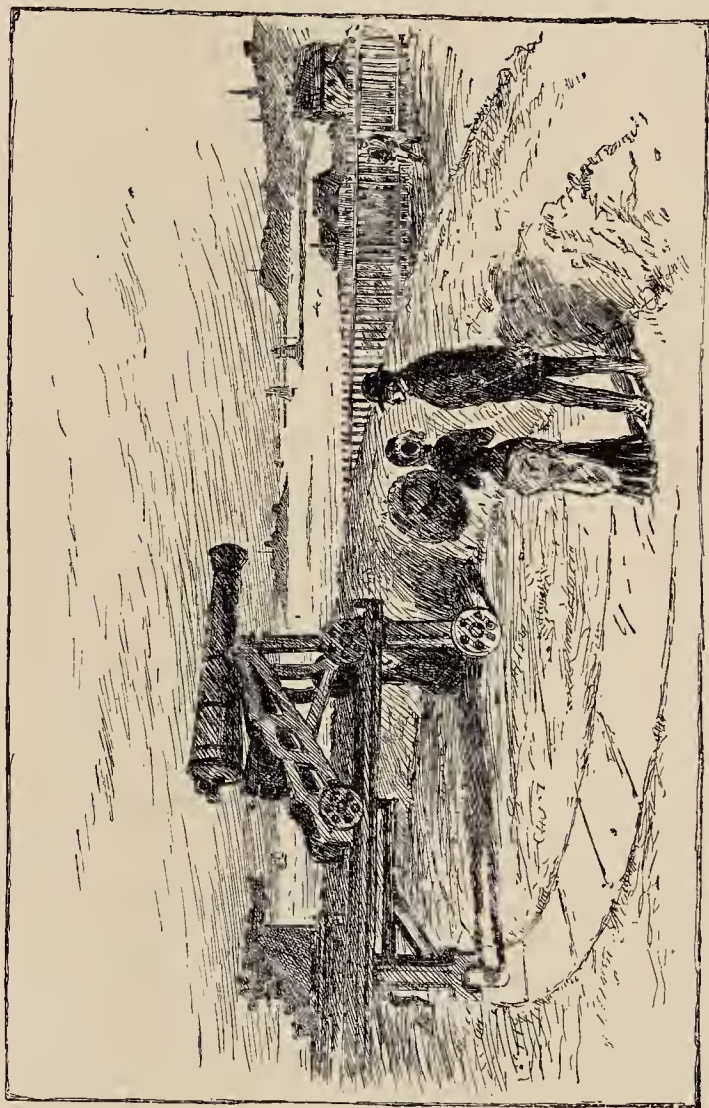
The great tide-fall gives curious effects when the tide is out; the wharves rise so high above the water-level, and the light-houses look so gaunt and weird standing upon mammoth spindle-shanks, or the lofty ribs of their foundations bared to the cruel air with tags of sea-weed fluttering from their crevices.



THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE, ST. JOHN, N.B.

It is decidedly odd to see the carts drawn down to the market slip, at low tide, between the stranded market boats that rest upon their oosy beds.

In the environs of St. John there are several charming



OLD FORT—BACK OF EXHIBITION BUILDING.

drives. From the Mananoganish Road (the “Mahogany” road, as it is often called), to reach which you have to cross the Suspension Bridge, a curious effect is to be experienced. The Mananoganish runs along the narrow strip of land between the

river and the sea, near the river's mouth ; and on one side of the road the St. John, rolling almost at your feet, affords some lovely glimpses of river scenery, while on the other side of the road, also at your feet, the Bay of Fundy, with its cliffs and islands and glistening sails, form a striking seascape with the lines of the Nova Scotia coast visible forty miles away. This is one of the most pleasant drives in the country. Returning, the important suburb of Carleton, which lies across the harbour, may be visited, and one may see the ruins of Fort La Tour. Houses are built on this historic ground, and they are not by any means imposing in their character ; slabs and sawdust are numerous, and the air is at times pervaded with a decided odour of fish. Such is Fort La Tour to-day ; such is the place where lived and died "the first and greatest of Acadian heroines—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptered queen in European story." The Marsh Road is also a favourite drive, on which one may go along to Rothsay, on the brow of the bank of the Kennebecasis. If one wants to get a comprehensive view of all this neighbourhood, let him climb the heights of Portland or of Carleton ; but my selection as a viewing-point would be the old dismantled fort behind the exhibition building, where, from the carriage of a King George cannon, you can gaze on city or bay.

The drives over the rocky hills in the vicinity of St. John gives land and sea views of surpassing grandeur. One of the finest of these drives is that to the Suspension and Cantilever Bridges. These bridges, which combine an airy grace and rigid strength, cross a rocky gorge, only 450 feet wide, at a height of a hundred feet above low-water, into which the wide waters of the St. John are compressed.

The Suspension Bridge was constructed through the energy of one man, William K. Reynolds. Few besides the projector had any faith in the undertaking, and he therefore assumed the whole financial and other responsibility, not a dollar being paid by the shareholders until the bridge was opened to the public. In 1875 the bridge was purchased from the shareholders by the Provincial Government, and is now a free highway. It is

most impressive to look down upon the swirling, eddying tides, flecked with snowy foam, and still more so to descend to the water side, and view the surging current, and, high in air, the graceful bridges. At low tide there is here a fall in the river of about fifteen feet. At a certain stage of the tide, and for a short time only, vessels may sail up or down over these falls, and rafts, with risky navigation, can be floated into the harbour. That these seething eddies are not without danger was shown by the wreck of a good-sized vessel which lay on her beam ends as we passed.



THE ST. JOHN RIVER AT LOW TIDE.

It is curious that in the immediate vicinity of the two most remarkable suspension bridges in Canada—those at St. John and at the Falls of Niagara—have been erected cantilever railway bridges; thus bringing into strong contrast the varying principles of these two modes of bridge construction. The main span of the cantilever bridge over the St. John is 825 feet. It was opened in 1885, and gives direct communication between the New Brunswick railway system and the vast system of the United States.

One of the finest marine views is that from the quaint, old, feudal-looking Martello tower, on the summit of the highest



MARTELLO TOWER.

hill, on the Carleton side of the harbour. It gives a complete bird's-eye view of the shipping, and on the seaward side the broad Bay of Fundy, and in the distance the blue shores of Nova Scotia, with the deep gap at the entrance to the An-

napolis Basin, known as the Digby Gut. I never realized before the force of Tennyson's fine line—

“The wrinkled sea beneath him crawled,”

till I stood here and watched the broad expanse of wind-swept, wave-marked water; every gust and flaw leaving its mark upon the mobile surface.

HISTORIC MEMORIES.

THE historic associations of St. John are of fascinating interest. Its settlement dates back to the stormy conflict for jurisdiction and trading rights of D'Aulnay and La Tour, in the old Acadian days. The story of La Tour and his heroic wife is one of the most interesting in the annals of the colonies. The legend is one of the bits of history in which St. John takes special pride. Every one knows the story—how Madame, wife of Charles St. Etienne de la Tour, one of the lords of Acadia, under the French king, held that fort when it was attacked by the rival lord of Acadia, D'Aulnay Charnizay, while her husband was absent seeking help from the Puritans of Massachusetts; and how she held it so well and bravely that she repulsed the besieger until the treachery of one of her garrison, a Swiss, placed her in D'Aulnay's hands; and how all her garrison, but the Swiss, were put to death; and how Madame herself died,

from grief and ill-treatment, in nine days, before her husband could arrive to her succour.

The real founding of the present city dates from the close of the war of the American Revolution. Liberal provision was made in the British Colonies for the reception of the U. E. Loyalist refugees from the United States, and large land-grants were allotted them. Considerable numbers came to Halifax, Annapolis, Port Roseway (Shelburne), and other points. The main body, however, settled near the St. John and Kennebecassis rivers. On the 18th of May, 1783, the ships bearing these exiles for conscience' sake, arrived at the mouth of the St. John. Here they resolved to found a new Troy, to hew out for themselves new homes in the wilderness. The prospect was not a flattering one. The site of the present noble city of St. John was a forest of pines and spruces, surrounded by a dreary marsh. The blackened ruins of the old French fort, together with a block-house, and a few houses and stores, met their gaze. Before the summer was over, a population of five thousand persons was settled in the vicinity.

To the new settlement the name of Parrtown was given, in honour of the energetic Governor of Nova Scotia. Soon the Loyalists claimed representation in the Assembly of Nova Scotia. This the Governor opposed, as his instructions prohibited the increase of representatives. The settlers on the St. John urged that their territory should be set apart as a separate province, with its own representative institutions. They had powerful friends in England, and the division was accordingly made. The Province of New Brunswick was created, and named in honour of the reigning dynasty of Great Britain, 1784.

In 1785, Parrtown became incorporated as the city of St. John. It was thus the first, and, for many years the only, incorporated city in British North America. The first session of the House of Assembly was held in St. John in 1786, but two years later, the seat of government was transferred to Fredericton, eighty-five miles up the St. John River, as being more central to the province, and in order to secure immunity from hostile attack and from the factious or corrupting influence of the more populous commercial metropolis St. John.

THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

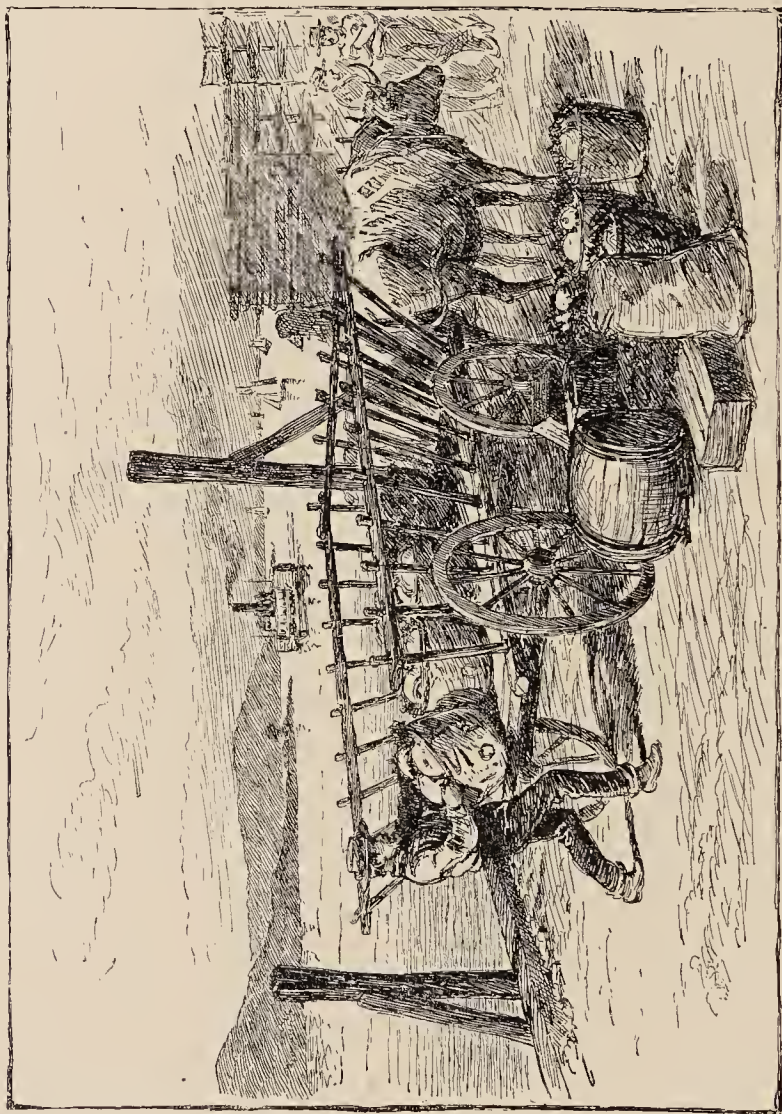
The River St. John is navigable for steamers of large size for eighty-five miles from the sea to Fredericton. Above Fredericton smaller steamers ply to Woodstock, about seventy miles farther; and when the water is high, make occasional trips to Tobique, a farther distance of fifty miles; sometimes reaching Grand Forks, a distance of two hundred and twenty miles from the sea, with a break at the Grand Falls. This noble river, with its branches, furnishes 1,300 miles of navigable waters. At Fredericton it is larger than the Hudson at Albany. It floats immense quantities of timber to the sea, some of which is cut within sound of the guns of Quebec.

There can be nothing finer than the short trip up the river from St. John on one of the day-boats that ply to Fredericton. You embark at Indiantown, above the rapids, and sail out into the stream, moving past a high overhanging cliff, fir-crowned, with limekilns nestling snugly on little beaches at its base. There is a keen breeze, cool even when the thermometer is in the nineties in the city. The boat is lively with a mixed company of passengers, bound for any landing stage or station between Indiantown and Grand Falls, or even Edmunston—for the river is a favourite route, as far as it is available—to all points in the neighbouring interior.

The St. John is a lordly river, almost as fine in scenic effect as either the Hudson or the Rhine. It winds among its sometimes high, sometimes undulating, banks, through scenes of majestic beauty. The land is mostly densely wooded, the foliage of pine and larch and fir and maple waving gently in the breeze, and everywhere the predominant pine and fir strongly marking the Canadian contour of the forests. Peaceful banks they are, with here and there a quiet homestead reposing among their curves, and here and there a rustic-looking lighthouse out on a point, warning of shallows.

Fredericton, the capital, is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the St. John. Its wide, elm-shaded streets, its large and imposing Methodist church, its beautiful Christ Church cathedral, its low rambling Parliament buildings, its sub-

stantial free-stone University, commanding a beautiful outlook of the winding river—these are a pleasant memory to the present writer. In company with the late Lieutenant



RIVER-LANDING ON THE ST. JOHN.

Governor Wilmot—one of the most brilliant orators and statesmen New Brunswick ever produced—I visited the many places of interest in the city, and was hospitably entertained in his elegant home. Of scarce less interest was the drive to Marysville, on the right bank of the river, the seat of

the great mills of Mr. Gibson, the "lumber king" of New Brunswick. The octagonal Methodist church, beautifully grained, carved, frescoed and gilt, with stained glass lantern and windows—an exquisite architectural gem—is the free gift of Mr. Gibson to the Methodist denomination. The comfortable homes erected for his workmen, and the high moral tone of the village make this an ideal community.

It was a beautiful day in August, 1887, on which I made the trip over the New Brunswick Railway from St. John to the Grand Falls, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. The first part of the journey, after leaving the river, leads through a dreary and monotonous region. The route *via* McAdam Junction traverses a succession of dead or dying forests, occasional clearings bristling with stumps, and stretches of fire-swept trees. On reaching Woodstock, however, the change was like one from Purgatory to Paradise. Bold wooded bluffs, fertile fields of yellowing grain, and apple-laden orchards delighted the eye and mind. The ride from Woodstock onward was one of ideal loveliness. In the first place, for most of the way the train was on the right side of the river, that is the side facing the sun. It makes a vast difference whether one looks at a landscape in direct or reflected light. In the former case the sun's rays light up the grass and foliage with a vivid, living green. In the latter case everything is of a much more subdued and dull colour.

The views across the winding river, dimpling and sparkling in long and shining reaches, with a noble back-ground of sloping uplands, fertile fields, and comfortable-looking farmsteads, presented a picture long to live in the memory. Woodstock, Florenceville, and Tobique are pleasant towns upon the noble river, with many lesser villages and hamlets. On we wound on a shelf so high up on the river bank that we could in places follow its windings for miles, crossing lofty trestles and catching brief glimpses of narrow glens between the hills, of quaint little mills and sequestered nooks where, through the loopholes of retreat, one might undisturbed behold the busy world go by.

GRAND FALLS OF THE ST. JOHN.

As one approaches the Grand Falls the country becomes wilder and more rugged and more sterile. Here, in what I thought would be a sort of *Ultima Thule* of civilization, I found a comfortable hotel with electric bells and all the modern improvements. The Grand Falls far surpassed in size and sublimity anything that I had anticipated. There is below the Falls a wild and lonely gorge, worn during the long, slow ages by the remorseless tooth of the cataract. It seemed as solitary as some never-before-visited ravine of the primeval world. Here I found great "pot-holes," which I estimated roughly at forty feet deep and twelve feet across, worn by the pounding and scouring of big boulders under the action of the torrent. Seldom have I seen such contorted, folded, twisted, tortured strata, rising in places in buttressed cliffs from one hundred to two hundred and forty feet high. The lines of cleavage were very marked, and the resultant disintegration gave the rock the appearance of remarkable cyclopean architecture.

Just below there was a huge log-jam which must await the next freshet before it could be released. Every now and then another bruised and battered log would go sweeping down the arrowy rapids, writhing like a drowning man in his death-struggle. The pines and spruces and shivering aspens clung to the rocky wall and peered over the top of the cliff, whilst the thunder of waters seemed to make the solid rock to reel, and a rich saffron sunset filled the sky. In this gorge the darkness rapidly deepened, and a feeling of desolation, almost of terror, made me glad to get away.

The view of the Falls themselves, from the graceful suspension bridge thrown across their very front, was almost more impressive. Pale and spectral, like a sheeted ghost in the gathering darkness, they gleamed; and all night I could hear, when I woke, their faint voice calling from afar. I have before me a photograph of a great log-jam which took place here a few years ago. The yawning gorge was filled up to the very top of the Fall, fifty-eight feet high, and for a long distance, probably half a mile, below. The jam lasted a week, and then was swept out in ten minutes with a rise of the waters.

The railway goes on to Edmunston, forty miles farther, through a country peopled chiefly by Acadian French. They are mostly engaged in lumbering and in farming the fertile "intervalles" by the river side. Every little village has its group of quaint, old houses, and its large Roman Catholic church. The river is here the boundary line between New Brunswick and Maine, and the Canadian and American villages face each other on its opposite banks. Few persons have any conception of the vast extent of forest on the headwaters of this great river—an extent seven times larger than that of the famous Black Forest in Germany. It is about seventy miles from Edmunston to Rivière du Loup, through a wild and rugged country, the very paradise of the devotees of the rod and gun.

The ravenous saw mills in this pine wilderness are not unlike the huge dragons that used in popular legend to lay waste the country; and like dragons, they die when their prey, the lordly pines, are all devoured. Returning from the Grand Falls I had to get up at 3.15 on a dark and rainy morning to take the "Flying Bluenose" train which intercepts the "Flying Yankee" from Bangor, and reaches St. John about mid-afternoon.

Tourists in search of the picturesque should not fail to take the trip from St. John to Passamaquoddy Bay and the Grand Manan Island. The magnificent sea-worn, richly-coloured cliffs of Grand Manan rising abruptly to the height of from three hundred to four hundred feet, are at once the rapture and despair of the artist. The quaint border towns of St. Andrew's and St. Stephen's present many features of interest which well repay a visit. St. Stephen's, at the head of navigation on the St. Croix River, is a thriving town of some six thousand inhabitants, and is connected by a covered bridge with Calais, an American town of similar size. The people have always preserved international friendship, even during the war of 1812-14.

Still more striking in its picturesqueness of aspect is the bold scenery—the great bays and towering headlands—of the Gulf coast.

THE GULF COAST.

The great rivers on the Gulf coast are: the Miramichi, navigable for vessels of 1,000 tons for twenty-five miles from its mouth, for schooners twenty miles farther, and above this point it is farther navigable for sixty miles for tow-boats; and



° THE CLIFFS—GRAND MANAN.

the Restigouche, a noble river three miles wide at its mouth at the Bay of Chaleurs, and navigable for large vessels for eighteen miles. This river and tributaries drain about 4,000 miles of territory, abounding in timber and other valuable resources.

To reach this region we return to the main line of the Inter-colonial Railway at Moncton. For some distance west of Moncton the railway traverses an uninteresting country, crossing the headwaters of the Richibucto River, at some distance from the flourishing fishing villages and fine farming settlements on the Gulf coast. At Newcastle it crosses the two branches of the Miramichi, on elegant iron bridges, each over 1,200 feet long. On these bridges nearly \$1,000,000 was spent, much of it in seeking, in the deep water, foundations for the massive piers. In any other country the Miramichi, flowing two hundred miles from the interior, would be thought a large river, but here it is only one among a number of such. Its upper regions have never been fully explored. They are still the haunt of the moose, caribou, deer, bear, wolf, fox, and many kind of smaller game; while the streams abound in the finest fish.

In 1825 the Miramichi district was devastated by one of the most disastrous forest fires of which we have any record. A long drought had parched the forest to tinder. For two months not a drop of rain had fallen, and the streams were shrunken to rivulets. Numerous fires had laid waste the woods and farms, and filled the air with stifling smoke. The Government House at Fredericton was burned. But a still greater calamity was impending. On the 7th of October, a storm of flame swept over the country for sixty miles—from Miramichi to the Bay of Chaleurs. A pitchy darkness covered the sky, lurid flames swept over the earth, consuming the forest, houses, barns, crops, and the towns of Newcastle and Douglas, with several ships upon the stocks. Resistance was in vain and escape almost impossible. The only hope of eluding the tornado of fire was to plunge into the rivers and marshes; and to cower in the water or ooze till the waves of flame had passed. The roar of the wind and fire, the crackling and crashing of the pines, the bellowing of the terrified cattle, and the glare of the conflagration were an assemblage of horrors sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. When that fatal night had passed, the thriving towns, villages and farms over an area of five thousand square miles were a charred and blackened desolation.

A million dollars' worth of accumulated property was consumed, and the loss of timber was incalculable. One hundred and sixty persons perished in the flames or in their efforts to escape, and hundreds were maimed for life. The generous aid of the sister provinces, and of Great Britain and the United States, greatly mitigated the sufferings of the hapless inhabitants, made homeless on the eve of a rigorous winter.

Bathurst is a pretty town on the Nepisiguit River, whose rapids and falls, 140 feet high, are well worth a visit. The shooting of saw-logs over the falls, is an exciting scene. A large business is done in shipping salmon on ice. The railway now runs through a well-settled and beautiful country, with a number of neat villages of French origin—Petite Roche, Belledune, Jaquet River, and others.

BAY OF CHALEURS.

Soon we strike the magnificent Bay of Chaleurs—one of the noblest havens and richest fishing grounds in the world—ninety miles long and from fifteen to twenty-five miles wide. I could not help thinking of that first recorded visit to this lonely bay, three hundred and fifty years ago, when Jacques Cartier, with his two small vessels, entered its broad expanse and found the change from the cold fogs of Newfoundland to the genial warmth of this sheltered bay so grateful that he gave it the name of the Bay of Heats, which it bears to this day. The Indian name, however, "Bay of Fish," was still more appropriate. These waters are yearly visited by great fleets of American fishermen from Gloucester and Cape Cod. We in the West have little idea of the value of the harvest of the sea in those maritime provinces, where it is often the best, or, indeed, the only harvest the people gather. It was in these waters that the misdeed of Skipper Ireson, commemorated as follows by Whittier, found its scene:

"Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own townspeople on her deck!
'Lay by! lay by!' they called to him;
Back he answered, 'Sink or swim!'

Brag of your catch of fish again !'
 And off he sailed through the fog and rain.
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead.

"Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
 That wreck shall lie forevermore.
 Mother and sister, wife and maid,
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
 Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
 Looked for the coming that might not be !
 What did the winds and the sea-birds say
 Of the cruel captain that sailed away ?—
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead."

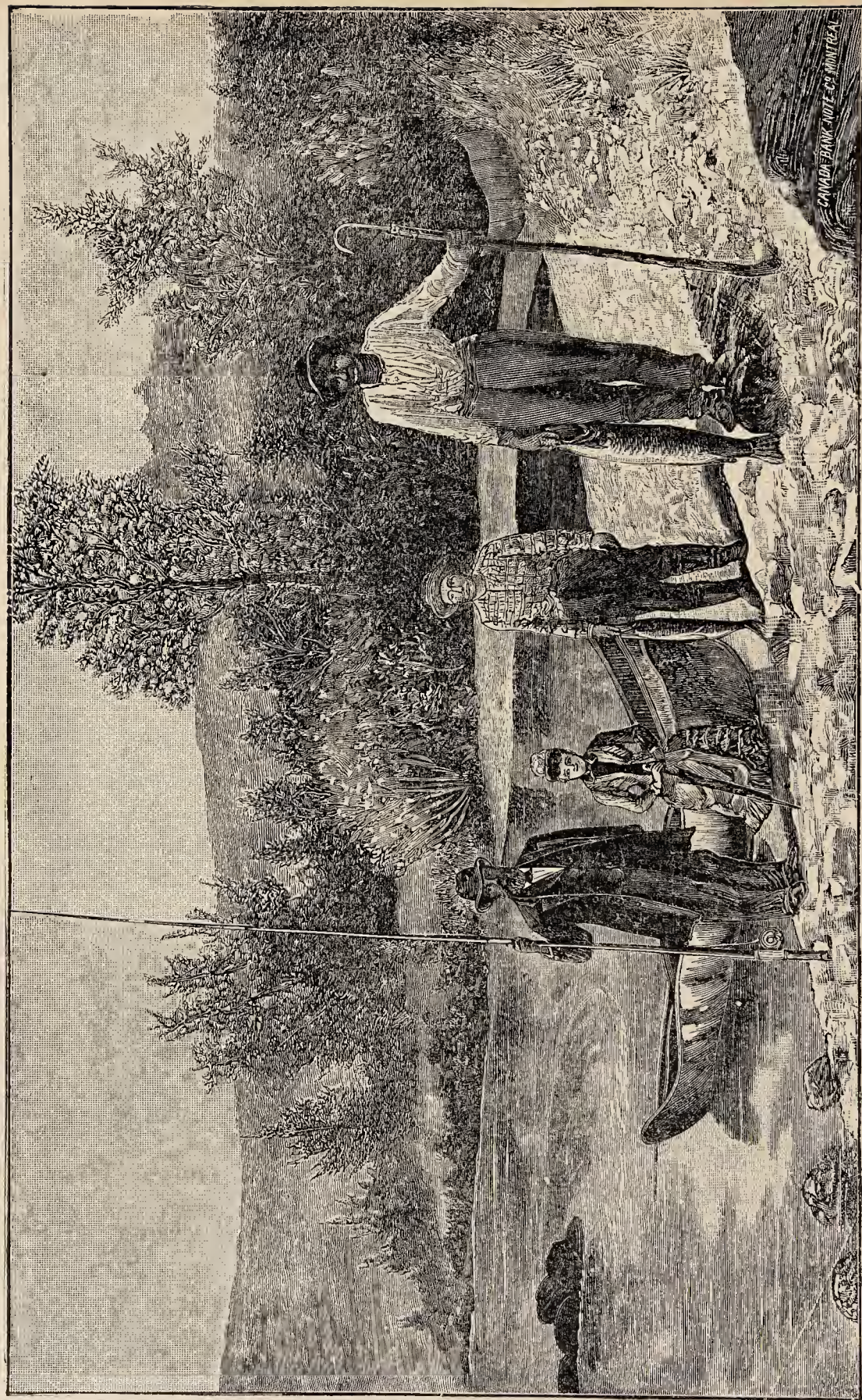
For many miles the railway runs close to the shore of this noble bay, its blue waters sparkling in the sun,

And like the wings of the sea birds
 Flash the white-caps of the sea.

Around the numerous fishing hamlets in the foreground lay boats, nets, lobster-pots and the like; and out in the offing gleamed the snowy sails of the fishing boats. A branch railway runs down the bay to Dalhousie, a pleasant seaside town backed by noble hills. Dalhousie is a convenient point of departure if one wishes to visit the famous land of Gaspé, for from it a steamer runs twice a week and calls at grand sporting places on the way. If one has a taste to visit Anticosti, he will find packets at Gaspé to take him there, or should he desire to see the quaint regions of the Magdalen Islands, he can easily get there from Paspébiac. As the bay narrows into the estuary of the Restigouche, the scenery becomes bolder and more majestic. Lest I should be accused of exaggerating its grandeur, I quote the opinions of two other tourists :

THE RESTIGOUCHE.

"To the person approaching by steamer from the sea, is presented one of the most superb and fascinating panoramic views in Canada. The whole region is mountainous, and almost pre-



SALMON FISHING ON THE RESTIGOUCHE, P.Q.

precipitous enough to be Alpine; but its grandeur is derived less from cliffs, chasms, and peaks, than from far-reaching sweeps of outline, and continually rising domes that mingle with the clouds. On the Gaspé side precipitous cliffs of brick-red sandstone flank the shore, so lofty that they seem to cast their gloomy shadows half-way across the bay, and yawning with rifts and gullies, through which fretful torrents tumble into the sea. Behind them the mountains rise and fall in long undulations of ultramarine, and, towering above them all is the famous peak of Tracadiegash flashing in the sunlight like a pale blue amethyst."

' The expanse of three miles across the mouth of the Restigouche, the dreamy Alpine land beyond, and the broad plain of the Bay of Chaleur, present one of the most splendid and fascinating panoramic prospects to be found on the continent of America, and has alone rewarded us for the pilgrimage we have made."

What a splendid panorama is enjoyed day by day by the occupants of the lonely farm-houses on the far hills looking over the majestic bay.

Campbellton, an important railway and shipping point, is situated at the head of deep water navigation. The river is here a mile wide, and at its busy mills Norwegian vessels were loading with deals for British ports. Its situation is most romantic. On every side rise noble forest-clad hills, with far-receding glens and valleys, winding into the distance—like the mountains of Wales, said my travelling companion. As I went to church on Sunday night the scene was most impressive. The solemn hills beguarded the town on every side, waiting as if for the sun's last benediction on their heads. The saffron sky deepened in tone to golden and purple. Twilight shadows filled the glens and mantled over sea and shore. I could not help thinking, if you take the church spires and the religious life they represent out of our Canadian villages what a blank you would leave behind. How sordid and poor and mean the life and thought of the people would be. How narrow their horizon, how merely animal their lives.

At Mission Point, across the river, is an Indian reservation,

with a population of five hundred Micmacs, and a Roman Catholic church. At Campbellton is one of the cosiest inns I have seen, not pretentious, but clean and comfortable. From the neat dining-room one may look out of the window into the tide-water, ebbing and flowing beneath it, where the fresh salmon on the table may have been disporting a few hours before. One never knows the true taste of salmon till he eats it fresh from the sea in these tide waters. It is better even than the famous Fraser River salmon of British Columbia.



SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN, CAMPBELLTON, N.B.

The Restigouche is one of the great salmon streams of the world, and is a popular resort, during the season, of the devotees of the "gentle craft" from the chief cities of Canada and the United States.

Before one departs from Campbellton he should, if possible, climb Sugar Loaf Mountain, eight hundred feet high, which seems attrac-

tively near. The path is very steep and rugged, but the view from the summit well repays the effort. One can trace the windings of the Restigouche up and down among the hills for many miles. Here I saw the splendid spectacle of the approach of a thunderstorm across the valley. The sun was shining brilliantly everywhere except in the track of the storm. It

was grand to watch its approach, but when it wrapped one in its wet and cold embrace, it rather threw a damper over the fun. The trees were soon dripping—and so was I. I got down rather demoralized as to my clothes, but having laid up a memory of delight as an abiding possession.

The Restigouche, from its mouth to its junction with the Metapedia, is the boundary line between New Brunswick and Quebec. For over twenty miles above Campbellton we follow its winding way between forest-clad hills. Before we cross the border at Metapedia we will pause for a general glance at the great province on which we are about to enter.





QUEBEC,
FROM THE CITADEL.

*A Sketch made by Her Royal High-
ness the Princess Louise*

QUEBEC.

THIS province combines, in an unusual degree, magnificent scenery, romantic interest, and thrilling historical associations. It covers an area of 210,000 square miles, and is as large as Norway, Holland, Portugal and Switzerland taken together. The soil of much of this immense area is capable of high cultivation, but a considerable portion of it is rocky and infertile. In the cultivable regions the cereal grasses, root crops, and many of the fruits of the temperate zones grow in abundance and to perfection. In the southern parts of the province Indian corn is a large crop, and fully ripens. Tomatoes grow in profusion, and ripen, as do also many varieties of grapes. Quebec has vast tracts of forest land and a very large lumber trade. It is rich in minerals, including gold, silver, copper, iron, plumbago, etc., and has, especially, immense deposits of phosphate of lime, but it has no coal. It has large deposits of valuable peat. Its fisheries are of immense extent, and are amongst the most valuable in the world.

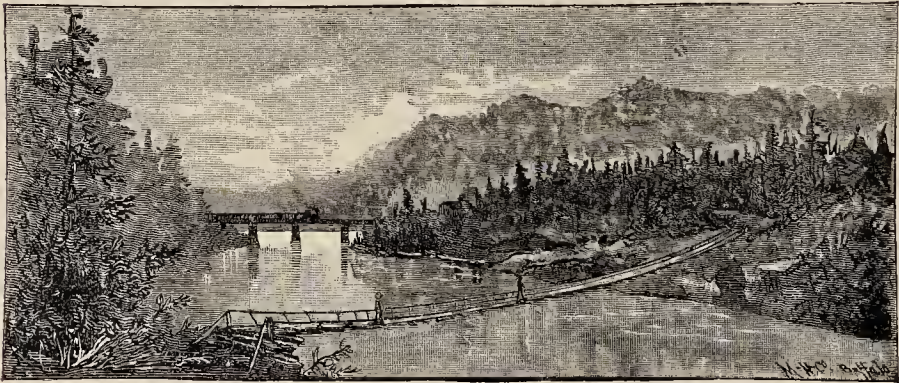
The Province of Quebec is rich in minerals. Gold is found in the district of Beauce and elsewhere. Copper abounds in the Eastern Townships, and iron is found in many places. Some very rich iron mines are being worked. Lead, silver, platinum, zinc, etc., are found in abundance. The great deposits of phosphate of lime, particularly in the Ottawa Valley, have been already alluded to. These mines have been largely worked, and large quantities of the phosphate have been exported. This mineral brings a high price in England, owing to its high percentage of purity.

We will examine in detail the different parts of the province, and will now proceed on our journey up the Metapedia Valley. The junction of this river with the Restigouche presents one of the most attractive scenes in the province. A bridge a thou-

sand feet long spans the larger river which we have been following, commanding exquisite views both up and down. Crossing this we enter the Province of Quebec.

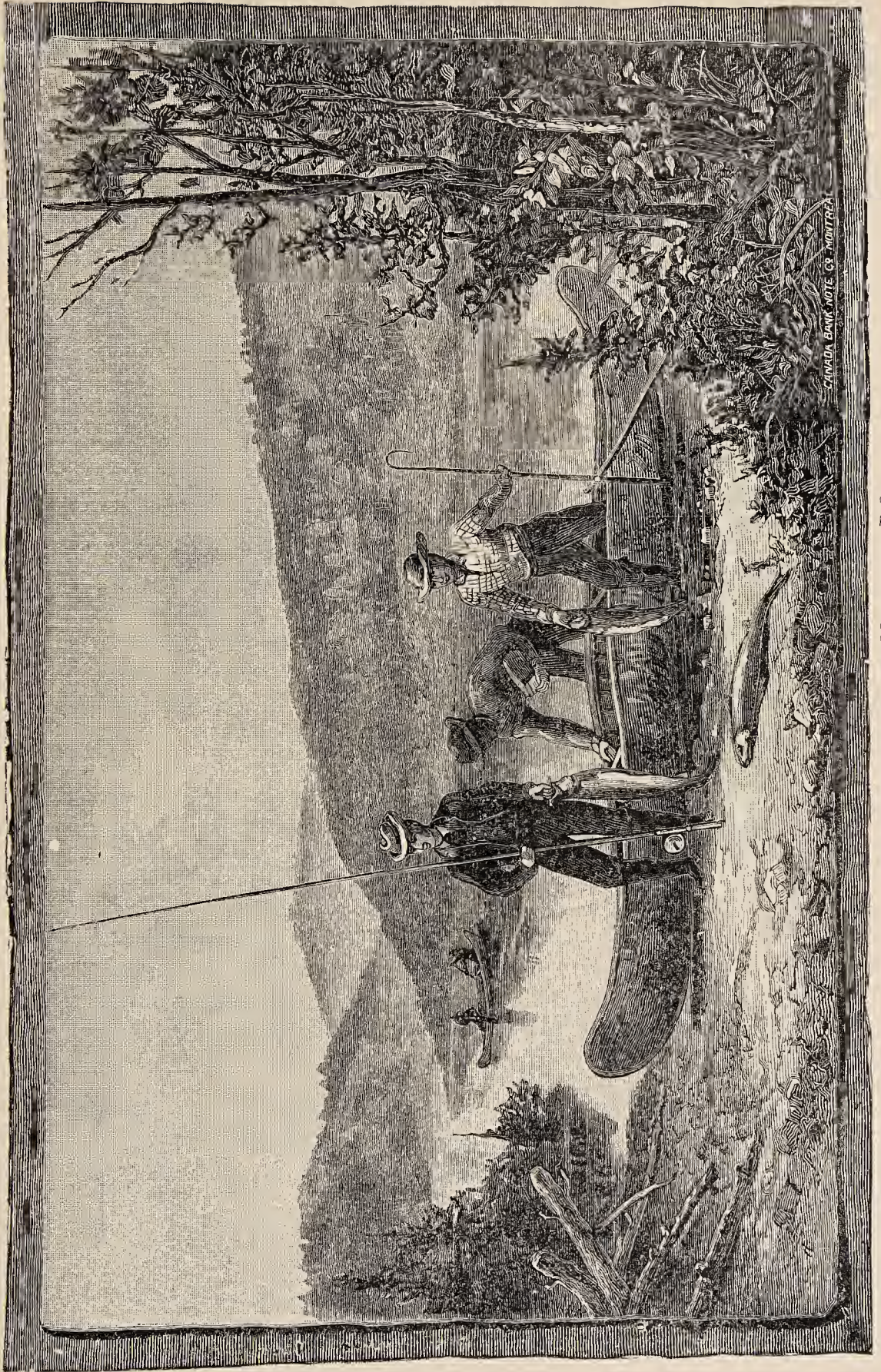
THE METAPEDIA.

The Metapedia is said to be the finest salmon stream in the world. At the railway station numerous sportsmen with their hats wonderfully garnished with artificial flies, groups of Indians and canoes, and abundance of fishing gear indicate the principal industry, if such it can be called, of the place. Though no sportsman, I could appreciate as well as the best of them the delicious, firm, flakey salmon and sweet wild strawberries which were served up to the hungry travellers in the dining hall.



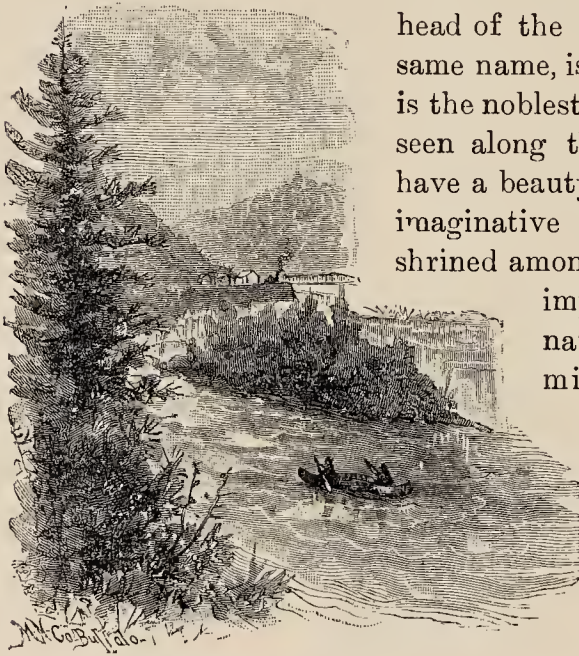
MILL STREAM, METAPEDIA, QUE.

A club of wealthy New Yorkers have built at Metapedia an elegant club house, and hold a fishing lease on the river. I do not profess to be an authority on fish stories, but it is officially stated that salmon of from forty to fifty pounds and trout of seven pounds are not uncommon. At Mill Stream, two men in a single day secured nearly two hundred and fifty pounds of trout, each trout averaging four pounds in weight. On the Causapsca, a tributary stream, the Princess Louise caught a forty pound salmon. I confess to a greater enjoyment of the romantic scenery than of the craft of fishing. Here the sense of beauty finds full gratification. The word Metapedia means, it is said, "musical waters," and the river well deserves its name. It has no less than two hundred and twenty-two rapids, great



SALMON FISHING ON THE METAPEDIA, P.Q.

and small, "now swift and deep, now gently rippling over beds of shining gravel and golden sand." For over fifty miles we follow its winding course, through green valleys as solitary almost, save for the passing train, as those of a primeval world. The bordering hills are not very high nor bold, but they present an ever-varying and pleasing outline. Acres on acres of purple bloom, with here and there patches of golden rod, fill the valleys, and the ever-present pine and spruce and aspens clothe the shaggy slopes.



ON THE CAUSAPSCAL, QUE.

Lake Metapedia, the fountain-head of the river which bears the same name, is thus described:—"It is the noblest sheet of inland water seen along the route. All lakes have a beauty which appeals to the imaginative minds, but this enshrined among the mountains must

impress the most prosaic nature. About sixteen miles in length, and stretching out in parts to the width of five miles, its ample area gives it a dignity with which to wear its beauty. Embosomed on its tranquil waters lie isles rich in verdure,

while shores luxuriant with Nature's bounty make a fitting frame to so fair a picture. He who has told us of Loch Katrine could sing of this lake that

'In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the lovelier light;
And mountains like that giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.'"

The names of the lakes and streams of the old Micmac hunting ground are a philological study. Even as softened down by English use they are far less musical than the names given by the western and southern tribes on this continent. We find nothing as soft for instance as the names Ontario, Niagara, Toronto, Tuscarora, Ohio, Susquehanna, Alabama, and the like. Some ingenious poet has endeavoured to weave the sesquipedalian names into a "spring poem," as follows:

Hail Metapediac ! Upon thy shore
The Souriquois may sweet seclusion seek ;
Cadaraqui distracts his thoughts no more,
Nor seeks he gold from Souleamuagadeek.

Hail Restigouche and calm Causapscal,
Tartagu, Tobegote and Sayabec,
Amqui, Wagansis, Peske-Ammik—all
The scenes which Nature doth with glory deck.

At Assametquaghan and at Upsalquitch
The busy beaver builds his little dam ;
His sisters, cousins, and his aunts grow rich
At Patapediac and Obstchquasquam.

I've wandered by the Quatawamkedgwick,
The Madawaska and the famed Loostook,
The Temiscouata, Kamouraska, Bic ;
I've climbed the hill of Wollodadamook.

And everywhere do thoughts of spring arise,
Till this Algonquin doth an ode produce.
Hail, brother Mareschites and Abnakies !
Hail, balmy mouth of Amusswikizoos !

Gachepe and Kigicapigiok—

But here the powers of the language broke down.

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

We now pass over a sufficiently dreary region till we come to the watershed of the St. Lawrence. No country in the world is approached by so majestic a waterway as the Province of Quebec. It is hard to say where the ocean ends and the "great river of Canada," as Champlain calls it, begins. "It

has its origin," says Moreau, "in a remarkable spring far up in the woods, called Lake Superior, 1,500 miles in circumference, and several other springs there are thereabout that feed it." These comprise about one half of all the fresh water on the globe. Draining half a continent it pours its flood over the most remarkable cataract and series of rapids in the world. For 440 miles from Lake Ontario to Quebec it will average about two miles in width, thence it gradually widens for 400 miles to what may be considered its mouth, to a breadth of 96 miles between Cape Rosier and Labrador. The tide is felt up as far as Three Rivers, a distance of 430 miles. The majestic cliffs on either shore form a worthy portal to this grandest of rivers. Small wonder that its vastness, and its stirring historic memories awake the enthusiasm of the chivalrous race that dwells upon its shores and call forth its poetic tribute:

"Salut, ô ma belle patrie !
 Salut, ô bords du Saint-Laurent
 Terre que l'étranger envie,
 Et qu'il regrette en la quittant.
 Heureux qui peut passer sa vie,
 Toujours fidèle à te sevir ;
 Et dans tes bras, mère chérie,
 Peut rendre son dernier soupir."

Mr. J. M. LeMoine, in his "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence," quotes appropriately the following noble tribute to this noble river:—"There is in North America a mighty river, having its head in remote lakes, which, though many in number, are yet so great that one of them is known as the largest body of fresh water on the globe,—with a flow as placid and pulseless as the great Pacific itself, yet as swift in places as the average speed of a railway train. Its waters are pure and azure-hued, no matter how many turbid streams attempt to defile them. It is a river that never knew a freshet, nor any drying-up, no matter how great the rain or snowfall, or how severe the drought on all its thousand miles of drainage or of flow—and yet that regularly, at stated intervals, swells and ebbs within certain limits, as surely as the spring tides each year ebb and flow in the Bay of Fundy—a river so rapid and yet so placid

as to enchant every traveller—so grand and yet so lovingly beautiful as to enthrall every appreciative soul,—which rises in a great fresh-water sea, and ends in the greater Atlantic—some places sixty miles wide, at others less than a mile—a river that never has yet had a respectable history, nor scarcely more than an occasional artist to delineate its beauties. It lies, for a thousand miles, between two great nations, a river as grand as the La Plata, as picturesque as the Rhine, as pure as the lakes of Switzerland. Need we say that this wonderful stream is the St. Lawrence, the noblest, the purest, most enchanting river on all God's beautiful earth."

Running far out to sea is the great peninsula of Gaspé, with bold and rugged capes and deep and quiet bays. "Cape Despair," says Mr. Sweetser, "was named by the French *Cap d'Espoir*, or Cape Hope, and the present name is either an Anglicized pronunciation of this French word, or else was given in memory of the terrible disaster of 1711. During that year Queen Anne sent a great fleet, with 7,000 soldiers, with orders to capture Quebec and occupy Canada. The fleet was under Admiral Sir Hovenden Walker, and the army was commanded by General Hill. During a black fog, on the 22nd of August, a violent storm arose and scattered the fleet in all directions, hurling eight large ships on the terrible ledges of Egg Island and Cape Despair, where they were lost with all on board. Fragments of the wrecks, called *Le Naufrage Anglais*, were to be seen along the shores until a recent date; and there was a wild superstition among the fishermen to the effect that sometimes, when the sea was quiet and calm, vast white waves would roll inward from the Gulf, bearing a phantom ship crowded with men in ancient military costumes. An officer stands on the bow, with a white-clad woman on his left arm, and as the maddened surge sweeps the doomed ship on with lightning speed, a tremendous crash ensues, the clear, agonized cry of a woman swells over the great voice of despair,—and naught is seen but the black cliffs and the level sea."

"Percé Rock," continues this writer, "is 288 feet high, rising precipitously from the waves, and is about 500 feet long. This citadel-like cliff is pierced by a lofty arch, through which

the long levels of the sea are visible. Small boats sometimes traverse this weird passage, under the immense Gothic arch of rock. There was formerly another tunnel near the outer point of the Rock, but its roof fell in with a tremendous crash, and left a great obelisk rising from the sea beyond.

"The summit of the Percé Rock covers about two acres, and is divided into two great districts, one of which is inhabited by gulls, and cormorants dwell on the other. If either of these trespasses on the other's territory (which occurs every fifteen minutes, at least), a battle ensues, the shrill cries of hundreds or thousands of birds rend the air, great clouds of combatants hover over the plateau, and peace is only restored by the retreat of the invader. When the conflict is between large flocks it is a scene worthy of close notice, and sometimes becomes highly exciting."

FIRST EXPLORATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The lofty headland of Gaspé towers 700 feet above the waves. Here landed Jacques Cartier in the sultry midsummer of 1534, and reared a huge cross bearing the lily shield of France, and took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, Francis I. Learning from the natives of the great river, leading so far into the interior that "no man had ever traced it to its source," he sailed up the Gulf of St. Lawrence till he could see the land on either side. The season being advanced, he resolved to return, postponing further exploration till the following summer.

On Whit-Sunday, 1535, Cartier and his companions reverently attended high mass in the venerable cathedral of St. Malo. In the religious spirit of the age they received the Holy Sacrament, and the benediction of the bishop upon their undertaking. The little squadron, dispersed by adverse winds, did not reach the mouth of the St. Lawrence till the middle of July. On the 10th of August, the festival of St. Lawrence, Cartier entered a small bay, to which he gave the name of the saint, since extended to the entire gulf and river. Passing the gloomy gorge of the Saguenay, and sailing on beneath lofty bluffs jutting out into the broad river, on the 7th of September

he reached the Island of Orleans, covered with wild grapes, which he therefore named Isle of Bacchus. Seven days after, having resolved to winter in the country, the little squadron dropped anchor at the mouth of the St. Charles, where stood the Indian town of Stadacona, beneath the bold cliff now crowned with the ramparts of Quebec.

Eager to explore the noble river, Cartier advanced with fifty men in his smallest vessel. Arrested by a sand-bar at Lake St. Peter, he took to his boats, with thirty of his companions, and pressed onward, watching with delight the ever-shifting landscape of primeval forest, now gorgeous with autumnal foliage, and the stately banks of the broad, swift river. On the 2nd of October, he reached the populous Indian town of Hochelaga, nestling beneath the wood-crowned height to which he gave the name of *Mont Royal*, now Montreal.

Having ascended the neighbouring mountain, Cartier and his companions surveyed the magnificent panorama of forest and river stretching to the far horizon—a scene now studded with towns and spires, farms and villages, and busy with the thousand activities of civilized life. From the natives he learned the existence, far in the west and south, of inland seas, broad lands, and mighty rivers—an almost unbroken solitude, yet destined to become the abode of great nations. Returning to Quebec, the French prepared, as best they could, for the winter, which proved of unusual severity. Scurvy of a malignant type appeared. By the month of April, twenty-six of the little company had died and were buried in the snow. The cruel winter slowly wore away, and when the returning spring released the imprisoned ships, the energetic commander returned to France.

All over the continent, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, the adventurous French pioneers and explorers have left their footprints in the names of all the saints in the calendar, bestowed on cape, and lake, and river and mountain. On this historic shore, for instance, we have Capes Ste. Madeleine, Ste. Anne, St. Paul, St. Felicité, L'Assomption, Ste. Flavie, St. Fabien, St. Onésime, Ste. Marguerite, St. Denis, St. Paschal, St. Pacome, St. Jean, St. Roch, St. Ignace, St.

Michel, St. François, St. Anselm, St. Joachim, L'Ange Gardien, and many another holy name.

On the rocky shores of the Lower St. Lawrence are a large number of fishing villages, in the rear of which a meagre agriculture is carried on. Further up we reach a number of



GRAND AND PETIT METIS.

pleasant and popular summer bathing resorts. These are much frequented by families from Quebec and Montreal, and even from Toronto and places farther west. One of the first and most attractive of these is Little Métis, reached by a drive of six miles from the Intercolonial railway.

The Grand and Little Métis rivers offer attractive scenery and picturesque waterfalls. We are now in the heart of the French country, which stretches from Gaspé to Beauharnois. The aspect of the villages, and the daily life of the people, are more like that of the Old World than anything else on this continent. It is often far easier to fancy one's self in the Breton or Picardy of the seventeenth century, than in the plain, prosaic Canada of the nineteenth. The wayside crosses and shrines, and the numerous tin-roofed, twin-spired parish churches, "whence the angelus ringing, sprinkles with holy sounds the air as a priest with his hyssop the congregation," attest the prevalence of the Roman Catholic religion. Frequently a huge cross on a hill-top indicates that we are in a Temperance parish.

The following is the judicious account, by one who knows them well, of the character of the *habitants* of New France :

THE HABITANTS.

"The railway and telegraph of the nineteenth century run through a country in which hundreds of people are to all intents and purposes in the seventeenth century. Not to their disrespect be this said, but as showing the tenacity with which they adhere to their language, manners and customs. The Canadian *habitants* are probably as conservative as any people on earth. Where innovations are thrust upon them by the march of progress they adapt themselves to the changes ; but where they are left to themselves they are happy in the enjoyment of the life their fathers led, and are vexed by no restless ambition to be other than they have been. Their wants are simple and easily supplied ; they live peaceful and moral lives ; and they are filled with an abiding love for their language and a profound veneration for their religion. By nature light-hearted and vivacious, they are optimists without knowing it. Inured to the climate, they find enjoyment in its most rigorous seasons. French in all their thoughts, words and deeds, they are yet loyal to the British crown, and contented under British rule. Their ancient laws are secured to them by solemn compact ; and their language and religion are landmarks which will

never be moved. In places where the English have established themselves, some of the *habitants* understand the English language, but none of them adopt it as their own. The mingling of races has a contrary effect, and the English tongue often yields to the French. There are many Englishmen in Quebec whose children do not understand a word of their father's native tongue; but there are no Frenchmen whose children are ignorant of the language of France.

"A traveller is very favourably impressed by the manners of the country people. Many of them are in very humble circumstances; books are to them a sealed mystery; and their circumstances of life are not such as are supposed to conduce to refinement of manners. Yet everywhere the stranger meets with courtesy, and finds the evidence of true politeness—not mere ceremonial politeness, but that which is dictated by sincerity and aims at the accomplishment of a stranger's wishes as a matter of duty. Where one does not understand the language they will take great trouble to comprehend his meaning; where he can speak even indifferent French, he can make himself perfectly at home.

"As we thread this romantic region, everywhere is seen the familiar church; no hamlet is too poor to have a good one. Should you seek the curé, you will find him a man whom it is a pleasure to meet—well informed, affable, and full of the praises of the land in which he lives. The *habitants* have a sincere regard for their spiritual advisers, who are truly pastors to their people, men whose lives are devoted to the well-being of their flocks. They follow in the steps of the pioneer missionaries, whose heroic devotion in the past must forever be honoured by men of every creed."

We now proceed westward on our journey up the St. Lawrence.

RIVER PORTS.

Rimouski is an important station on the Intercolonial, and the place of connection with the ocean steamships, which stop here to receive and deliver the mails, and to take on belated passengers. The train runs down to the end of a pier, a mile long, and a small steamer is employed as tender. Very lively

work it often is to board the steamship, when wind and tide roughen the waves. At Father Point, six miles below, so named because Father Henri Nouvel wintered here in 1663, the steamers are signalled as they pass. Rimouski is a thoroughly French town of about two thousand inhabitants. The huge cathedral and extensive seminary are the most conspicuous features of the place.

Nine miles further west is Bic—I beg pardon—Ste. Cécile du Bic is its proper and more euphonious name. This is, to our mind, the most picturesque spot on the St. Lawrence. A bay in which a navy might ride, is studded with rocky or tree-clad islands, and begirt with crags of rugged beauty, and backed by highlands rising thirteen hundred feet. The railway sweeps around the mountain's flank, on a shelf hewn out of the rock at a height two hundred feet above the village, commanding splendid views of river and shore. Here, as Wolfe's fleet swept up the river for the conquest of Quebec, when the English flag was run up in place of the French ensign at the peak, a patriotic old priest, who had hoped it was a fleet of succour, fell lifeless to the ground. Here, too, more recently, during the *Trent* trouble, an English man-of-war discharged men and stores, when the upper river was closed by ice. Nor is the place without its legends of Indian warfare. In a cave on l'Islet au Massacre, two hundred Micmacs took refuge from a hostile party of Iroquois, and were cut off almost to a man. Enough, however, escaped to rally a party who dogged the Iroquois to death, inflicting, after the savage manner, cruellest revenge.

The next place of interest is Trois Pistoles, where the rival attractions to the hungry traveller are the well-equipped dining-room, and the huge and elegant parish church. The legend goes that the river takes its name from the fee demanded by the old Norman ferryman for putting an urgent passenger over the swollen stream.

At frequent intervals on these lateral streams will be found the typical Canadian sawmill, as shown in our cut. Occasionally, when all the lumber has been consumed, the old deserted sawmill falls into picturesque ruins, as shown on page 135,

“where the rusty saw remains fixed, with its hungry teeth imbedded in the great heart of the pine tree.”

Cacouna is a quiet enough way-station during the greater part of the year; but during “the season,” that is, in July and August, it is one of the busiest on the line. Big trunks lumber the platform, and crowded omnibuses fly to and fro. “Cacouna,” says Mr. Reynolds, “is papilionaceous. In the summer it spreads its wings and is jubilant; its shores are thronged by



CANADIAN SAWMILL

the votaries of pleasure; boats dance upon the water, the gay and festive dance upon the land; there is music in the air, and brightness everywhere. In the winter, it subsides into an ordinary village; the natives sit alongside of two-story stoves and dream of the coming summer; empty houses abound; and the great hotel is abandoned to silence, to darkness, and to Peter Donnegan.” It is the fashion to call Cacouna the Saratoga of Canada. The Canadian Newport would be the better name. The broad outlook and health-giving breezes of the St.

Lawrence will forever prevent it becoming the mere fashionable resort that the former gay American watering place is. Saratoga is one of the hottest, and Cacouna is one of the coolest, summer resorts that I know.

Five and twenty years ago I spent a month here. Then it was one of the quietest places in the Queen's dominions. I brought a trunk full of books, and when I had read them all I sent to Quebec for some more, which did not arrive till after long delay. One can't bathe *all* the time, and, barring the walks

over the breezy hills, it was a good deal like going to jail for a month, or, at least, being a prisoner "on the bounds." But now

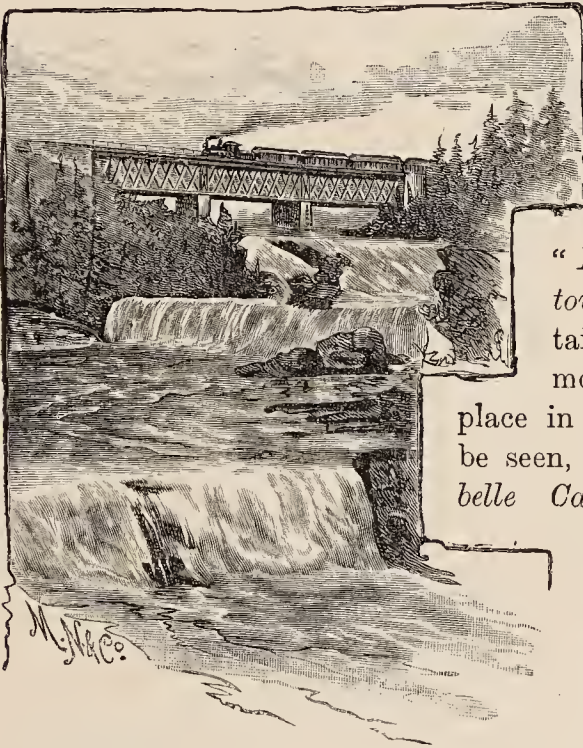
"*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" It is certainly the gayest and most popular watering

place in Canada. Here may be seen, in all her glory, *la belle Canadienne* and her

English-speaking cousin, who combines all the grace and beauty of the Old World with the vivacity and brilliancy of the New.

The great hotel, with

its six hundred guests, and several of the lesser ones, are scenes of liveliest festivity. In the many cottages and *pensions* people of quieter tastes will find abundant gratification. The ubiquitous presence and obliging courtesy of the *habitant* gives a fine foreign flavour to the social atmosphere that is quite piquant. I was complimenting one of the French "carters," as they are called—a corruption of *charretier*—on the steadiness



FALLS OF THE RIVIERE DU LOUP, QUE.

of his little runt of a Canadian pony, when, with an eager grimace, he replied, "*Oui, oui, monsieur, il est tres tranquille.*"

Six miles from Cacouna is the important river port and railway station of Rivière du Loup. Its name is said to be derived from the fact that many years ago it was the resort of great droves of seals—*loups-marins*—who frequented the shoals at the mouth of the river. It is, at all events, a pleasanter derivation than the suggested one from the ill-visaged wolf of the forest. The place abounds in picturesque scenery. The falls shown in our vignette, about eighty feet of a descent, with the fine background of the Intercolonial railway bridge, make a very striking picture. A long and strong pier juts far out into the river, and is a favorite promenade and an important place of call for steamers. The sunset view across the river of the pearly-tinted north shore, twenty miles distant, is very impressive. Frequently will be seen a long, low hull, from which streams a thin pennon of smoke, where the ocean steamer is making her swift way, outward or homeward bound. Nearer the spectator the sails of the fishing craft gleam rosy red in the sunset light, and then turn spectral pale like sheeted ghosts. This is the only place where I ever saw fishing with a rifle. When the white-bellied porpoises, and sometimes whales, gambol and tumble amid the waves, they are often shot by expert marksmen. They are frequently twenty feet long, and will yield a hundred gallons of oil.

THE SAGUENAY.

Nearly opposite Rivière du Loup there flows into the St. Lawrence, from the northern wilderness, one of the most remarkable rivers on the face of the earth, the storied Saguenay. It is not formed by erosion of the rocks as is the gorge of the Niagara. It receives no tributaries as do other rivers, except the considerable stream, the Chicoutimi, and a few minor ones. It is manifestly an enormous chasm rent in the old primeval rock, up and down which flows forevermore the restless tide. It is also the deepest river in the world, a line of one hundred and fifty fathoms failing in some places to reach the bottom. The banks, for nearly the whole distance, are an uninterrupted

series of towering cliffs, in many places as perpendicular as a wall, varying from 300 to 1,800 feet high.

A sense of utter loneliness and desolation is the predominant feeling in sailing up the river. The water in the deep, brown shadow of the cliff is of inky blackness. Where broken into spray it looks like an infusion of logwood. It makes one irresistibly think of Styx and Acheron, those black-flowing streams of Tartarus.

On either side arise "bald, stately bluffs that never wore a smile." On through scenes of unimaginable wildness, or of stern and savage grandeur that thrill the soul, we glide. All is lone and desolate, as though we were the first who sailed on the enchanted stream. A deathly spell seems to mantle over it, reminding one of

"That lone lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbled o'er."

From the mouth of the river to Ha Ha Bay, I saw hardly a single indication of life. For miles and miles not a house, nor fence, nor field, nor bird, nor beast met the eye. In the whole route I saw but one solitary water-fowl. After passing through this gorge of desolation, terror-haunted, the early *voyageurs* burst into a glad Ha ! Ha ! as they glided into the smiling bay which retains the name so singularly given.

Near the mouth of the river a rocky island, fantastically named *Tête de Boule*, lifts its enormous bulk above the waters. "It stands amid stream thoughtfully apart," like the stern warder of this rocky pass, as if questioning our right to invade this solitary, lone domain.

Onward still we glide over the sullen waters, past a thousand towering bluffs, either of naked desolation or densely covered with dwarf pines, wherever they can find a foothold, climbing upward, hand in hand, or in stern phalanx of serried rank behind rank to the mountain's top, while from the precipice's lofty brow, impish-looking cedars peer timorously down into the gloomy gulf below.

As we thread the tortuous stream, ever and anon the way appears to be impeded by "startling barriers rising sullenly

from the dark deep," like genii of the rocky pass, as if to bar our progress, but

"—meet them face to face,
The magic doors fly open and the rocks recede apace."

Stern and dark and reticent they stand, like the drugged giants in the German cave of Rutli, by beck nor sign betraying the secrets of their rocky hearts. "From their sealed granite lips there comes tradition nor refrain." They keep forevermore their lonely watch

"— year after year,
In solitude eternal, rapt in contemplation drear."



CAPES TRINITY AND ETERNITY, RIVER SAGUENAY.

With what a reverential awe they stand—the brown waters laving their feet, the fleecy clouds veiling their broad bare foreheads, the dark forests girdling their loins; their grave, majestic faces furrowed by the torrents, seamed and scarred by the lightnings, scathed and blasted by a thousand storms.

They make one think of Prometheus, warring with the eternal elements upon Mount Caucasus; of Lear, wrestling with storm and tempest; or, more appropriately still, of John the Baptist, in his unshorn majesty, in the wilderness.

Capes Trinity and Eternity, the two loftiest bluffs, are respectively 1,600 and 1,800 feet high. The latter rises perpendicularly out of the fathomless waters at its base. It has some-

what the outline of a huge, many-buttressed Norman tower. But so exaggerated are the proportions, so apparently interminable the perpendicular lines upon its face, that it seems rather the work of the Titans, piling Pelion upon Ossa, and seeking to scale the skies. As the steamer lay at the foot of the cliff it seemed dwarfed to insignificance by the vast size of the rock. The steam-whistle was repeatedly blown. Instantly a thousand slumbering echoes were aroused from their ancient lair, their hoar "immemorial ambush," and shouted back their stern defiance. How they rolled and reverberated among the ancient hills. How inconceivably grand must it be when all the artillery of heaven are bellowing through the air, and the lightnings flash, like the bright glancing of the two-edged sword that guards the gates of Paradise, and these mountain sides are clothed with all the drapery of the storm.

To my mind, the loveliest features of the scenery are the little rills that trickle down the mountain sides,

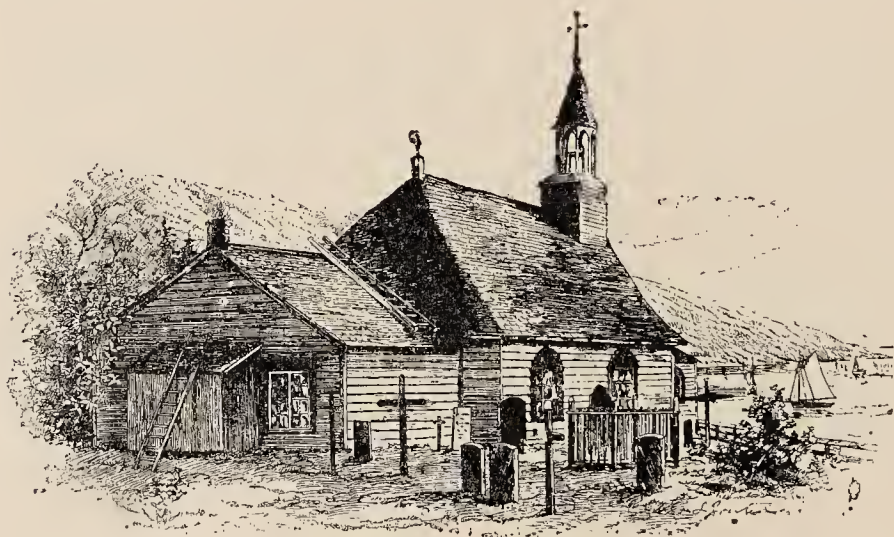
"Like tears of gladness o'er a giant's face."

They suggest all manner of whimsical similes. Now they are like a virgin veil, hiding the mountain's forehead; now like a white hand waving welcome through the distance; now like the joyous flashing of a snowy brow, crowned with fadeless amaranth; now the pallid gleam of a death-cold forehead, wreathed with funeral asphodel; now the tossing of a warrior's plume; now the waving of a flag of peace; now as one plunges down the bank it shakes its white mane like a war-horse taking his last leap; now one bounds with panting, breathless, leopard-like, impetuous leaps adown the rugged rocks, like a rash suicide eager to plunge into the cold, dark-flowing river of death; now stealthily and insidiously one glides serpent-like among the moss or concealed amid the matted foliage, betrayed only by its liquid flash.

At the mouth of the river is the delightfully picturesque village of L'Anse à l'Eau. It is a wildly romantic spot, as completely isolated from civilization as one could wish. Nestling in the embrace of the grand old hills, it receives the smile of the sun as a child held up in its mother's arms to receive its father's

kiss. The village, with its curved roofs and overhanging eaves, all whitewashed, has a very Swiss-like appearance.

In a little bay, separated by a ledge of rocks from L'Anse à l'Eau, is the old French hamlet of Tadousac, one of the first settlements of the Jesuit fathers. Here are the old buildings and rusty cannon of a Hudson's Bay post. In strong contrast are the large summer hotel and the elegant villas erected by Lord Dufferin and others. I here visited the first church erected in Canada, 1671. It is of wood, quite small and very antique, is much weather-worn, and is truly venerable in appearance. It has some fine paintings and a quaint old altar.



OLD CHURCH, TADOUSAC.

The steamboat goes about a hundred miles up this marvellous river to Chicoutimi, the head of navigation. It is the great shipping point of the lumber districts. Sixty miles north-west of Chicoutimi is the Lake of St. John, first visited in 1647 by Father Duquen. It is a lake of large area, receiving the waters of eight considerable streams.

Mr. Price, M.P., states that a missionary has recently discovered, high upon the Saguenay (or on the Mistassini), an ancient French fort, with intrenchments and stockades. On the inside were two cannon, and several broken tombstones dating from the early part of the sixteenth century. It is surmised

that these remote memorials mark the last resting-place of the *Sieur Roberval*, Viceroy of New France, who (it is supposed) sailed up the Saguenay in 1543, and was never heard from afterwards.

At Ha Ha Bay large quantities of lumber are loaded upon British and Scandinavian ships, and a flourishing trade is carried on in the autumn by sending farm-produce and blueberries to Quebec,—“the latter being packed in coffin-shaped boxes and sold for ten to twenty cents a bushel.”

“So broad and stately is this inlet,” says Mr. Sweetser, “that it is said the early French explorers ascended it in the belief that it was the main river, and the name originated from their exclamations on reaching the end, either of amusement at their mistake or of pleasure at the beautiful appearance of the meadows.”

Of this strange stream Bayard Taylor thus writes :

“The Saguenay is not, properly, a river. It is a tremendous chasm, like that of the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountain wilderness. No magical illusions of atmosphere enwrap the scenery of this northern river. Everything is hard, naked, stern, silent. Dark-gray cliffs of granitic gneiss rise from the pitch-black water; firs of gloomy green are rooted in their crevices and fringe their summits; loftier ranges of a dull indigo hue show themselves in the background, and over all bends a pale, cold, northern sky. The keen air, which brings out every object with a crystalline distinctness, even contracts the dimensions of the scenery, diminishes the height of the cliffs, and apparently belittles the majesty of the river, so that the first feeling is one of disappointment. Still, it exercises a fascination which you cannot resist. You look, and look, fettered by the fresh, novel, savage stamp which nature exhibits, and at last, as in St. Peter’s or at Niagara, learn from the character of the separate features to appreciate the grandeur of the whole.

“Steadily upwards we went, the windings of the river and its varying breadth giving us a shifting succession of the grandest pictures. Shores that seemed roughly piled together out of the fragments of chaos overhung us,—great

masses of rock, gleaming duskily through their scanty drapery of evergreens, here lifting long irregular walls against the sky, there split into huge, fantastic forms by deep lateral gorges, up which we saw the dark-blue crests of loftier mountains in the rear. The water beneath us was black as night, with a pitchy glaze on its surface; and the only life in all the savage solitude was, now and then, the back of a white porpoise, in some of the deeper coves. The river is a reproduction, on a contracted scale, of the fiords of the Norwegian coast. The dark mountains, the tremendous precipices, the fir forests, even the settlements at Ha Ha Bay and L'Anse à l'Eau (except that the houses are white instead of red) are as completely Norwegian as they can be."

This strange river was probably the bed of some primeval glacier, for its lofty precipices of syenitic gneiss are grooved and scratched with the deep striæ, indicating long continued ice action.

The tremendous rock masses of Capes Trinity and Eternity are thus described by the graphic pen of Bayard Taylor: "These awful cliffs, planted in water nearly a thousand feet deep, and soaring into the very sky, form the gateway to a rugged valley, stretching inland, and covered with the dark primeval forest of the North. I doubt whether a sublimer picture of the wilderness is to be found on this continent. The dun-coloured syenitic granite, ribbed with vertical streaks of black, hung for a moment directly over our heads, as high as three Trinity spires atop of one another. Westward, the wall ran inland, projecting bastion after bastion of inaccessible rock, over the dark forests in the bed of the valley."

Cape Trinity, it is said, actually impends over its base more than one hundred feet, "brow-beating all beneath it, and seeming as if at any moment it would fall and overwhelm the deep black stream which flows so cold and stealthily below."

When the "Flying Fish" ascended the river with the Prince of Wales, one of her heavy sixty-eight-pounders was fired off near Cape Trinity. "For the space of half a minute or so after the discharge there was a dead silence, and then, as if the report and concussion were hurled back upon the decks, the

echoes came down crash upon crash. It seemed as if the rocks and crags had all sprung into life under the tremendous din, and as if each were firing sixty-eight-pounders full upon us, in sharp, crushing volleys, till at last they grew hoarser and hoarser in their anger, and retreated, bellowing slowly, carrying the tale of invaded solitude from hill to hill, till all the distant mountains seemed to roar and groan at the intrusion."

Our Canadian poet, Sangster, thus apostrophises those stupendous cliffs:

"Nature has here put on her royalest dress,
And Cape Eternity looms grandly up,
Like a God reigning in the wilderness
Holding communion with the distant cope,
Interpreting the stars' dreams, as they ope
Their silver gates, where stand his regal kin. . .

"Strong, eager thoughts come crowding to my eyes,
Earnest and swift, like Romans in the race,
As in stern grandeur, looming up the skies,
This Monarch of the Bluffs,* with kingly grace,
Stands firmly fixed in his eternal place,
Like the great Samson of the Saguenay,
The stately parent of the giant race
Of mountains, scattered—thick as ocean's spray
Sown by the tempest—up this granite-guarded way.

"My lips are mute. I cannot speak the thought
That, like a bubble on the placid sea,
Brusts ere it tells the tale with which 'tis fraught.
Another comes, and so, eternally,
They rise in hope, to wander spirit-free
Above the earth. 'Twere best they should not break
The silence, which itself is ecstasy
Or godlike eloquence, or my frail voice shake
A single echo, the expressive calm to break."

"In the year 1599 a trading-post was established at Tadousac by Pontgravé and Chauvin, to whom this country had been granted. They built storehouses and huts, and left sixteen men to gather in the furs from the Indians, but several of these died and the rest fled into the forest. Two subsequent attempts

* Trinity Rock—a stupendous mass of granite.

within a few years ended as disastrously. In 1628 the place was captured by Admiral Kirke, and in 1632 his brother died here. In 1658 the lordship of this district was given to the *Sieur Demaux*, with the dominion over the country between *Eboulements* and *Cape Cormorant*. Three years later the place was captured by the *Iroquois*, and the garrison was massacred. In 1690 three French frigates, bearing the royal treasure to *Quebec*, were chased in here by *Sir William Phipps's* New-England fleet. They formed batteries on the *Tadousac* shores, but the Americans were unable to get their vessels up through the swift currents, and the French fleet was saved."

Returning to *Rivière du Loup*, we will proceed westward by the south shore, and afterward describe the interesting places of resort on the north shore. The *Intercolonial Railway* runs for the most part at some distance from the river, but, at times, we are in full view of its shining reaches, and almost always of the bold *Laurentian* range on the opposite shore. The first place of interest is *Notre Dame du Portage*, so named because here a crossing was formerly made over the height of land to the upper waters of the *Wallastock*, or *Saint John* river. Then comes the pretty village of *Kamouraska*, reached by a drive of five miles from *St. Paschal* station. Here the great church of *St. Louis* and an extensive convent attract the attention. A little to the west is the ill-omened *Cap au Diable*, and soon we reach the *Rivière Ouelle*, named from *Madame Houel*, who was held in captivity by the *Indians* in the seventeenth century. Here is the quaint *Casgrain* manor house, over a hundred years old. *Ste. Anne de la Pocatière* is a thriving town of three thousand inhabitants, about seventy-two miles below *Quebec*. It has a large convent and a college, with thirty professors and a stately pile of buildings. It has also an agricultural school and a model farm. For many a mile the stately mass of *Les Eboulements*, on the north shore, is full in view. In the sunset light it seems transfused into a glowing mass of opal and pearl.

Montmagny, with its two thousand inhabitants and large college, commemorates an old historic name—that of an early Viceroy of New France, the great "*Onontio*," or "*Big Moun-*

tain," as the Indians translated his name. Goose and Crane Islands, in the vicinity, sound more romantic under their French names—Isle aux Oies, and Isle aux Grues. Grosse Isle, the quarantine station of Canada, is a place of saddest memories. It has been described as a "vast tomb," so many have been the immigrants who have reached these shores only to die, poisoned in the filthy and crowded ships. This was in the days when it took twelve weeks to cross the Atlantic, and when typhus, or small-pox, or cholera, were the not unfrequent companions of the voyage. "In a single grave," says Mr. LeMoine, "seven thou-



CITY OF QUEBEC.

sand, in the time of the ship-fever, were buried." But now, in ten days, in health and comfort, well fed and well cared for, the immigrant is transferred from his old to his new home.

Berthier, St. Valier, St. Michel, Beaumont, and other villages, whose very names have a poetic sound, are strung along the shining St. Lawrence, like pearls upon a necklace. The river winds between the fair and fertile Island of Orleans and the bold south shore, an almost continuous settlement of white-walled, white-roofed houses, with, every five or six miles, a large parish church. This is one of the longest settled parts of Canada, and almost every cape or village has its historic or romantic legend. The view from either rail-car or steamer, as one passes the

western end of the Island of Orleans, is one of the grandest on the continent—one of the grandest in the world. To the extreme right, waving and shimmering in the sunlight like a bridal veil, is the Fall of Montmorenci. To the left are the rugged heights of Point Levi, and there, full in view, are the stately cliffs of Quebec, crowned with bastions and batteries, and “flowering into spires.” Few spots on earth unite in such wonderful combination, majestic scenery, and thrilling historic memories.

THE NORTH SHORE.

I return now to describe the rugged scenery of the north shore of the St. Lawrence. The sail by one of the local river steamers, or, better still, by one of the market boats calling at the several landing places, is a very easy and pleasant way of “doing” the Lower St. Lawrence. But to get the full flavour of the quaint, Old World life of the *habitants*, and to get near to Nature’s heart in some of her sublimest moods, we would recommend a drive along the post road in one of the native carriages or *calèches*; or, still better, a tramp with knapsack on back. It would not be hard to imagine one’s self in the Artois or Picardy of a hundred years or more ago.

From the Saugenyay to Quebec is a distance of some hundred and forty miles. The first forty miles is pretty rugged and inhospitable. The pedestrian tourist will probably be willing to begin his westward tramp at Murray Bay, or Mal Baie, so called by Champlain, on account of its turbulent tides, the Cacouna of the north shore. At this place all the steamers call, both going up and down. The town, with its three thousand inhabitants, clusters around the great church near the bridge across the Murray River. The hotels are at Point à Pic, where the steamer calls at a long wharf, and summer cottages extend several miles, down to Cap à l’Aigle.

Mr. LeMoine, who has described with loving minuteness the chief scenes on this storied river, thus records his impression of beautiful Mal Baie: “Of all the picturesque parishes on the shore of our grand river, to which innumerable swarms of tourists go every summer, none will interest the lover of sublime landscapes more than Mal Baie. One must go there to enjoy

the rugged, the grandeur of nature, the broad horizons. He will not find here the beautiful wheat fields of Kamouraska, the pretty and verdurous shores of Cacouna or Rimouski, where the languorous citizen goes to strengthen his energies during the dog-days; here is savage and unconquered nature, and view-points yet more majestic than those of the coasts and walls of Bic. Precipice on precipice; impenetrable gorges in the projections of the rocks; peaks which lose themselves in the clouds, and among which the bears wander through July, in search of berries; where the caribou browses in September; where the solitary crow and the royal eagle make their nests in May; in short, alpine landscapes, the pathless Highlands of Scotland, a Byronic nature, tossed about, heaped up in the North, far from the ways of civilized men, near a volcano that from time to time awakens and shakes the country in a manner to frighten, but not to endanger, the romantic inhabitants. According to some, in order to enjoy all the fulness of these austere beauties, one must be at the privileged epoch of life. If then you wish to taste, in their full features, the dreamy solitudes of the shores, the grottos, the great forests of Point à Pique or Cap à l'Aigle, or to capture by hundreds the frisking trout of the remote Gravel Lake, you must have a good eye, a well-nerved arm, and a supple leg."

For many a mile the mighty mass of Les Eboullemens, the loftiest peak, save one, of the Laurentides, "old as the world," rising to the height of 2,457 feet, dominates the landscape. Grouped around the parish church, high on the mountain slope, is the pretty village of Eboullemens, thus apostrophised by our Canadian singer, Sangster :

" Eboullemens sleeps serenely in the arms
Of the maternal hill, upon whose breast
It lies, like a sweet, infant soul, whose charms
Fill some fond mother's bosom with that rest
Caused by the presence of a heavenly guest."

A conspicuous feature of the steamboat landing is the immense wharf, nearly a thousand feet long. Running for several miles between the rugged mountains of the north shore and the

smiling Isle aux Coudres, so named from the abundance of hazel trees it contains, the steamer rounds into the beautiful St. Paul's Bay, one of the loveliest spots on the whole river.

“ St. Paul's delightful bay, fit mirror for
The stars, glows like a vision which the wind
Wafts by some angel standing on the shore,
As bless'd as if he trod heaven's star-enamelled floor.

“ These two majestic hills* kneel down to kiss
The village at their feet ; the cottages,
Pearl-like and glowing, speak of human bliss,
With a low, eloquent tongue. Fit symbols these
Of a diviner life—of perfect ease
Allied to blessed repose. The church spire looks,
Like a sweet promise smiling through the trees;
While far beyond this loveliest of nooks,
The finely-rounded swells dream of the babbling brooks.”

The land route leads over the shoulder of the mountain, commanding magnificent outlooks over the broad, sail-studded river. The picturesque valleys of the Moulin and Gouffre rivers present many pleasant vistas of mountain scenery : “ In all the miles of country I have passed over,” says Ballantyne, “ I have seen nothing to equal the exquisite beauty of the Vale of Baie St. Paul. From the hill on which we stood, the whole valley, of many miles in extent, was visible. It was perfectly level, and covered from end to end with hamlets, and several churches, with here and there a few small patches of forest. Like the Happy Valley of Rasselas, it was surrounded by the most wild and rugged mountains, which rose in endless succession one behind the other, stretching away in the distance, till they resembled a faint blue wave in the horizon.” The Isle aux Coudres, it is claimed, is more purely mediæval in its character than any other region in Canada, and its people exhibit a charming remnant of old Norman life. Here, according to a statement of Jacques Cartier, the first mass ever celebrated in Canada was said on September 7th, 1535.

The next settlement is the populous village of St. François Xavier. For some distance west of this the grim Laurentian

* At Little St. Paul Bay—one of the most delightful pictures on the route.

range rises so abruptly from the water's edge that there is room for neither road nor houses. Of this region Bayard Taylor says: "We ran along the bases of headlands, 1,000 to 1,500 feet in height, wild and dark with lowering clouds, gray with rain, or touched with a golden transparency by the sunshine,—alternating belts of atmospheric effect, which greatly increased their beauty." He is quite below the mark in his estimate, for some of these rise to an altitude of over 2,000 feet.

St. Joachim, twenty-seven miles from Quebec by the land route, is the next village. From this point to Quebec the road is full of interest. Those who cannot walk or drive over the whole route that we have been describing, will find that this part of it will best repay their trouble. It can best be visited from the ancient capital. Near by is the old Château Bellevue, and behind it the lofty promontory of Cape Tourmente, 1,919 feet high, which for nearly a century has been crowned with a gigantic cross. The magnificent prospect from its summit is thus photographed by the vivid pen of Parkman: "Above the vast meadows of the parish of St. Joachim, that here borders the St. Lawrence, there rises like an island a low flat hill, hedged round with forests, like the tonsured head of a monk. It was here that Laval planted his school. Across the meadows, a mile or more distant, towers the mountain promontory of Cape Tourmente. You may climb its woody steep, and from the top, waist-deep in blueberry bushes, survey from Kamouraska to Quebec, the grand Canadian world outstretched below; or mount the neighbouring heights of Ste. Anne, where, athwart the gaunt arms of ancient pines, the river lies shimmering in summer haze, the cottages of the *habitants* are strung like beads of a rosary along the meadows of Beaupré, the shores of Orleans bask in warm light, and far on the horizon the rock of Quebec rests like a faint gray cloud; or traverse the forest till the roar of the torrent guides you to the rocky solitude where it holds its savage revels. . . . Game on the river; trout in lakes, brooks, and pools; wild fruits and flowers on the meadows and mountains; a thousand resources of honest and healthful recreation here await the student emancipated from his books, but not parted for a moment from the pious influence that hangs

about the old walls embosomed in the woods of St. Joachim. Around on plains and hills stand the dwellings of a peaceful peasantry, as different from the restless population of the neighbouring States as the denizens of some Norman or Breton village."

Five miles west of St. Joachim is the miracle-working shrine of La Bonne Ste. Anne—the favourite resort of religious pilgrims in the New World—unless, indeed, a single shrine in Mexico may surpass it in this respect. The relics of Ste. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary, are exhibited in a crystal globe, and are said to cause most miraculous cures. For over two centuries pilgrims have visited this sacred shrine—sometimes as many as twenty-four thousand in a single summer. Great sheaves of crutches are exhibited as proofs of the miraculous cures said to be effected. There is no reason to doubt that, in many cases, nervous affections may be temporarily, or even permanently, relieved through the influence of a vivid imagination or a strong will. But so have they also by the charlatanry of mesmerism, spirit-healing and the like.

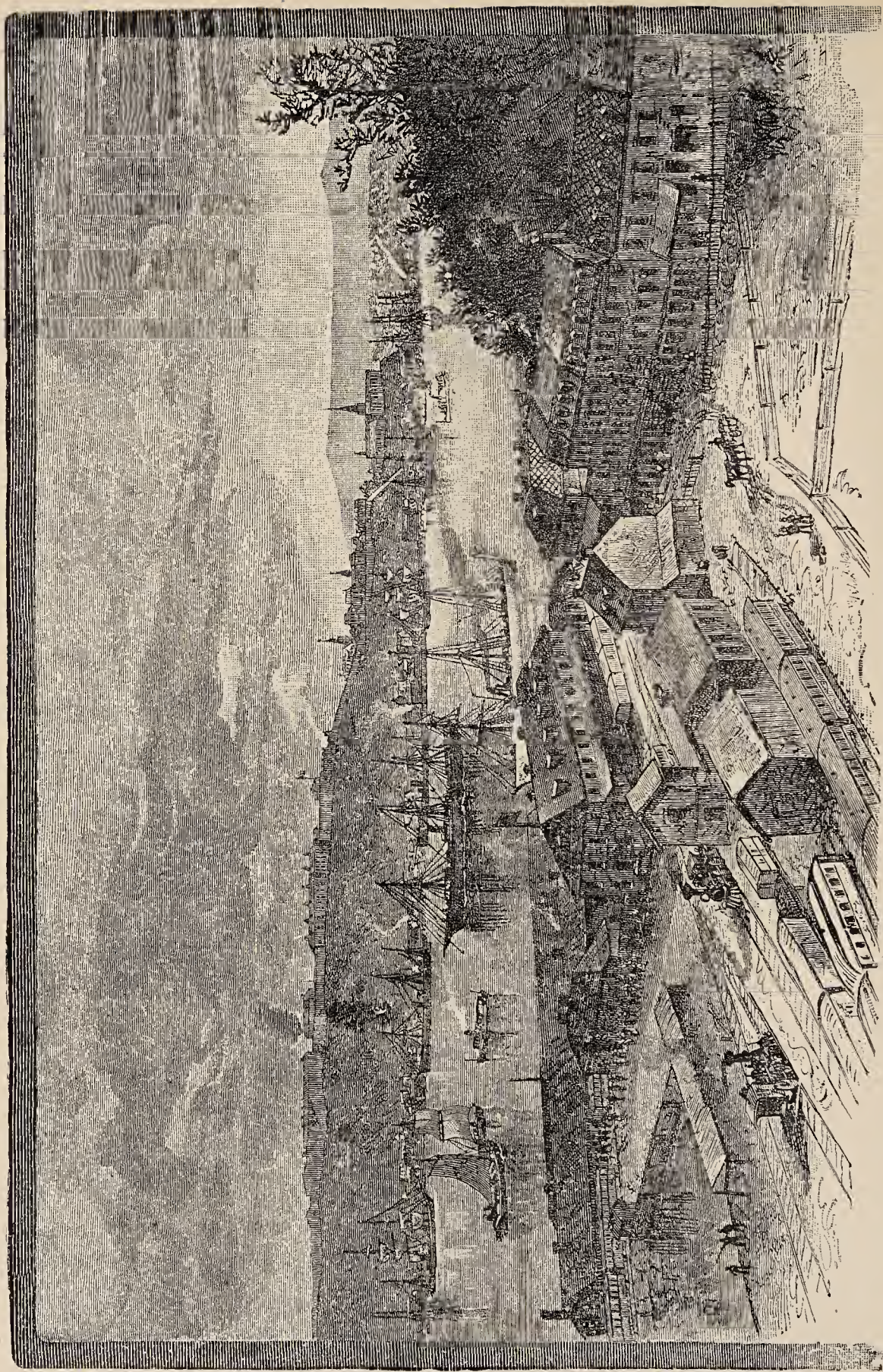
I quote again from Parkman's brilliant pages: "Above all, do not fail to make your pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne. Here, when Aillebout was governor, he began with his own hands the pious work, and a *habitant* of Beaupré, Louis Guimont, sorely afflicted with rheumatism, came grinning with pain to lay three stones in the foundation, in honour probably of St. Anne, St. Joachim, and their daughter, the Virgin. Instantly he was cured. It was but the beginning of a long course of miracles continued more than two centuries, and continuing still. Their fame spread far and wide. The devotion to St. Anne became a distinguishing feature of Canadian Catholicity, till at the present day at least thirteen parishes bear her name. Sometimes the whole shore was covered with the wigwams of Indian converts, who had paddled their birch canoes from the farthest wilds of Canada. The more fervent among them would crawl on their knees from the shore to the altar. And, in our own day, every summer a far greater concourse of pilgrims, not in paint and feathers, but in cloth and millinery, and not in canoes, but in steamboats, bring their offerings and their vows to the 'Bonne St. Anne.'"

Behind the town rises the loftiest peak of the Laurentides, Ste. Anne Mountain, 2,687 feet high.

Seven miles beyond Ste. Anne is the thriving village of Château Richer, with a population of about two thousand. On a bold bluff above the village rises the spacious parish church, commanding a magnificent view of the river, the white villages and shimmering tin roofs and spires, the Island of Orleans and the north shore. Near Château Richer, on a rocky promontory, are the remains of an old Franciscan monastery, founded about 1695. Five miles further, and we reach the pretty village of Ange Gardien, nestled in a sheltered glen, around a venerable parish church. The parish was founded by Bishop Laval over two hundred years ago.

From Ange Gardien to Quebec is almost one continual village, so numerous are the little farm steadings, each, with narrow front, running far back from the road. The quiet, little inns resemble the quaint auberges of Brittany or Normandy. Mr. Sweetser well remarks: "No rural district north of Mexico is more quaint and mediæval than the Beupré road, with its narrow and ancient farms, its low and massive stone houses, roadside crosses and chapels, and unprogressive French population. But few districts are more beautiful than this, with the broad St. Lawrence on the south, and the garden-like Isle of Orleans; the towers of Quebec on the west, and the sombre ridges of Cape Tourmente and the mountains of Ste. Anne and St. Feréol in advance."

Thoreau, the American nature-student, made a pedestrian tour through this region, and thus records his impressions. He quotes the Abbé Ferland, as saying: "In the inhabitants of Côte de Beupré you find the Norman peasant of the reign of Louis XIV., with his annals, his songs, and his superstitions;" and adds, "Though all the while we had grand views of the country far up and down the river, and when we turned about, of Quebec, in the horizon behind us—and we never beheld it without new surprise and admiration—yet, throughout our walk, the Great River of Canada on our right hand was the main feature in the landscape, and this expands so rapidly below the Isle of Orleans, and creates such a breadth of level



QUEBEC, FROM POINT LEVIS.

surface above its waters in that direction, that looking down the river as we approached the extremity of that island, the St. Lawrence seemed to be opening into the ocean, though we were still about 325 miles from what can be called its mouth."

The intervention of even a mile of water gives a mental and social, as well as physical, isolation. So the large and fertile Island of Orleans, even less than the mainland, exhibits signs of the progress of the age, and its *habitants* "still retain much of the Norman simplicity of the early settlers under Champlain and Frontenac." It is twenty miles long and five and a half wide, and contains about fifty thousand acres. It especially excels in the quality of its fruit. There are good roads, and several interesting villages on the island, which will well repay a visit. On the north shore, in 1825, were built the colossal timber-ships the *Columbus* 3,700 tons, and the *Baron Renfrew*, 3,000 tons, the largest vessels that the world had seen up to that time.

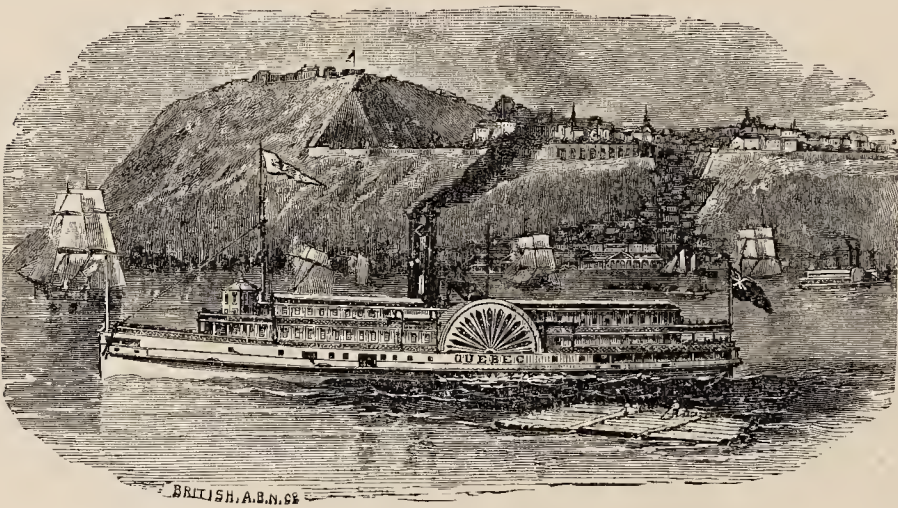
Mr. Sweetser tells the following remarkable story: "The *Route des Prêtres* runs north from St. Laurent to St. Pierre, and was so named fifty years ago, when this church had a piece of St. Paul's arm-bone, which was taken away to St. Pierre, and thence was stolen at night by the St. Laurent people. After long controversy, the Bishop of Quebec ordered that each church should restore to the other its own relics, which was done upon this road in the presence of large processions, the relics being exchanged at the great black cross midway on the road."

QUEBEC.

The most beautiful approach to Quebec is that by the river St. Lawrence from below the city. I think I never in my life saw any sight of such exquisite loveliness as the view of this historic spot when sailing up the river at sunrise. The numerous spires and tin roofs of the city caught and reflected the level rays of the sun like the burnished shields of an army hurling back the javelins of an enemy. The virgin city seemed like some sea-goddess rising from the waves with a diamond tiara on her brow; or like an ocean-queen seated on her sapphire-circled throne, stretching forth her jewelled hand across

the sea and receiving tribute from every clime. The beautiful suburbs of Beauport, Château Richer and L'Ange Gardien seemed in the distance like the snowy tents of a vast encampment beleaguering the city, or, in more peaceful simile, like a flock of milk-white sheep pasturing upon the green hill-sides.

As we rounded the point of the fertile Island of Orleans, the lovely Fall of Montmorenci burst upon the view. Like the snowy veil of a blushing bride, it hung seemingly motionless in the distance, or but slightly agitated as if by half-suppressed emotion.



QUEBEC IN 1837.

There is an air of quaint mediævalism about Quebec that pertains, I believe, to no other place in America. The historic associations that throng around it, like the sparrows round its lofty towers, the many reminiscences that beleague it, as once did the hosts of the enemy, invest it with a deep and abiding interest. But its greatness is of the past. The days of its feudal glory have departed. It is interesting rather on account of what it has been than for what it is. Those cliffs and bastions are eloquent with associations of days gone by. They are suggestive of ancient feuds now, let us hope, forever dead. These walls, long laved by the ever-ebbing and flowing tide of human life, are voiceful with old-time memories.

The prominent feature in the topography of Quebec is Cape Diamond. It rises almost perpendicularly to a height of three hundred feet above the lower town. It is crowned by the impregnable citadel, whose position and strength have gained for the city the *sobriquet*—the ‘Gibraltar of America.’

The cliff on which the city stands is somewhat the shape of a triangle, the two sides of which are formed by the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles, while the base of the triangle is formed by the Plains of Abraham, west of the city. Here was fought the battle whereby Quebec was wrested from the French in 1759. The river fronts are defended by a continuous wall on the very brow of the cliff, with flanking towers and bastions, all loop-holed for musketry and pierced for cannon. The west side, toward the level plain, has a triple wall—or rather had, for much of it has been demolished—faced with masonry, running zig-zag across the plain, with deep, wide trenches between. The inner wall was sufficiently higher than the others to allow the heavy cannon which it mounts to rake the entire *glacis* in case of assault or attempted escalade. These grass-grown ramparts are now a favourite promenade for the citizens, and playground for the children.

In the soft afternoon light of a lovely summer day I drove out to the Plains of Abraham and the battle-field of Ste. Foye. The bouldered and billowy plain on which was lost to France and won to Great Britain the sovereignty of a continent, seemed desecrated by the construction of a racecourse, and the erection of a prison. On the spot made famous forever by the heroism of the gallant young conqueror, who, for England’s sake, freely



WOLFE'S OLD MONUMENT.

laid down his life, a rather meagre monument asserts, “Here Wolfe died victorious.”



OLD POPLARS

AND PART OF

LOWER RAMPARTS,

QUEBEC.

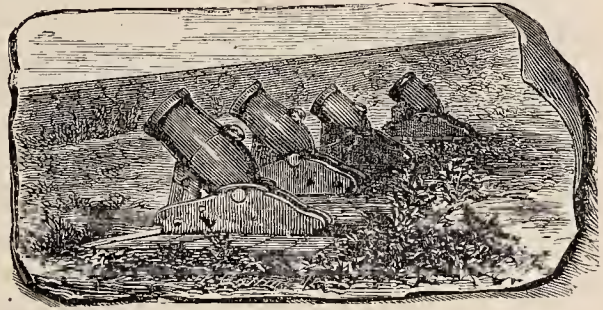


*Engraved from an original drawing
by
Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise.*

ITS STORIED PAST.

In the evening, from the grass-grown and crumbling ramparts on the landward side of Quebec, I beheld a magnificent sunset over the beautiful valley of the St. Charles. Everything spoke, not of battle's stern array, but of the gentle reign of peace. Grim-visaged war had smoothed his rugged front, and instead of rallying throngs of armed men, groups of gay holiday makers sauntered to and fro. Instead of watchful sentries uttering their stern challenge, youths and maidens softly repeated the olden story first told in the sinless bowers of paradise. Ravelins and demilunes were crumbling into ruin. Howitzer and culverin lay dismounted on the ground, and had become the playthings of gleeful children. Instead of the rude alarms of war, strains of festive music filled the air. Slowly sank the sun

to the serrated horizon, while a rolling sea of mountains deepened from pearl gray in the foreground to darkest purple in the distance. The whole valley was flooded



SHELL GUNS.

with a golden radiance. The winding river, at whose mouth Jacques Cartier wintered his ships well-nigh three hundred and fifty years ago, beneath the fading light, like the waters of the Nile under the rod of Moses, seemed changing into blood. The crimson and golden banners of the sky reflected the passing glory. The soft ringing of the Angelus floated in silvery tones upon the air, and told that the day was dying. The red sun-set and the rich after-glow filled the heavens. The long sweep of shore to Beauport and Montmorenci, and the shadowy hills, faded away in the gathering dusk. Lights gleamed in cottage homes, on the ships swinging with the tide, and in the sky above, and were reflected in the waves beneath; and the solemn night came down.

On my way home to my lodgings through the silent and



INTERIOR OF THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.

Engraved from an original drawing by Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise.

moonlit city, I sat down on the steps of the old Jesuit college, long used as a barracks for the British troops, and then in process of demolition. As I sat in the moonlight I endeavoured to people the dim cloisters and deserted quadrangle with the ghosts of their former inhabitants—the astute, and wily, and withal heroic men who, from these halls, so largely controlled the religious and political destiny of the continent. Here they collected the wandering children of the forest whom they induced to forsake paganism and to become Christians. From hence they started on their lonely pilgrimages to carry the gospel of peace to the savage tribes beyond Lakes Huron and Superior, on the head waters of the Mississippi and in the frozen regions of Hudson's Bay. It was long the rendezvous of the *voyageur* and *courier de bois*, of the trapper and trader, those pioneers of civilization; the *entrepôt* of the Hudson's Bay Company, that giant monopoly which asserted its supremacy over a territory nearly as large as the whole of Europe.

Many are the thrilling traditions of raids and foray against the infant colony and mission, of the massacres, captivities and rescues of its inhabitants; many are the weird, wild legends, many the glorious, historical souvenirs clustering around the grand old city. It has been the scene of some of the most important events which have occurred upon the continent. In fancy I beheld the ghosts of those who have lived and acted here, stalk o'er the scene. Jesuit and Recollet, friars black and friars grey, monks and nuns, gay plumed cavaliers and sturdy bourgeois, men of knightly name and red-skinned warriors of the woods, thronged, in phantom wise, the ancient market square. The deep thunder of the ten-o'clock gun from the fort rolled and reverberated from shore to shore. It broke the spell of the past, and "cold reality became again a presence."

Anxious to impart as much of a foreign flavour as possible to my visit, I went to a quaint old French hotel. The timbered ceilings, deep casements, steep stairways, and unfamiliar language, gave quite a piquant spice to my entertainment. As I sat at breakfast next day, in the pleasant parlour, I could look down the long narrow street leading to St. John's gate. In the bright sunlight passed a ceaseless throng—the young

and old, the grave and gay, the rich man in his carriage and the cripple with his crutch—and all alike disappeared beneath the impenetrable shadow of the archway of the gate,—the merchant to his villa, the beggar to his straw. So, methought, life's vast procession wends evermore through the crowded ways of time, through the awful shadows of the common portal of the grave to an irrevocable destiny beyond.

If the ancient ramparts are allowed to crumble to ruin, the citadel, the *arx*, the true acropolis, is kept in a condition of most efficient defence. From the "King's Bastion," high in



OLD ST. JOHN'S GATE.

air, a battery of Armstrong guns threatens destruction to every hostile force. Its steep glacis, deep fosse, solid walls, and heavy armament, make the fort, I should think, impregnable. The view from Cape Diamond is superb, and thrilling with heroic associations. Directly opposite, at the distance of a mile or more, is Point Levis, whence Wolfe shelled the doomed city till the famished inhabitants wrote, "We are without hope and without food; God hath forsaken us." There is the broad sweep of the Beauport shore, which Montcalm had lined with his earthworks for seven miles.

Yonder is the steep cliff at Montmorenci, where, in desperate

assault, four hundred men, the flower of the British army, fell dead or dying on the gory slope. There lay the fleet against which, again and again, the fire rafts were launched. A little above is the path by which the conquering army climbed the cliff. That placid plain where the cattle graze was the scene of the death-wrestle between the opposing hosts. Through yonder gates the fugitive army fled and the victors pursued. From these ramparts the hungry eyes of the despairing garrison looked in vain for ships of succour to round yon headland. Immediately beneath this cliff the gallant Montgomery fell cold and stark beneath the winter tempest, and the falling snow became his winding-sheet.

In the prosecution of certain historical investigations I visited several of the oldest institutions in the city—the Ursuline Convent, the Hotel Dieu, the Laval Seminary, etc. The convent is the oldest in America, founded in 1639, and has a strange romantic history, indissolubly linked with the memories of the devout enthusiasts, Madame de la Peltrie and Marie de l'Incarnation. I had a long conversation, through a double grating, with a soft-voiced nun, who gave me much information and an engraving of the convent, and detailed two of the young ladies in attendance to show me the chapel containing the tomb of Montcalm, several valuable paintings, and certain rather apocryphal relics from the Catacombs of Rome.

The Hotel Dieu, founded in 1639 by the famous niece of Cardinal Richelieu, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, is a vast and quaint old structure. Here are preserved a silver bust of Brèbœuf, the missionary to the Hurons who, in 1649, was burned at the stake at St. Ignace, near the site of Penetanguishene. His skull and other relics are also preserved, and are *said* to have wrought marvellous miracles of healing, and even, more remarkable still, to have led to the conversion of a most obstinate heretic—*herétique plus opiniâtre*. On my first visit several years ago, by a special favour I was permitted to see these, which were in a private part of the nunnery, also a picture of the martyrdom. I rang a bell and soon heard a voice at a perforated disc in the wall, although I could see no one. I was told to knock at a certain door, but not to enter till the

person who would unlock it had gone away, because the cloistered nuns had no communication with the outer world. I did so, and made a careful study of the bust and other historic relics. I was told that Parkman, the historian, had shortly before visited the place for a similar purpose. An aged nun was greatly interested in the traditions of her house, with which I seemed more familiar than herself, although she had been an inmate for over fifty years. Another nun (Sister St. Patrick, by the way, was her conventual name), when she found I was



ESPLANADE, QUEBEC.

a Protestant heretic, manifested deep concern for my conversion to the Catholic faith, out of which, she solemnly assured me, there was no salvation, and promised me her prayers to that effect. Her earnestness and zeal for the welfare of a stranger were worthy of imitation by lukewarm Protestants.

On a recent visit I was not admitted to these inner *pene-tralia*, but the bust was brought to an outer room for my inspection. In a room fitted up as a sort of chapel, with a little altar at one side, a few nuns and convalescent inmates were

holding a religious service. The singing, accompanied by a violin played by a delicate-looking man, was very sweet and plaintive. In the reception-room of the Good Shepherd Convent, where seventy nuns teach seven hundred children, one of the "grey sisters" was reading her breviary, measuring the time by a sand-glass, ever and anon shaking the glass as if impatient that the sand ran so slowly. It was a page out of the middle ages. I saw nothing more quaint since I visited a large Beguinage at Ghent.

I walked out to Sillery, about a league from town, over the battle-field and through the lovely grounds of Spencer Wood, overlooking the noble river. At Sillery is the identical old mission-house from which Brèbœuf, Lalemant, Jogues, and

many more set forth, well-nigh two centuries and a half ago, to carry the gospel of peace to the savage tribes beyond Lakes Huron and Superior, and in the regions of Hudson Bay; they toiled for years with the utmost zeal, and many of them sealed their testimony with their blood.

At the Laval Seminary, which has four hundred students, I was shown, in an authentic portrait, the clear-cut, haughty features of the astute and politic

founder of the institution—a scion of the princely house of Montmorenci, the first bishop of Quebec, who for thirty years (1659-1689) swayed the religious destiny of Canada. The Laval University, a noble pile, commemorates his name. It contains a fine library and museum, and a gallery of paintings containing original Salvators, Teniers, Vernets, a Tintoret, a Poussin, and others of considerable value.

In the chapel of the Laval Seminary are—or were, for several of these have been destroyed by fire—some of the finest paintings in Canada. One picture of the crucifixion greatly impressed me. The background is formed by dense black clouds, traversed by a lurid lightning flash. In the foreground stands



SOUS LE CAP ALLEY.

the cross from which depends the lifeless body of Christ. It is the only figure in the picture. The feeling of forlornness is intense. There are no weeping Marys, no fearful Johns, remorseful Peters, or brutal soldiers, which but distract the attention. But instead thereof, at the foot of the cross lies a solitary human skull reminding one of Tennyson's lines,

"Thou madest life, thou madest death, thy foot
Is on the skull that thou hast made."



A STREET IN QUEBEC.

The oldest church in the city is that of Notre Dame de la Victoire, in the lower town—a quaint old structure erected to commemorate the victory over Sir Wm. Phipps' fleet in 1690. An age-embrowned picture in the interior represents Our Lady of Victory scattering with the tempest the heretic fleet.

Among the strangest sights in Quebec are the narrow streets named *Sous le Fort* and *Sous le Cap*. The latter is a crowded abode of squalor, crouching beneath the lofty cliff, with the least possible allowance of air, and light, and space. The interi-

ors seem mere caves of darkness, and in one I noticed a lamp burning in midday. Another narrow street on the slope

to the upper town is quite impassable for carriages on account of its steepness, which is overcome by nearly a hundred steps. The French are evidently very sociable beings. They can easily converse, and almost shake hands across some of their narrow streets. One of the most quaint old structures is that in which Montcalm held his last council of war, on the eve of the conquest. It is now—"to what base uses must we come!"—a barber shop. The timbered ceiling, thick walls, low steep roof, huge chimney and curious dormers, are interesting sou-



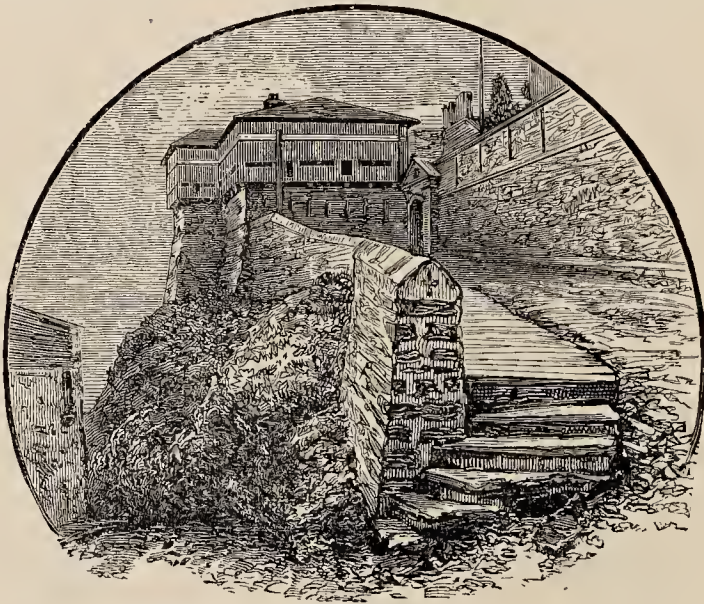
OLD FRENCH HOUSE, QUEBEC.

venirs of the old *régime*. Similar in character is the house in which his body was laid out.

There were till recently five gates permitting ingress and egress between the old town and the outside world. They were of solid wood framing, heavily studded with iron, opening into gloomy, vault-like passages, through scowling, stern-browed guard-houses, with grim-looking cannon frowning through the embrasures overhead, and long, narrow loopholes on either side, suggestive of leaden pills not very easy of

digestion. Several of these, with the modern structures by which they have been superseded, are illustrated in our cuts.

At the base of the cliff, and between it and the river, lies the lower town. The houses are huddled together in admirable disorder. The streets—narrow, tortuous and steep, with high, quaint, antique-looking houses on either side—remind one of the wynds and closes of Edinburgh, nor is the illusion lessened by the filth and squalor inseparable from such surroundings. Some of the streets seemed half squeezed to death, as if by physical compression between the cliff and river, others



OLD HOPE GATE, BLOCK, AND GUARD-HOUSE.

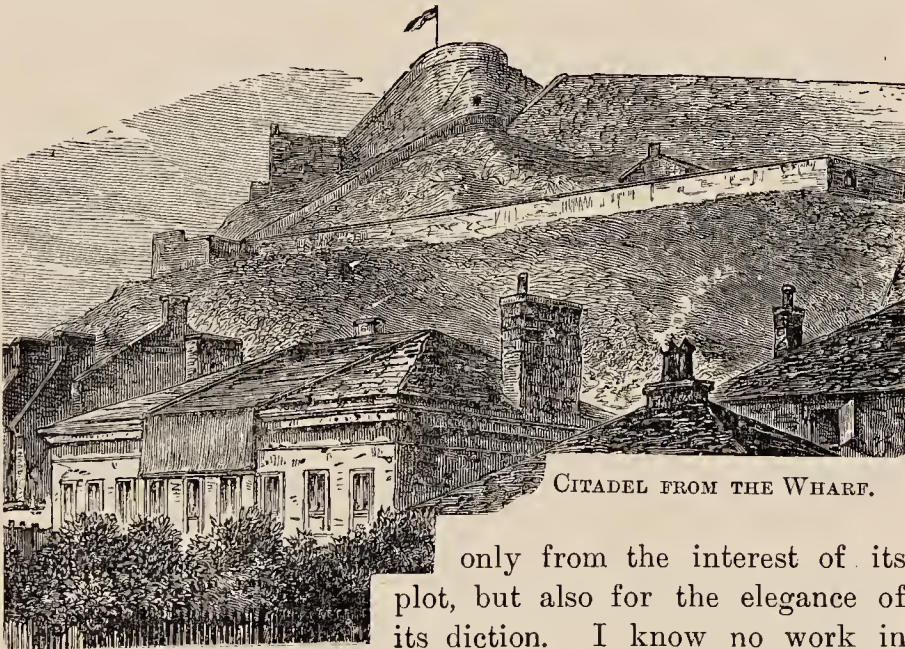
are wide and wealthy, lined with wholesale warehouses and stores. On the front of the new Post Office is a curious effigy of a dog, carved in stone and gilded, under which is the following inscription:—

“Je suis un chien qui ronge l’os ;
En le rongeant je prend mon repos.
Un temps viendra qui n’est pas venu
Que je mordrais qui m’aura mordu.”

This has been thus translated by Mr. Kirby:

"I am a dog who gnaws my bone,
And at my ease I gnaw alone,
The time will come, which is not yet,
When I will bite him by whom I'm bit."

This legend has been the *motif* of one of the best historical tales ever written—"The Chien d'Or," by William Kirby, Esq., of Niagara. I had the pleasure of reading this story in fifteen manuscript volumes. It is by far the best delineation of old colonial life and character I ever read. It is remarkable, not

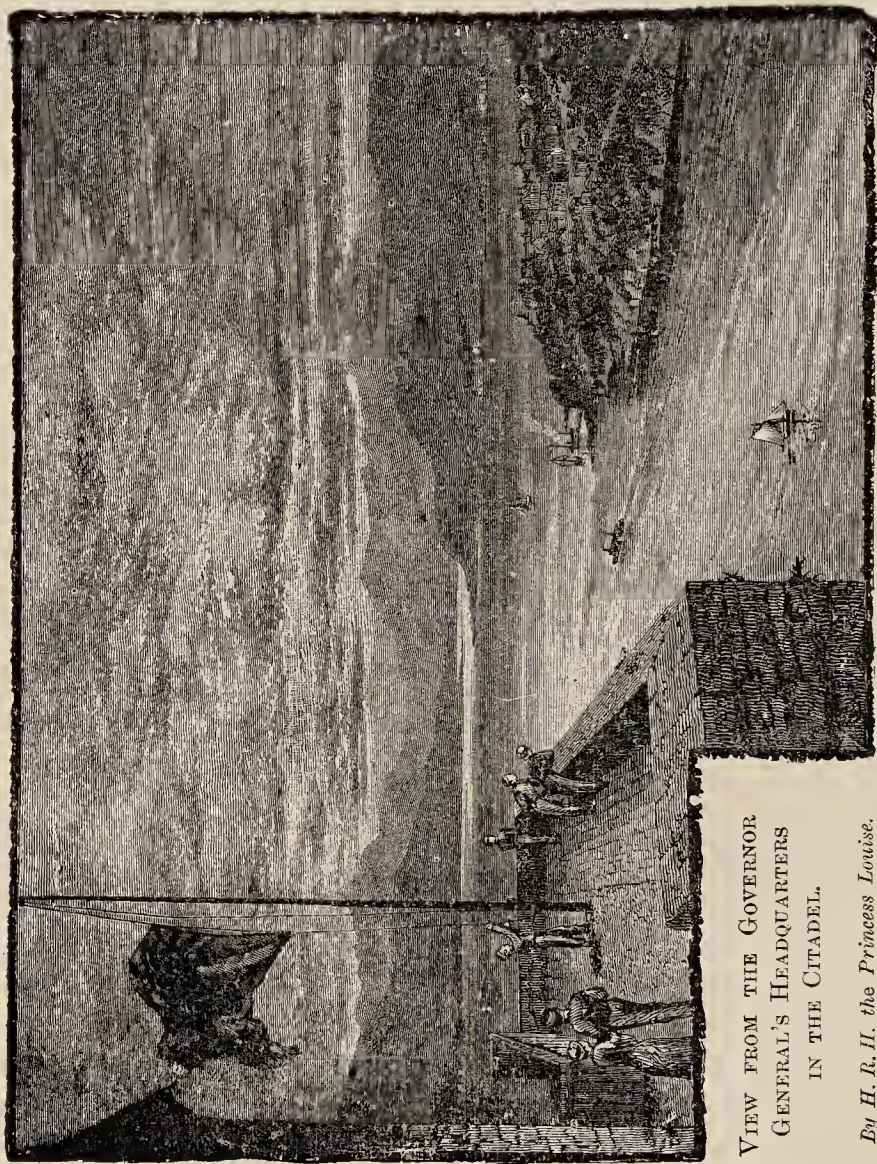


CITADEL FROM THE WHARF.

only from the interest of its plot, but also for the elegance of its diction. I know no work in which the unities of time and place are so well maintained. Two-thirds of the book cover a period of only thirty-six hours and the whole, a period of three months.

Durham Terrace, one of the most delightful promenades in the world, is built on the foundation arches of the old Palais Saint Louis, the chateau of the early French Governors, impending immediately over the lower town. The view therefrom is magnificent: the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, of mingled sapphire and opal, studded with the snowy sails of ships flocking portwards like doves to their windows: the silver waters of the St. Charles; the beautiful Island of Orleans, like

an emerald gem on the river's breast; and Point Levis crouching at the opposite shore, form a picture not often equalled nor easily forgotten. The view from the Citadel is more command-

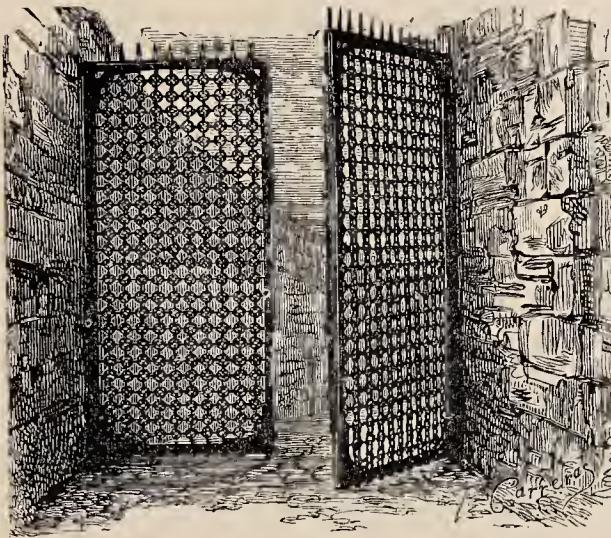


VIEW FROM THE GOVERNOR
GENERAL'S HEADQUARTERS
IN THE CITADEL.

By H. R. H. the Princess Louise.

ing still. We drove through a lofty gateway, the leaves of which were formed of interlaced iron chains, immensely strong. We then crossed a wide, deep fosse, between high stone walls, and passed through a sally-port into the fortress. A soldier, off duty, courteously conducted us around the walls. He did

not seem by any means anxious for war, nor did any of the many soldiers whose opinions I have from time to time elicited. I find invariably that those who have seen active service, and

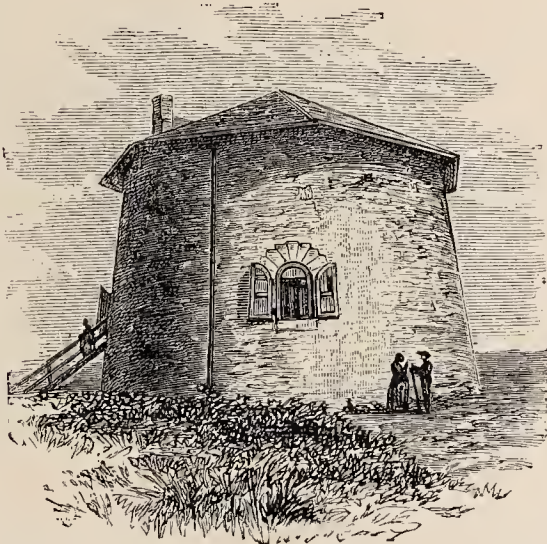


CHAIN GATE.

have known the horrors of war, are much less eager for a fray than those carpet knights who talk so bravely before the ladies, and fight so valorously through the newspapers.

I witnessed some raw recruits going through the bayonet drill, and being instructed by a spruce looking ser-

geant, with a long butcher-knife girt to his side, in the useful and elegant accomplishment of *spitting* their fellow-men. All these things but quickened my aspirations for the time when righteousness and peace shall kiss each other, and the nations learn war no more. The fort is a sort of star shape, and to me appeared absolutely impregnable. From the ramparts one can leap sheer down three hundred feet. For short



MARTELLO TOWER.

ranges this great altitude is, however, a defect, it being impossible to depress the guns sufficiently to command the river

beneath. The view of the winding Moselle and storied Rhine from the fortress height of Ehrenbreitstein, is one that has been greatly extolled; but to my mind the view from this historic rock is incomparable. The Martello Tower, in our cut, is one of several that protect the city.

THE CONQUEST OF CANADA.

The story of the battle which transferred half a continent from France to Britain has been often told, but will, perhaps, bear repeating.

On the early moonless morning of September 13th, 1759,



INSIDE CITADEL.

before day, the British fleet dropped silently down the river with the ebbing tide, accompanied by thirty barges containing sixteen hundred men, which, with muf-

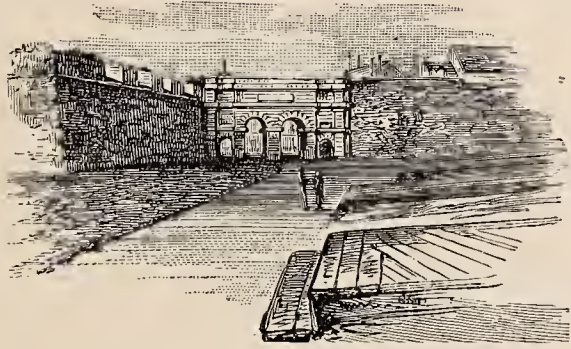
fled oars, closely hugged the shadows of the shore. Pale and weak with recent illness, Wolfe reclined among his officers, and, in a low tone, blending with the rippling of the river, recited several stanzas of the recent poem, Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." Perhaps the shadow of his own approaching fate stole upon his mind, as in mournful cadence he whispered the strangely-prophetic words,—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Alike await the inexorable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

With a prescience of the hollowness of military renown, he exclaimed, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

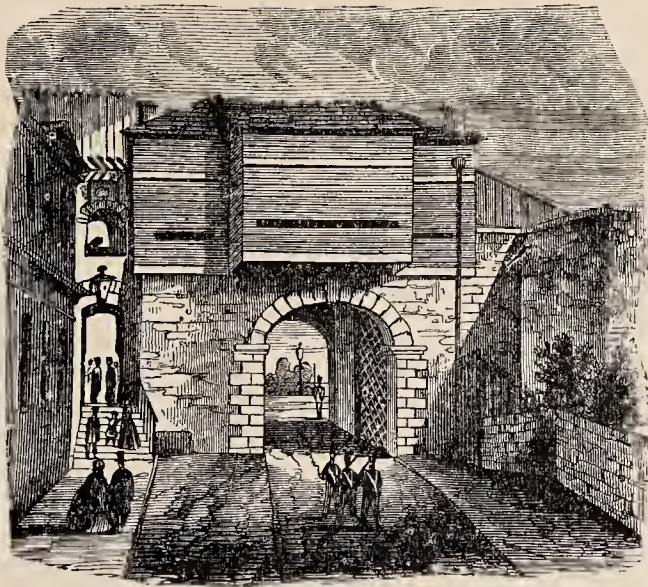
Challenged by an alert sentry, an officer gave the countersign, which had been learned from a French deserter, and the

little flotilla was mistaken for a convoy of provisions expected from Montreal. Landing in the deeply-shadowed cove, the agile Highlanders climbed lightly up the steep and narrow path leading to the summit. "Qui vive?" demanded the watchful sentinel. "La France," replied Captain McDonald, the Highland officer in command, and, in a moment, the guard was overpowered. The troops swarmed rapidly up



ST. JOHN'S GATE.

the rugged precipice, aiding themselves by the roots and branches of the stunted spruces and savins; the barges meanwhile promptly transferring fresh reinforcements from the fleet.

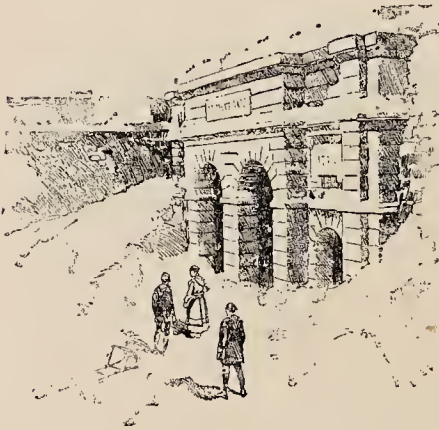


OLD PRESCOTT GATE.

With much difficulty a single field-piece was dragged up the rugged steep.

When the sun rose, the plain was glittering with the arms of

plaided Highlanders and English red-coats, forming for battle. The redoubled fire from Point Levis and from a portion of the fleet, upon Quebec and the lines of Beauport, detained Montcalm



ST. JOHN'S GATE IN WINTER.

below the city, and completely deceived him as to the main point of attack. A breathless horseman conveyed the intelligence at early dawn. At first incredulous, the gallant commander was soon convinced of the fact, and exclaimed, "Then they have got the weak side of this wretched garrison, but we must fight and crush them;" and the roll of drums and peal of bugles

on the fresh morning air summoned the scattered army to action. With tumultuous haste, the skeleton regiments hurried through the town, and, about nine o'clock, formed in long, thin lines upon the Plains of Abraham, without waiting for artillery, except two small field-pieces brought from the city. This was Montcalm's great and fatal mistake. Had he remained behind the ramparts of Quebec, he could probably have held out till the approach of winter would have compelled



NEW ST. LOUIS GATE.

the retreat of the British. Including militia and regulars, the French numbered seven thousand five hundred famine-wasted and disheartened men, more than half of whom were, in the words of Wolfe, "a disorderly peasantry." Opposed to them

were less than five thousand* veteran troops, eager for the fray, and strong in their confidence in their beloved general.

Wolfe passed rapidly along the line, cheering his men, and exhorting them not to fire without orders. Firm as a wall they awaited the onset of the French. In silence they filled the ghastly gaps made in their ranks by the fire of the foe. Not for a moment wavered the steady line. Not a trigger was pulled till the enemy arrived within about forty yards. Then, at Wolfe's ringing word of command, a simultaneous volley flashed from the



NEW KENT GATE.



OLD HOPE GATE.

levelled guns, and tore through the French ranks. As the

*The exact number was 4,828. That of the French is estimated at 7,520.

smoke-wreaths rolled away upon the morning breeze, a ghastly sight was seen. The French line was broken and disordered, and heaps of wounded strewed the plain. Gallantly resisting, they received another deadly volley. With cheer on cheer the



THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

British charged before they could reform, and swept the fugitives from the field, pursuing them to the city gates, and to the banks of the St. Charles. In fifteen minutes was lost and won the battle that gave Canada to Great Britain. The British loss was fifty-seven killed, and six hundred wounded; that of the French was fifteen hundred killed, wounded, and prisoners.

Beside the multitude slain on either side, whose death carried desolation into many a humble home, were the brave commanders of the opposing hosts. Almost at the first fire, Wolfe was struck by a bullet that shattered his wrist. Binding a handkerchief round the wound, he led the way to victory. In a moment, a ball pierced his side, but he still cheered on his men. Soon a third shot lodged deep in his breast. Staggering into the arms of an officer, he exclaimed, "Support me! Let not my brave fellows see me fall." He was borne to the rear and gently laid upon the ground. "See! they run!" exclaimed one of the officers standing by. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, arousing as from a swoon. "The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere," was the reply. "What! already?" said the dying man, and he gave orders to cut off their retreat. "Now, God be praised," he murmured, "I die content," and he gently breathed his last.

His brave adversary, Montcalm, also fell mortally wounded, and was borne from the field. "How long shall I live?" he asked the surgeon. "Not many hours," was the reply. "I am glad of it," he said; "I shall not see the surrender of Quebec." He refused to occupy his mind longer with earthly concerns. To De Ramsay, who commanded the garrison, and who so ought



WOLFE'S NEW MONUMENT.

his advice as to the defence of the city, he said: "My time is short, so pray leave me. To your keeping I commend the honour of France. I wish you all comfort and a happy deliverance from your perplexities. As for me, I would be alone with God, and prepare for death." To another he said: "Since it is my misfortune to be defeated and mortally wounded, it is a great consolation that I have been defeated by so great and generous an enemy." He died before midnight, and, confined in a rude box, was buried amidst the tears of his soldiers in a grave made by the bursting of a shell. So perished a noble-



OLD ST. LOUIS GATE.

hearted man, a skilful general and an incorruptible patriot. At a time when the civil officers of the crown, with scarce an exception, were battenning like vampires on the life-blood of the colony, Montcalm lavished his private resources, and freely gave up his life in its behalf.

Near the scene of their death, a grateful people have erected a common monument to the rival commanders, who generously recognized each other's merit in life, and now keep for evermore the solemn truce of death. The two races which met in the shock of battle dwell together in loving fealty, beneath the protecting folds of one common flag.

In the year 1776 Benedict Arnold, who subsequently gained eternal infamy by the base attempt to betray the fortress of West Point, attempted the capture of Quebec, and had secret correspondents among its inhabitants. In the month of September, with a force of nearly a thousand men, among whom was Aaron Burr, a future Vice-President of the United States, he toiled up the swift current of the Kennebec and Dead Rivers, to the head-waters of those streams. With incredible labour they conveyed their boats and stores through the tangled wilderness to the Chaudière, and sailed down its tumultuous current to the St. Lawrence. Their sufferings through hunger, cold, fatigue, and exposure, were excessive. They were reduced to eat the flesh of dogs, and even to gnaw the leather of their cartouch-boxes and shoes. Their barges had to be dragged against the rapid stream one hundred and eighty miles, and carried forty miles over rugged portages on men's shoulders. Their number was reduced by sickness, exhaustion and desertion, to seven hundred men before they reached the St. Lawrence, and only six hundred were fit for military service. Without artillery, with damaged guns and scanty ammunition, with wretched clothing and imperfect commissariat, they were to attempt the capture of the strongest fortress in America.

On the night of November the 13th, Arnold, having constructed a number of canoes, conveyed the bulk of his meagre army across the river, and, without opposition, climbed the cliff by Wolfe's path, and appeared before the walls of the upper town. He sent a flag of truce to demand the surrender of the place; but the flag was not received, and no answer to the summons was deigned. Having failed to surprise the town, and despairing, with his footsore and ragged regiments, with no artillery, and with only five rounds of ammunition, of taking it by assault, he retired to Point-aux-Trembles, some twenty miles up the river, to await a junction with Montgomery.

The entire population of Quebec was about five thousand, and the garrison numbered eighteen hundred in all, consisting of about a thousand British and Canadian militia, three hundred regulars, and a body of seamen and marines from the

ships in the harbour. The place was provisioned for eight months.

On the 4th of December, the united forces of Arnold and Montgomery, amounting to about twelve hundred in all, advanced against Quebec. Carleton refused to hold any communication with them, and the besieging army encamped in the snow before the walls. Its scanty artillery produced no effect upon the impregnable ramparts. Biting frost, the fire of the garrison, pleurisy, and the small-pox did their fatal work. The only hope of success was by assault, which must be made before the close of the year, when the period of service of many of the men expired.

On the last day of the year, therefore, a double attack was made on the lower town, the object of which was to effect a junction of forces, and then to storm the upper town. At four o'clock in the morning, in a blinding snowstorm, Montgomery, with five hundred men, crept along the narrow pass between Cape Diamond and the river. The western approach to the town was defended by a block-house and a battery. As the forlorn-hope made a dash for the barrier, a volley of grape swept through their ranks. Montgomery, with two of his officers and ten men, were slain. The deepening snow wrapped them in its icy shroud, while their comrades retreated in utter discomfiture.

On the other side of the town, Arnold, with six hundred men, attacked and carried the first barriers. The alarm bells rang,



FACE OF CITADEL CLIFF.

the drums beat to arms, the garrison rallied to the defence. The assaulting party pressed on, and many entered the town through the embrasures of a battery, and waged a stubborn fight in the narrow streets, amid the storm and darkness. With the dawn of morning, they found themselves surrounded by an overwhelming force, and exposed to a withering fire from the houses. They therefore surrendered at discretion, to the number of four hundred men.

The many memories of this old historic spot are well celebrated in the following vigorous verses of His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne :

O fortress city ! bathed by streams
 Majestic as thy memories great,
 Where mountains, flood and forests mate
 The grandeur of the glorious dreams,
 Born of the hero hearts who died
 In forming here an empire's pride ;
 Prosperity attend thy fate,
 And happiness in thee abide,
 Fair Canada's strong tower and gate !

For all must drink delight whose feet
 Have paced the streets or terraced way ;
 From rampart sod, or bastion gray,
 Have marked thy sea-like river great,
 The bright and peopled banks that shine
 In front of the far mountain's line ;
 Thy glittering roofs below, the play
 Of currents where the ships entwine
 Their spars, or laden pass away.

As we who joyously once rode
 So often forth to trumpet sound,
 Past guarded gates, by ways that wound
 O'er drawbridges, through moats, and showed
 The vast St. Lawrence flowing, belt
 The Orleans Isle, and seaward melt ;
 Then past old walls, by cannon crowned,
 Down stair-like streets, to where we felt
 The salt winds blown o'er meadow ground.

Where flows the Charles past wharf and dock,
 And learning from Laval looks down,
 And quiet convents grace the town,
 There swift to meet the battle shock

Montcalm rushed on ; and eddying back,
 Red slaughter marked the bridge's track ;
 See now the shores with lumber brown,
 And girt with happy lands that lack
 No loveliness of summer's crown.

Quaint hamlet-alleys, border-filled
 With purple lilacs, poplars tall,
 Where flits the yellow bird, and fall
 The deep eave shadows. There when tilled
 The peasant's field or garden bed,
 He rests content if o'er his head
 From silver spires the church bells call
 To gorgeous shrines and prayers that gild
 The simple hopes and lives of all. . . .

The glory of a gracious land,
 Fit home for many a hardy race ;
 Where liberty has broadest base,
 And labour honours every hand,
 Throughout her triply thousand miles
 The sun upon each season smiles,
 And every man has scope and space,
 And kindness from strand to strand,
 Alone is borne to right of place.

TO MONTMORENCI.

The drive from Quebec to the Montmorenci is one of the loveliest conceivable. We mount the calèche, a queer, nondescript sort of carriage, and are whirled rapidly along. Emerging from the narrow, tortuous streets—in which the wind has hardly room to turn round, and if it had would be sure to get lost, so crooked are they—we pass through the portals of Palace Gate, now removed. The road wanders carelessly along the river side, past old, red-roofed chateaux, moss-covered, many-gabled, memory-haunted ; by spruce and beautiful modern suburban villas, through quaint old hamlets, with double or triple rows of picturesque dormer windows in the steep, mossy roof, with the invariable “Church of Our Lady,” the guardian angel of the scene, from whose cross-crowned spire the baptized and consecrated bells “sprinkle with holy sounds the air, as a priest with his hyssop the congregation”—through sweet-scented hay fields, where the new mown grass breathes out its fragrance—past quaint, thatch-

roofed barns and granges, "where stand the broad-wheeled wains, the antique ploughs and the harrows"—past the crowded dove-cots where "the sussurus and coo of the pigeons whispereth ever of love"—past the fantastic-looking windmills, brandishing their stalwart arms as if eager for a fray—past the rustic wayside crosses, each with an image of the Christ waving hands of benediction over the pious wayfarers who pause a moment in their journey to whisper a *Pater Noster* or

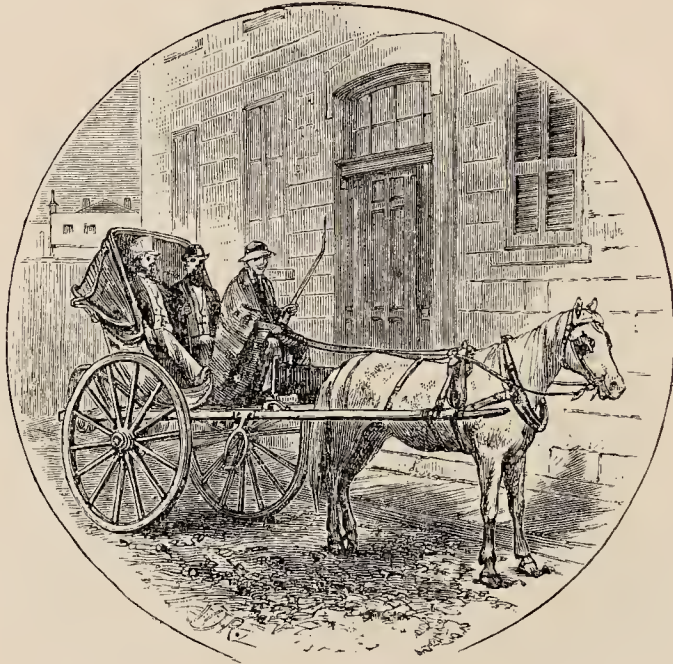


OLD PALACE GATE.

an *Ave Maria*—past all these onward still wanders the roadway, on our right the silver St. Lawrence, on our left the sombre-hued Laurentian mountains, and far behind us the old, high-walled, strong-gated, feudal city. As we drive along, little children run beside our carriage offering flowers, asking alms; dusk-eyed, olive-skinned girls are hay-making in the meadows or spinning in the doorways; and the courteous *habitant* with his comical chapeau and scarlet sash bows politely as we pass. Really one can hardly resist the illusion that he is travelling through Picardy or Artois, or some rural district of Old France.

In the meantime we have been rapidly nearing the Falls, which can now be heard "calling to us from afar off."

The best view of a waterfall is confessedly from below, so let us descend. We must here leave our carriage and clamber down as best we can. Now that we are down, how high these bluffs appear. And lo! the fall in all its glory bursts on our view. The river hurls itself over a cliff two hundred and fifty feet high immediately into tide water. The fall is



A CALECHE.

about fifty or sixty feet wide. How glorious it is! Half as high again as Niagara, but not nearly so wide. We are so close that we can feel the torrent's breath upon our cheeks. What a majesty crowns that hoary brow! What dazzling brightness hath that snowy front! It seems to pour out of the very sky. A huge black rock gores and tears the foamy torrent, rending its waving skirts from bottom to top. We sit and gaze upon that awful front till it becomes an imperishable picture in the brain, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Here the ruthless men of money have beguiled a portion of the

unsuspected river along that aqueduct, and now fetter its wild gambolling, harness it like Ixion to a never-resting wheel, and make it ignominiously work for a living like a bound galley-slave.

The "Giant's Stairs," or "Marches Naturelle," are a flight of broad, natural steps, terrace above terrace, like a noble vestibule. Through these the river, in the lapse of centuries, has worn for itself a deep and narrow gorge, in places not more than twelve feet wide, down which it chafes and frets and fumes very wrathfully. See there, in its hot haste it has hurled itself right against that rude rock that stands forever in the way. It goes off limping and looking very angry. It froths and foams, and looks so wicked, I shouldn't wonder if it were swearing in its own way. That's just the way with impetuous, hot-headed rivers—and men, too. They vex themselves into a foaming passion, and invariably come off worse in their encounters with the grand old majesty and impassiveness of Nature.

The following is the account of this fall given by that veteran traveller, Bayard Taylor:—"A safe platform leads along the rocks to a pavilion on a point at the side of the fall, and on a level with it. Here the gulf, nearly three hundred feet deep, with its walls of chocolate-coloured earth, and its patches of emerald herbage, wet with eternal spray, opens to the St. Lawrence. Montmorenci is one of the loveliest waterfalls. In its general character it bears some resemblance to the Pisse-Vache, in Switzerland, which, however, is much smaller. The water is snow-white, tinted, in the heaviest portions of the fall, with a soft yellow, like that of raw silk. In fact, broken as it is by the irregular edge of the rock, it reminds one of masses of silken, flossy skeins, continually overlapping one another as they fall. At the bottom, dashed upon a pile of rocks, it shoots far out in star-like radii of spray, which share the regular throb or pulsation of the falling masses. The edges of the fall flutter out into lace-like points and fringes, which dissolve into gauze as they descend."

The old French *habitants* call the Montmorenci Fall *La Vache* ("The Cow"), on account of the resemblance of its foaming

waters to milk. Others attribute this name to the noise like the lowing of a cow which is made by the fall during the prevalence of certain winds. Immediately about the basin and along the Montmorenci River, many severe actions took place during Wolfe's siege of Quebec. This river was for a time the location of the picket-lines of the British and French armies.

QUEBEC IN LITERATURE.

The resources of prose and verse have been exhausted in describing the beauty of this quaint old city. Sangster thus apostrophises it:

Quebec ! how regally it crowns the height,
Like a tanned giant on a solid throne !
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
Of mutilated soldiers years ago,
That gave the place a glory and a name
Among the nations. France was heard to groan ;
England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim—
A brave young chief had fall'n to vindicate her fame.

Wolfe and Montcalm ! two nobler names ne'er graced
The page of history, or the hostile plain ;
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
Regardless of the danger or the pain.
They pass'd unto their rest without a stain
Upon their nature or their generous hearts.
One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
The tear that Valour claims, and Feeling's self imparts.

Down the rough slope Montmorenci's torrent pours,
We cannot view it by this feeble ray,
But hark ! its thunders leap along the shores,
Thrilling the cliffs that guard the beauteous bay ;
And now the moon shines on our downward way,
Showing fair Orleans' enchanting Isle,
Its fields of grain, and meadows sweet with hay ;
Along the fertile shores fresh landscapes smile,
Cheering the watchful eye for many a pleasant mile.

"I rubbed my eyes," says Thoreau, describing the entrance through the ancient Prescott Gate, "to be sure that I was in

the nineteenth century, and was not entering one of those portals which sometimes adorn the frontispiece of old black-letter volumes. I thought it would be a good place to read Froissart's Chronicles. It was such a reminiscence of the Middle Ages as Scott's novels."

"Whilst the surrounding scenery reminds one of the unrivalled views of the Bosphorus," says another tourist, "the airy site of the citadel and town calls to mind Innsbruck and Edinburgh. Quebec may be best described by supposing that an ancient Norman fortress of two centuries ago had been encased in amber, transported by magic to Canada, and placed on the summit of Cape Diamond."

"Leaving the Citadel," says Sir Charles Dilke, "we are once more in the European Middle Ages. Gates and posterns, cranky steps that lead up to lofty, gabled houses, with sharp French roofs of burnished tin, like those of Liege; processions of the Host; altars decked with flowers; statues of the Virgin; sabots; blouses; and the scarlet of the British linesman,—all these are seen in narrow streets and markets that are graced with many a Cotentin lace cap, and all within forty miles of the down-east, Yankee State of Maine. It is not far from New England to Old France."

"Curious old Quebec!" says Henry Ward Beecher, "of all the cities of the continent of America the most quaint! It is a peak thickly populated! a gigantic rock, escarped, echeloned, and at the same time smoothed off to hold firmly on its summit the houses and castles, although according to the ordinary laws of matter they ought to fall off like a burden placed on a camel's back without fastening. Yet the houses and castles hold there as if they were nailed down. At the foot of the rock some feet of land have been reclaimed from the river, and that is for the streets of the Lower Town. Quebec is a dried shred of the Middle Ages, hung high up near the North Pole, far from the beaten paths of the European tourists, a curiosity without parallel on this side of the ocean. We traversed each street as we would have turned the leaves of a book of engravings, containing a new painting on each page."

"On a summer evening when Durham Terrace is covered

with loungers, and Point Levis is sprinkled with lights and the Lower Town has illuminated its narrow streets and its rows of dormer-windows, while the lively murmur of business is heard and the eye can discern the great shadows of the ships beating into port, the scene is one of marvellous animation. It is then, above all, that one is struck with the resemblance between Quebec and the European cities; it might be called a city of France or Italy transplanted; the physiognomy is the same, and daylight is needed to mark the alteration of features produced by the passage to America."

THE FOUNDER OF QUEBEC.

The story of the founding and early history of this grand old city are of fascinating interest. On the 3rd of July, 1608, Samuel de Champlain reached the narrows of the river, where frown the craggy heights of Quebec. Here, beneath the tall cliff of Cape Diamond, he laid the foundations of one of the most famous cities of the New World.* A wooden fort was erected, on the site of the present market-place of the Lower Town, and was surrounded by a palisade, loop-holed for musketry. The whole was enclosed by a moat, and three small cannon guarded the river-front. The colonists were soon comfortably housed, and land was cleared for tillage. The firm discipline maintained by Champlain, provoked a conspiracy for his murder. It was discovered, the ringleader was hanged, and his fellow-conspirators shipped in chains to France. Champlain was left with twenty-eight men to hold a continent. His nearest civilized neighbours were the few English colonists at Jamestown, Virginia. The long and cruel winter was a season of tragical disaster and suffering. Before spring, of that little company, only eight remained alive. The rest had all miserably perished by the loathsome scurvy. The timely arrival of succours from France saved the little colony from extinction.

*The name *Quebec*, Champlain positively asserts, was the Indian designation of the narrows of the St. Lawrence at this point, the word signifying a strait. *Canada* is the Indian word for a collection of huts, and enters into the composition of several native names.

After many adventures, including a canoe voyage to the shores of Lake Huron, a war expedition with the Huron tribes against the Iroquois south of Lake Ontario, a retreat on foot in midwinter to the Huron country, and a return after a year's absence to Quebec, Champlain devoted himself to fostering the growth of the colony. Quebec was as yet only surrounded by wooden walls. To strengthen its defences, the energetic Governor built a stone fort in the Lower Town, and on the magnificent heights overlooking the broad St. Lawrence, one of the noblest sites in the world, he began the erection of the Castle of St. Louis, the residence of successive Governors of Canada down to 1834, when it was destroyed by fire.

But the labours of Champlain's busy life, spent in the service of his native or adopted country, were drawing to a close. In October, 1635, being then in the sixty-eighth year of his age, he was smitten with his mortal illness. For ten weeks he lay in the Castle of St. Louis, unable even to sign his name, but awaiting with resignation the Divine will. On Christmas Day, the brave soul passed away. The body of the honoured founder of Quebec was buried beneath the lofty cliff which overlooks the scene of his patriotic toil. The character of Champlain was more like that of the knight-errant of mediæval romance than that of a soldier of the practical seventeenth century in which he lived. He had greater virtues and fewer faults than most men of his age. In a time of universal license his life was pure. With singular magnanimity, he devoted himself to the interests of his patrons. Although traffic with the natives was very lucrative, he carefully refrained from engaging in it. His sense of justice was stern, yet his conduct was tempered with mercy. He won the unfaltering confidence of the Indian tribes; suspicious of others, in him they had boundless trust. His zeal for the spread of Christianity was intense. The salvation of one soul, he was wont to declare, was of more importance than the founding of an empire. His epitaph is written in the record of his busy life. For well-nigh thirty years, he laboured without stint, and against almost insuperable difficulties, for the struggling colony. A score of times he crossed the Atlantic in the tardy, incommodious, and

often scurvy-smitten vessels of the period, in order to advance its interests. His name is embalmed in the history of his



TIMBER RAFTS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

adopted country, and still lives in the memory of a grateful people, and in the designation of the beautiful lake on which

he, first of white men, sailed. His widow, originally a Huguenot, espoused her husband's faith, and died a nun at Meaux in 1654. His account of his voyage to Mexico, and his history of New France, bear witness to his literary skill and powers of observation; and his summary of Christian doctrine, written for the native tribes, is a touching monument of his piety.

QUEBEC TO MONTREAL.

The river route to Montreal is much less picturesque than the lower St. Lawrence, but is by no means devoid of interest. The bold bluffs of Point Levis on the south shore, the vast timber coves on the north, and the quaint village of Sillery, are soon passed. Midway between Quebec and Montreal, at the mouth of the St. Maurice, is the ancient city of Three Rivers, founded in 1618. Its chief feature is the stately pile of Roman Catholic conventual and collegiate buildings, and the large cathedral. Its population is about ten thousand.

Lake St. Peter is a wide but shallow expansion of the St. Lawrence, through which a ship channel is buoyed out. Here immense timber rafts are often seen, like floating villages, with bellying sails and long sweeps, and the wooden houses and earthen hearths of the lumbermen. The scene by night, as the weird-looking figures dance around their far-gleaming fires, to the animated strains of "*V'la l'bon vent*," or "*En roulant ma boule*," is strangely picturesque. Sometimes in stormy weather these rafts will be knocked to pieces by the waves, and much valuable timber will be lost, or so drifted about that the cost of collecting it involves an almost ruinous expense.

Passing the St. Nicholet, St. Francis and Yamaska rivers, we reach the great river Richelieu, the outlet of Lake Champlain and Lake George, and long the "gateway to Canada" from the head waters of the Hudson. At its mouth is the handsome and historic town of Sorel, on the site of Fort Richelieu, founded in 1641. The very names of the river villages—Contrecoeur, Lavaltrie, Berthier, St. Sulpice, Repentigny, Varennes, St. Thérèse, Pointe aux Trembles (from its trembling aspens), and Longueuil, are full of poetic and historic associations. We will let Sangster animate those poetic names:

Varennès, like a fair Eden purged from guile,
 Sits smiling on the night; yon aged pile
 With its bright spires reposing on its breast.
 Yonder, the Holy Mountain of Rouville,
 Like a huge cloud that had come down to rest,
 Looms far against the sky, and on its sombre crest

Shineth the Pilgrim's Cross, that long hath cheered
 The weary wanderer from distant lands,
 Who, as his stately pinnace onward steered,
 Bless'd his Faith's symbol with uplifted hands.
 Swift through the Richelieu! Past the white sands
 That spangle fair Batiscau's pleasant shore
 We glide, where fairy dwellings dot the strands;
 How gracefully yon aged elms brood o'er
 The shrubbery that yearneth for their mystic lore,

When the winds commune with the tell-tale limbs,
 And many-voiced leaves. That is St. Pierre,
 Where the tall poplars, which the night bedims,
 Lift their sharp outlines through the solemn air.
 Past these white cottages to L'Avenir,
 Another site of beauty. Lovelier yet
 The Plateau, slumbering in the foliage there;
 And gay Cap Sainte, like Wild Love, beset
 With woovers, bringing gems to deck her coronet.

At last the villa-studded slopes of Mount Royal come into view, with the twin towers of Notre Dame, and the magnificent Victoria Bridge bestriding the river beyond.

One can also reach Montreal expeditiously by the North Shore Railway. The ride is like a run through Picardy or Normandy. There is the same quaint foreign appearance of the scattered hamlets, the queer red-roofed houses, with their many dormer windows, huge chimneys, and great hospitable outside ovens. Every six miles rises a large parish church, with its graceful spire or twin spires, and adjacent *Presbytère* or Convent, with their far-flashing tin roofs. At the stations and on the trains is seen the village *cure*, always with his breviary, which he almost continuously reads. The country has been so long settled that most of the original forest is cleared off; a few clumps of spiry spruces indicating a northern sylvia. The farms run back in narrow ribbands from the main

road. Many of the long, low barns are roofed with thatch, some are whitewashed, roof and all, and a few long-armed wind-mills intensify the foreign aspect of the country.

"It could really be called a village," said Kalm, the Swedish traveller, in 1749, "beginning at Montreal and ending at Quebec, which is a distance of more than 180 miles; for the farm-houses are never more than five arpents apart, and sometimes but three asunder, a few places excepted." In 1684, La Hontan said that the houses along these shores were never more than a gunshot apart. The inhabitants are simple-minded and primitive in their ways, tenaciously retaining the Catholic faith and the French language and customs. Emery de Caen, Champlain's contemporary, told the Huguenot sailors that "Monseigneur the Duke de Ventadour (Viceroy) did not wish that they should sing psalms in the Great River." When the first steamboat ascended this river, an old Canadian *voyageur* exclaimed, in astonishment and doubt, "Mais croyez-vous que le bon Dieu permettra tout cela!"

Another route from Quebec is that by the Grand Trunk Railway on the south shore. Point Levis, a thriving city with its stately churches and conventual buildings, crowns a rocky height. On a lofty plateau in the rear are the great forts—modelled after those of Cherbourg—the most perfect in Europe. The falls of the Chaudière, nine miles from Quebec, will well repay a visit—the river makes a plunge of 135 feet over a rocky bed, which breaks the water into a million flashing prisms.

THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

The most considerable town on this route is Richmond, picturesquely situated on the St. Francis, and St. Hyacinth on the Yamaska, with cathedral, college, convent, and a population of 4,000. Sherbrooke, on the Magog, is the principal place south of the St. Lawrence, after Levis, having a population of 8,000 and numerous factories. This is the centre of the famous "Eastern Townships," the most fertile, and best cultivated, and richest stock-raising portion of Quebec. The romantic region around Lake Memphremagog is well named "The Switzerland

of Canada." The following paragraphs describe a visit made from Montreal to this romantic region :

Within four hours' ride from Montreal, *via* the South-Eastern Railway, lies one of the most charming and picturesque parts of Canada, and the most beautiful of Canadian lakes—Memphremagog. We glide out of the busy Bonaventure Station, and leaving the stately city behind us, plunge into the dark and echoing tunnel of the Victoria Tubular Bridge. What strikes one is the composite nature of the train, made up, as it is, of carriages which, after keeping company for a time, diverge by different routes to Portland, Boston, and New York. From the south shore of the St. Lawrence, the imposing river front of our Canadian Liverpool, with its crowded docks, shipping, and warehouses, and its terraced streets and magnificent mountain background, is seen to great advantage.

When we leave the river we soon see that we are in a very different country from the garden province of Ontario. The trees assume a more northern aspect, and are largely aspen poplars, whose vivid green, shimmering in the sunlight, contrasts strongly with the sombre foliage of the spruces. The country sweeps in a broad slope to the far horizon. Quiet villages see the thunderous trains rush by, and calmly slumber on. The diminutive houses cluster around the huge red-roofed, cross-crowned church, like children around the feet of their mother. Rustic wayside crosses are sometimes seen, where wayfarers pause for a moment to whisper a *Pater* or an *Ave*. Frequently appear the populous dove-cots, an indication of seigneurial privilege. On many farms a rude windmill brandishes its stalwart arms, as if eager for a fray—a feature imported probably from the wind-swept plains of Normandy. Many of the cottages gleam with snowy whitewash—roofs and all—looking in the distance like a new washed flock of sheep, or like the tents of an army. As we proceed further the naked rocks protrude in places through the soil, as though the earth were getting out-at-elbows and exposing her bony frame. The country is much more picturesque, however, than anything we have in the west.

Sixteen miles from Montreal is situated the thriving town of

Chambly, with its castellated and dismantled fort, near which, as many as 6,000 troops have encamped.

At the thriving town of St. John's we cross the broad Richelieu, known as the River of the Iroquois,—the gateway of Canada by which those ferocious tribes, for two hundred years, invaded the river seigneuries and often menaced, and sometimes massacred, the hapless inhabitants of Montreal. The old "Jesuit Relations" abound with narratives of thrilling adventure on this historic stream, which are now well-nigh forgotten.

After leaving St. John's we pass the pretty and prosperous villages of West and East Farnham, Cowansville, Sweetzburg, West Brome, Sutton, and Abercorn. Several of these nestle in sheltering valleys amid the swelling hills, and in the English parts of the Eastern Townships as good farms, farmsteads, and stock abound as one

ON LAKE MEMPHREMACOG.



would care to see. This is especially true of the magnificent rolling land east of the Memphremagog, and on the slopes of the St. Francis River. Entering Vermont State at Richford, the hills swell into mountains, some of them over 4,000 feet high. Like ancient Titans sitting on their solitary thrones, they seem to brood over the deep thoughts locked in their rocky breasts.

Lake Memphremagog, two-thirds of which lies in the Dominion of Canada, is the charming rival of Lake George, which it resembles in conformation. Its length is thirty miles, the breadth about two miles, widening in some portions to six miles. The bold, rock-bound shores, numerous wooded islands, the shadowing peaks of lofty mountains, rising, in some cases, to 3,000 feet in height, with slopes of luxurious forests and greenest verdure, serve but to heighten the charm of this "Beautiful Water," supplied from the pure, cold streams of the surrounding mountains.

The memory of a day spent on this lovely lake is photographed forever on our mind as one of its most vivid and beautiful pictures. One takes the steamer at the pretty little town of Newport, in Vermont. Her commander has, for a lifetime, known every point upon these waters, and can give valuable information or amuse you with stories and legends innumerable, pertaining to the old-time history of this wild and secluded region. The zig-zag course of the steamer gives you a trip of nearly fifty miles' sailing, from Newport to the village at the northern outlet—Magog—a hamlet with a background of forest extending to Mount Orford. The sail of nearly a hundred miles up and down the lake is one of ever-varying delight. The snow-white hotels and villas of the town are sharply relieved against the verdure of the wooded hills. Pleasure yachts float, doubled by reflection, on the glassy surface, and the snowy pennon of a railway engine streams gracefully in the air. The eastern shores are fertile and sparsely populated with a farming community; the western shore is more bold and abrupt, rising, in many places, in frowning bluffs of several hundred feet elevation.

Fertile farms slope up from the lake to a background of

mountains, rising range beyond range, passing from bright green to deep purple, and fading away into soft pearl gray.

Now we approach Owl's Head, which looms ever vaster and grander as we draw near. It lifts its hoary summit nearly three thousand feet in the air, and Mount Orford, near the further end of the lake, is nearly a thousand feet higher. The former, however, is more accessible, and makes the more striking impression from the water.

Our steamer moored at the foot of the mountain long enough for us to study its character. A huge rock rose grandly from the water, of a cool gray, except where coated with many-coloured lichens. A mass of dense foliage clothed its mighty sides; white-skinned birches trailing their tresses in the waves, shivering aspens, feathery larches, the vivid verdure of the maple, the graceful forms of the elm, the gray-leaved willows swaying with gloomy flout; above, "the pine tree, dark and high, tossed its plumes so wild and free;" and underneath grew rankly the lush luxuriance of the grass and sedges and the dew-bedappled ferns.

Round Island is a cedar-crowned swell of rockbound land, rising from the lake, about a half-mile from the base of Owl's Head, which you are now approaching. The boat lands you in a few minutes at the wharf of a land-locked and mountain-shadowed hotel, the Mountain House. The view of the lake from this point is superb. The ascent of Owl's Head is made from that hotel. There are curious and prominent way-marks on the ascent, and the prospect is grand and extensive, extending, with favourable weather, to Montreal and the great St. Lawrence River, over the whole extent of the lake and the cluster of lakes, ponds, and system of rivers, with the ranges, peaks, and villages around the wide sweep of view. These hills have all rounded tops, as if glacier-worn by the great ice-fields which passed over their head in the post-tertiary geological age.

Steaming northward from this point the great mountains rear their huge masses into view—Owl's Head, Sugar-Loaf, or Mount Elephantis, the Hog's Back, and away in the distance, Jay Peak. Meanwhile, Long Island with its bold shores, has



ON

LAKE

MEMPHREMAGOG.

been passed, and on its southern line is the famous Balance Rock, a huge granite mass, balanced upon a point close to the water's edge, an object of interest to the learned and the curious. The eastern shores are now abrupt, and residences of wealthy Canadians crown the heights. Molson, the Montreal banker, has here his summer residence, and is the proprietor of an island near the eastern shore. Sir Hugh Allan, the great steamship owner, had, at the time of which we write, a charming villa on the shore of the lake. A hale-looking, white-haired old gentleman he looked, as he stood on the wharf in a butternut coat, buff vest, and white hat.

Steaming on, and rounding the bold rocky promontory of Gibraltar Point, one has a wide view, with Mount Orford in the distance—the highest summit of Lower Canada, 3,300 feet elevation, distance five miles from the village of Magog. It may be ascended by carriage roadway to the summit.

A few miles from Newport is Lake Willoughby. This remarkable sheet of water lies between two lofty mountain walls, evidently once united, but torn asunder by some terrible convulsion of nature in remote ages. The surface of the lake is nearly twelve hundred feet above sea level, and the mountain walls tower on either side to the height of nearly two thousand feet above the lake. Mount Willoughby, the eastern wall, is nearly two thousand feet in height, and Mount Hor, on the western side, is of somewhat less elevation. From the summit of these heights you may look to the south-east upon the White and Franconia Mountains, westward to the bold peaks and ranges of the Green Mountains, northward into the Canadas, and southward along the wide valley between the great mountain ranges. From Newport to the White Mountains, Lake Winnepesaukee, and Boston is a delightful ride along the picturesque Passumpsic and Merrimac Rivers, whose ever-varying scenery makes the trip one long to be remembered.

Old travellers, who have seen them both, say that Memphremagog, for beauty of scenery, altitude of surrounding mountains, and picturesque indentation of shore, bears away the palm from the far-famed Lochs Lomond and Katrine. It has also, in some of its aspects, been compared to Lake George, which

it resembles in great length as compared to its breadth, and to the memory-haunted waters of Lake Geneva. But it lacks the historic interest, the human sympathy, the spell of power that those scenes possess,—

The light that never was on sea or shore,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

The country hereabouts is so near the borders that sometimes one is not sure whether he is in the Queen's dominions or not. One house in Stanstead, used as a store, is right on the line,—a highly convenient arrangement for evading the customs' obligation to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. A row of low iron pillars, bearing the names of the boundary commissioners, mark the division between the two countries. I stood by one of them with one foot in Canada and the other in the United States, yet did I not feel any divided allegiance. I know, however, that I feel a little safer and more comfortable beneath the broad folds of the old flag under which I was born, and under which I hope to die. At the pleasant town of Stanstead is the Methodist College, well equipped and doing admirable educational work.

FOUNDING OF THE VILLE MARIE.

On the morning of the 18th of May, 1642, a small flotilla might have been seen slowly gliding up the rapid current which flows between St. Helen's Island and the Island of Montreal. The sun shone brightly on the snowy sails, flashed from the surface of the rippling river, and lit up the tender green of the early spring foliage on the shores. The dipping of the oars kept time to the chanting of a hymn of praise, which, softened by the distance, floated musically over the waves.

As the foremost and largest vessel approached, there could be distinguished on its deck a small but illustrious group of pioneers of civilization, whose names are forever associated with the founding of the great city which now occupies the populous shores, then clothed with the rank luxuriance of the primeval forest. Conspicuous among these, by his tall figure,

close black cassock, wide-brimmed hat, and cross hanging from his girdle, was Vimont, the Superior of the Jesuit Mission of Canada. By his side stood a youthful acolyte bearing a silken banner, floating gently in the morning breeze, on which gleamed in white and gold, upon a purple ground, the image of the Virgin, by whose name the new town Ville Marie was to be consecrated.

On the right of the Jesuit father stood a gallant soldier in the uniform of the Knights of Malta, wearing a scarlet tunic on which was embroidered a purple cross. A velvet cap with a waving plume shaded his broad and handsome brow, and a light rapier completed his equipment. This was Montmagny, the military commandant of Quebec. To the left of the priest stood a taller and more martial-looking figure, wearing a close-fitting buff jerkin, on his head a steel morion, and girt to his waist a broadsword that had seen hard service in the terrible wars of Flanders. This was the valiant Maisonneuve, the first Governor of Montreal. Between those two distinguished laymen a studied and dignified courtesy was maintained, yet marked by a certain stately coldness and hauteur. In fact a feeling of jealousy toward the new commandant had been already manifested by Montmagny, who foresaw in the planting of a new colony the erection of a formidable rival of Quebec, and a diminution of his own hitherto supreme authority. He therefore sought to dissuade Maisonneuve from the enterprise with which he was commissioned, urging the difficulties and dangers in the way, especially from the opposition of the terrible Iroquois.

"I have not come to deliberate, but to act," replied the gallant soldier. "It is my duty and my honour to found a colony at Montreal; and though every tree were an Iroquois, I should make the attempt."

Nor was women's gentle presence wanting to this romantic group. A somewhat *petite* figure in a dark conventual dress and snowy wimple, which only made more striking the deathly pallor of her countenance, was she to whom the greatest respect seemed to be paid. Her large dark eyes lit up her countenance with a strange light, and revealed the enthusiasm burn-

ing in her breast, which longed to carry the Gospel even to the remote and inaccessible wilds of the Hurons. This was the devout widow, Madame de la Peltrie, a daughter of the *haute noblesse* of Normandy, who, having abandoned wealth and courtly friends, had come the previous year to Quebec, and gladly joined the new colony now about to be established. A lay sister, Mademoiselle Mance by name, a soldier's wife, and a servant of Madame de la Peltrie, completed the little female group.

A miscellaneous company of soldiers, sailors, artisans and labourers, about forty in all, filled the three little vessels which, freighted with the fortunes of the infant colony, now approached the strand. As the keel of the pinnace, which was foremost, grated on the pebbly beach, Maisonneuve, seizing the consecrated banner, lightly leaped ashore, and firmly planting it in the earth, fell upon his knees in glad thanksgiving. Montmagny, Vimont, and the ladies followed, and the whole company engaging in a devout act of worship, chanted with glad-some voice the sublime mediæval hymn :

Vexilla Regis prodeunt ;
Fulget crucis mysterium.

The banners of heaven's King advance ;
The mystery of the cross shines forth.

The shore is soon strewn with stores, bales, boxes, arms and baggage of every sort. An altar is speedily erected and decorated with fresh and fragrant flowers that studded the grassy margin of a neighbouring stream. The sacred vessels are exposed. Vimont, arrayed in the rich vestments of his office, stands before the altar, and, while the congregation in silence fall upon their knees, celebrates for the first time, amid that magnificent amphitheatre of nature, the rites of the Roman Catholic faith.

At the close of the service the priest invoked the blessing of heaven on the new colony. With a voice tremulous with emotion, turning to his audience he exclaimed, as with prophetic prescience :

" You are a grain of mustard-seed that shall rise and grow till

its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is upon you, and your children shall fill the land.”*

No mention is made in the contemporary records of the Jesuits of the Indian village of Hochelaga, described by Jacques Cartier as occupying the site of Montreal a hundred years before. It had, doubtless, been destroyed by Iroquois invasion. The noble stream which bears to-day on its broad bosom the shipping of the world was undisturbed but by the splash of the wild fowl, or the dash of the Indian's light canoe. The mountain which gives to the city its name, shagged with ancient woods to the very top, looked down on the unwonted scene. The river front, which now bristles with a forest of masts, was a solitude. Where is daily heard the shriek of the iron horse, peacefully grazed the timid red deer of the woods; where now spread the broad squares, the busy streets, the stately churches, colleges, stores and dwellings of a crowded population, rose the forest primeval where—

“.....the murmuring pines and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss and with garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.”

The lengthening shadows crept across the little meadow of the encampment. The fireflies gleamed in the gathering gloom of the adjacent forest. It is narrated that the ladies caught them, and, tying them in glittering festoons, decorated therewith the altar on which the consecrated Host remained. The tents were pitched. The evening meal was cooked at the bivouac fires; the guards were stationed; and, clad in silver mail, the sentinel stars came out to watch over the cradle slumbers of Ville-Marie de Montreal.

With the early dawn the little colony was astir. There was hard work to be done before the settlement could be regarded as at all safe. The ubiquitous and bloodthirsty Iroquois infested the forests and watched the portages, sometimes even

* Vimont, *Relation des Jésuites*, 1642, p. 37. Dollier de Casson, A.D., 1641-42.

swooping down on the Algonquin or Huron allies of the French, under the very guns of Quebec. The first thing that was to be done, therefore, was to erect a fortification. But every undertaking must be hallowed by the rites of religion, and so morning mass was celebrated, while the mayflowers swung their odorous censers, and the dewdrops flashed for altar lights. Prayers and breakfast over, the men all fell to work with zeal. Seizing an axe, and wielding it as dexterously as he had often wielded his good sword on many a hard-fought field, Maisonneuve felled the first tree. As it came crashing down, shaking a shower of dewdrops from its leaves, and waking unwonted echoes in the immemorial forest, the ladies gaily clapped their hands, and the bronzed Norman and Breton soldiers and workmen raised a ringing cheer.

Fast and hard came the blows. One after another the mighty monarchs of the forest bowed and fell. Some trimmed the fallen trunks; others cut them into uniform lengths. Maisonneuve, assisted by Montmagny and Vimont, traced the outline of a little fort, and, with spade and mattock, with his own hands took part in the excavation of a trench without the lines. It revived, in the classic mind of Vimont, the traditions of the founding of the storied City of the Seven Hills. But here his prescient vision beheld the founding of a new Rome, a mother city of the Catholic faith, which should nourish and bring up children in the wilderness, extending its power over savage races, and its protection to far-off missions.

In a short time a strong palisade was erected, surrounding a spot of ground situated in a meadow, between the river and the present Place d'Armes, where the vast Parish Church lifts its lofty towers above the city nestling at its feet. The little fort was daily strengthened, a few cannon mounted, and loop-holes made for musketry.

The deadly Iroquois, through the grace of the Virgin and St. Joseph, the colonists believed, had been prevented from discovering the new settlement in its first weakness, and now it was strong enough to resist any sudden attack. A tabernacle, or chapel of bark, after the manner of the Huron lodges, already sheltered the altar. It was decorated with a few

pictures and images of Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the Saints, brought across the sea. Substantial log-cabins were also erected for the Governor and the nuns, and barracks for the soldiers and labourers.

The 15th of August was a high day at the Ville Marie. It was the anniversary of the Assumption of the Virgin. High mass was celebrated with unusual splendour in the bark chapel, to the astonishment of some Indian visitors who chanced to be present, and who were publicly instructed in the elements of Christianity. A religious procession also took place, to the infinite delight of the Indians who were permitted to take part in the ceremony. In the afternoon the colonists kept holiday, amid the forest glades, where the songs of the many-plumaged birds and the strangely familiar wild flowers, recalled tender associations of their native land across the sea. In the evening, writes the ancient chronicler, they climbed the mountain and beheld the sun set in golden glory over the silver-shining Ottawa, and the tender purple outline of the far slopes of Mount Belœil, till the shadows lengthening across the plain and covering the little stockaded fort, warned them to return to its sheltering fold.

The short and busy summer passed happily. The harvest of their meagre acres were gathered in. The little patch of late-sown wheat and barley had greened and goldened in the sunshine and been carefully reaped. The Indian corn had proudly waved its plumes, put forth its silken tassels, and now shivered like a guilty thing at the faintest breath of wind. The mountain slopes had changed from green to russet, from russet to crimson, purple, orange and yellow, and had flamed like the funeral pyre of summer in the golden haze of autumn. The long-continued rains had swollen the rushing river, which, overflowing its banks, threatened to wash away the stockade, and destroy the ramparts of the little fort. It was Christmas Eve. The peril of the colonists seemed imminent. They must suffer greatly, and perhaps be exterminated if left houseless and undefended at the very beginning of winter. They had recourse to prayer, but it seemed all in vain. At length Maisonneuve, moved, as he believed, by a Divine inspiration, planted a cross

in front of the fort, and made a vow that should the rising flood be stayed, he would himself bear on his shoulders a similar cross up the steep and rugged mountain, and plant it on the top. But still the waves increase. They fill the fosse. They rise to the very threshold of the fort. They strike blow on blow at its foundations. But the heart of Maisonneuve bates not a jot of faith and hope; and lo! the waves no longer advance, they lap more feebly at the foot of the fort, they slowly retire, baffled and defeated, as the colonists believe, by the power of prayer.*

Maisonneuve hastes to fulfil his vow. He immediately sets men to work, some to prepare a road through the forest and up the most accessible slope of the mountain; others to construct a cross. It is the sixth of January, with "an eager and a nipping air," but with a bright sun shining on the unsullied snow. The little garrison is paraded. Père du Perron leads the way, Madame de la Peltrie follows, and is succeeded by the entire population of the little bourg. Maisonneuve brings up the rear, bending beneath his heavy cross. The strange procession moves through the wintry forest, and up the mountain slope, now embellished with noble villas, some distance to the west of the reservoir. Refusing all help, the pious commandant walks the entire distance—a full league—bearing his burden and climbing with difficulty the steep ascent, and plants the cross upon the highest summit of the mountain. That cross long stood upon the mountain's brow, clearly outlined against the sky, a memorial of the signal favour and interposition of heaven. It became an object of devout pilgrimage, and frequently a group of nearly a score knelt at its foot.

* "On les voyoit rouler de grosses vagues, coup sur coup, remplir les fossez et monter iusques à la porte de l'habitation, et sembler devoir en gloutir tout sans resource . . . Le dit sieur de Maisonneufve ne perd pas courage, espere voir bientost l'effet de sa priere," etc. *Vimont Relation des Jésuites*, 1643, p. 52.

EARLY PROGRESS AND TRIALS.

In August, 1643, the little colony was reinforced by a company of recruits from France, under the command of Louis d'Ailleboust, afterwards Governor of Montreal, accompanied by his youthful wife and her beautiful sister, Philippine Boulonge. Under d'Ailleboust's experienced direction the fortifications were greatly strengthened, the wooden palisades being replaced by solid bastions and ramparts of stone and earth. But continued immunity from Iroquois attacks was not to be expected. The mission fortalice amid the forest was at length discovered, and thenceforth became the object of implacable hostility. The colonists could no longer hunt or fish at a distance from its walls, nor even work in the fields under cover of its guns unless strongly armed and in a compact and numerous body. Sometimes a single Iroquois warrior would lurk, half-starved, for weeks in the neighbouring thicket for the opportunity to win a French or Huron scalp. And sometimes a large party would form an ambuscade, or throw up a hasty entrenchment, from which they would harass the colonists, who walked in the shadow of a perpetual dread. Maisonneuve, though brave as a lion, was no less prudent than brave. Instead, therefore, of exposing his little garrison, unaccustomed to the wiles and artifices of wood-warfare, to a defeat which would prove ruinous, he stood strictly on the defensive. The hot Norman and Breton blood of the soldier-colonists chafed under this, as they thought it, cowardly policy. Mutinous murmurs, and innuendoes that sting to the quick the soldier's pride, became rife, and at length reached the ears of Maisonneuve.

"The gallant chevalier, is he *afraid* of the redskins?" sneeringly asks an impetuous Frenchman.

"If he were not, would he let the dogs act as scouts and sentinels, and keep behind the ramparts himself?" replies his comrade, referring to the practice of employing sagacious watchdogs, who had a great antipathy towards the Indians, to give the alarm in case of an incursion of the Iroquois.

One day, toward the end of the winter of 1643-44, the baying of the hounds gave warning of the presence of the enemy.

"Sir, the Iroquois are in the woods; are we never to see them?" demanded the impatient garrison, surrounding the commandant.*

"Yes, you *shall* see them," he promptly replied, "and that, perhaps, sooner than you wish. See that you make good your vaunts. Follow where I lead."

At the head of a little band of thirty men, some on snow-shoes and others floundering through the deep snow, Maisonneuve sallied forth against the Iroquois. The enemy were nowhere to be seen. The rash sortie pushed on. Suddenly the air rang with the shrill war-whoop, and thrice their number of painted savages sprang up around them, and poured into their unprotected ranks a storm of arrows and bullets. The Indians, sheltered behind the trunks of the trees, kept up a rapid and galling fire. The French made a gallant stand, but with three of their number slain, others wounded, and two captured, they were compelled to retreat. Maisonneuve was the last to retire. He bravely stood covering the retreat of his shattered forces, exposing his person as a target for the Indian arrows and bullets. In single-handed conflict he slew the chief of the Iroquois. The savages, like a tiger disappointed in his spring upon his prey, sullenly drew off into the forest and wreaked their rage upon their two hapless prisoners, whom they tortured with unspeakable cruelty, and then burned alive.† This sharp action took place a little east of the present Place d'Armes, whose name is an appropriate commemoration of the gallantry of the first garrison of Montreal. No further taunts, as we can well believe, were uttered against the tried valour of the Sieur de Maisonneuve.

It is not within the scope of the present sketch to describe the progress of Ville Marie, nor to trace its fortunes during the eventful years of its early history. Not a year, and scarce a month passed in which the ferocious hunters of men did not

* "Monsieur, les ennemis sont dans le bois; ne les irons-nous jamais voir?" etc. De Casson, 1642-43.

† "Deux ennemis prisonniers furent bruslez tous vifs pendant quatre iours avec des cruantez espouvantables." Vimont, *Relations*, 1644, 42.

swoop down upon the little bourg.* In the disastrous year 1661, the colony lost, in less than a month, over a hundred men, two-thirds of whom were Frenchmen and the rest Algonquins, by the attacks of the Iroquois. The whole country was completely devoured by them.† Like foul harpies or beasts of prey, they pounced upon their victims, and carried off both men and women to unspeakable tortures. One of these fierce chiefs, a savage Nero, so named for his cruelty and crimes, had caused the immolation of eighty men to the manes of his brother slain in war, and had killed sixty others with his own hand.

In September of the same year, 1661, Père le Maistre accompanied eight men, who went out to reap the grain near the fort. Retiring a little, in order more peaceably to recite his office, he was suddenly shot down by concealed Iroquois. A swift rush and a struggle, and his companions were fugitives or slain. His enemies cut off his head, and one of them assuming his cassock, flaunted his precious spoil in the very face of the garrison.‡

Nevertheless, notwithstanding all their trials, the hearts of the colonists were sustained by a lofty enthusiasm. Nor were they without signal deliverances, when, as they believed, angelic bucklers turned aside the weapons of their foes and blunted the death-dealing arrow. Thus, on one occasion—it was in the year 1653—twenty-six Frenchmen were attacked by two hundred Iroquois. But, amid a perfect shower of bullets, not one of the French was harmed, while they were enabled utterly to rout their foe, God wishing to show, the chronicler devoutly adds, that whom He guards is guarded well.§

The later history of Montreal is better known. Strong walls and entrenchments were constructed, which not only bade defi-

*“ Il ne s'est passé aucun mois de l'année que ces chasseurs ne nous aient visités à la sourdine tachans de nous surprendre.” Mercier, *Relation*, 1653-4.

†“ Cette Isle s'est tousiours vuë gourmandée de ces lutins . . . comme des harpies importune ou comme des oiseaux de proye,” etc. Le Jeune, *Relation*, 1661, 3.

‡“ Luy couperent la teste, et oterent la soutane, marchant pompeusement couvert de cette précieuse dépouille.” Le June, *Relation*, 1661, 3.

§“ Ce que Dieu garde est bien gardé.” Mercier, *Relation* 1653, 3.

ance to savage but to civilized foes. The remains of these may still be seen in the walls of the old artillery barracks on the river front, and their northern limit gave its name to the present Fortification Lane. The *arx* or citadel of this semi-feudal fortress of New France, was on the elevated ground where Notre Dame becomes St. Mary Street, and in the low-roofed, stone-walled old Government House near by we have a relic of



BON SECOURS CHURCH BY MOONLIGHT.

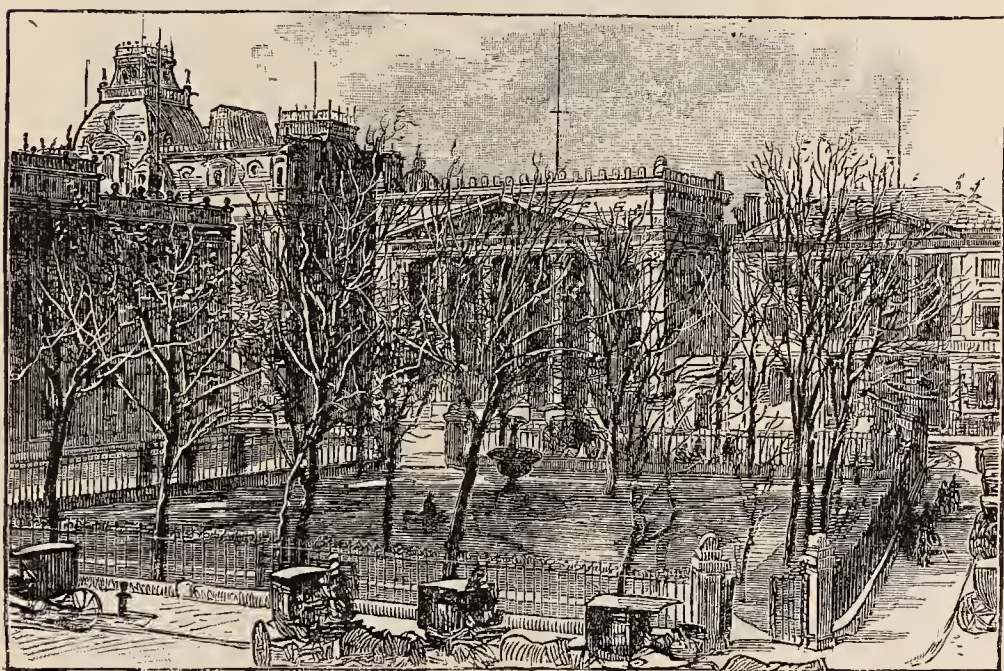
the *ancien régime*; the scene of many a splendid display of princely hospitality.

The old Bon Secours Church, with its steep roof, its graceful spire, and the hucksters' stalls clustering around it, like mendicants about the feet of a friar, carries us back to one of the most picturesque periods of the city's history. In the destruction of the Recollet Church, another ancient landmark has disappeared, and only in the pages of history lives the memory of

the romantic founding and early growth of Ville Marie, and of the heroic men and women whose names are interwoven forever like threads of gold in the fabric of its story.

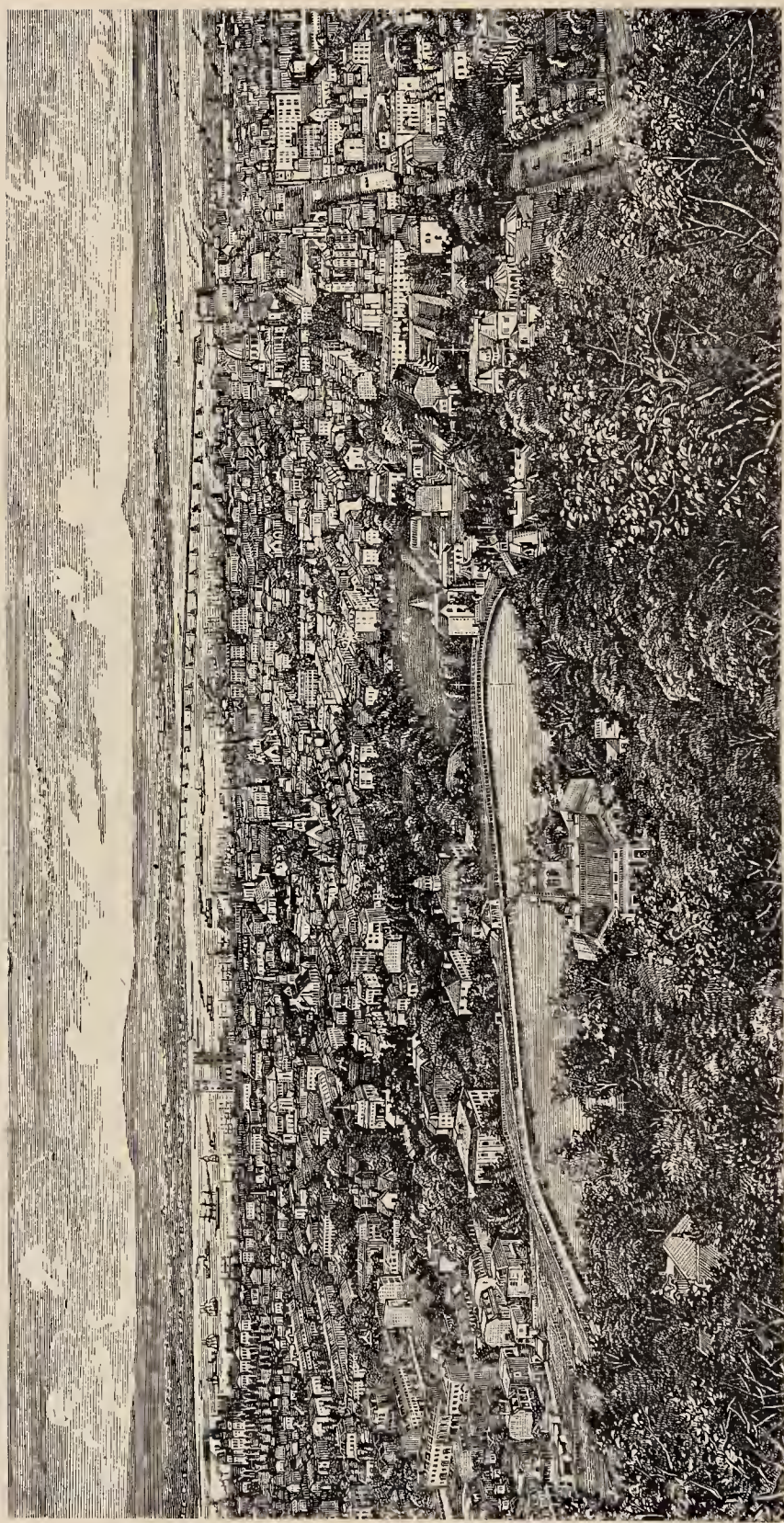
THE MONTREAL OF TO-DAY.

It is always a pleasure to visit the Canadian Liverpool—the commercial metropolis of the Dominion. Its massive majesty of architecture, its quaint, huge-gabled, old stone houses, its



PLACE D'ARMES.

picturesque Catholic churches of the *ancien régime*, the constant ringing of the many bells, the resonant French language heard on every side, and its foreign-seeming population, make it more like Rouen or Paris than like a New World city. Yet "the deadly march of improvement" is removing the ancient landmarks. The huxters' stalls that clung to the walls of the old Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, are—more's the pity—torn away. But the queer old church is still intact, with the pious legend above the door—



MONTREAL, FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

Si l'amour de Marie
En ton cœur est gravé,
En passant ne trouble
De lui dire un Ave.

The fine group of buildings near the Place d'Armes would do credit to any city on the continent. It is said that no city in the world, except Liverpool and St. Petersburg, can boast such noble docks as those of Montreal. One of the most delightfully quaint old bits of the city is Jacques Cartier Square, with Nelson's Monument, shown in part in one of our cuts, and the old French houses around it. The stone embankment and the new dyke along the river front are noble pieces of engineering and construction.

We know no more lovely drive in Canada than that around the Mountain Park in Montreal, and no grander view than that obtained from its southern terrace. At our feet lies the noble city, with its busy streets, its many churches, its pleasant villas and gardens; in the distance the noble St. Lawrence, pouring to the sea the waters of half a continent. Like a gigantic centipede creeping across the flood, is seen the many-footed Victoria Bridge, and afar off on the purple horizon the leafy mound of Mt. Belœil and the blue hills of the Eastern Townships. No one familiar with the earlier aspect of this fair city can help contrasting its present with its past.

"The Montreal of the present day," says Mr. Sandham, "is far different to that of fifty or even twenty years ago. The spirit of improvement has been in most active and efficient operation. A few years ago St. Paul, Notre Dame, and other business streets, were narrow thoroughfares, and were occupied by buildings which were plain in the extreme, the iron doors and shutters, which were almost universal, giving the city a heavy, prison-like appearance; but these buildings were erected to meet dangers not dreaded in the present day. The old landmarks which still remain, point to a time when the inhabitants had to provide against the assaults of enemies or the torch of the incendiary; or, still more distant, to the early wars between the Indian tribes and the first settlers. These ancient buildings are nearly all destroyed, and their site is now occupied by

palatial stores and dwellings, in almost every style of architecture. A quarter of a century of active development has passed, and to-day Montreal stands second to no city upon the continent for the solidity and splendour of buildings erected for commercial and other purposes, and in the extent of accommodation at the immense wharves which line the river front, and which appear to be built to last for ages.

"It derives much of its advantage from its position at the head of ocean navigation, and from its facilities for commerce. Up to 1809 the only mode of conveyance between Montreal and Quebec was by means of stages or batteaux, but the time had come when superior accommodation was to be provided. John Molson, Esq., an enterprising and spirited merchant of Montreal, now fitted out the first steamer that ever ploughed the waters of the St. Lawrence. On the 3rd November of this year, the little craft got up steam, shot out into the current, and, after a voyage of thirty-six hours, arrived safely at Quebec, where the whole city crowded to have a look at the nautical phenomenon. It is a fact worthy of record that the second steamer built on this continent was launched at Montreal. Fulton's little steamer first navigated the Hudson; then Molson's 'Accommodation' cleaved the magnificent waters of the St. Lawrence.

"The remains of gigantic public works in connection with the cities of the East are the standing theme of wonder with travellers and historians. Great moles, breakwaters, aqueducts, canals, pyramids and immense edifices, strikingly evince the enterprise, skill and wealth of those people, whose very names are lost in the obscurity of ages. Modern architecture and engineering are much more superficial. How much, for instance, of modern London, New York or Chicago would survive twenty or thirty centuries of desolation? The wooden wharves of the latter, which contrast so strangely with the immense extent of the commerce carried on at them, would not survive a hundred years of neglect. It is, however, worthy of remark that Montreal is rather following the ancient than the modern usage in respect to solidity and extent of her public works. The Victoria Bridge is the wonder of the world; the extensive wharves are not equalled on this continent, and by but few

cities in Europe, and nowhere can finer or more solid public buildings be found.

"In its situation, at the confluence of the two great rivers,



IN JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE.

the St. Lawrence and Ottawa ; opposite the great natural highway of the Hudson and Champlain valley ; at the point where the St. Lawrence ceases to be navigable for ocean ships, and where that vast river, for the last time in its course to the sea,

affords a gigantic water power ; at the meeting point of the two races that divide Canada, and in the centre of a fertile plain nearly as large as all England,—in these we recognize a guarantee for the future greatness of Montreal, not based on the frail tenure of human legislation, but in the unchanging decrees of the Eternal, as stamped on the world He has made.

“ Were Canada to be again a wilderness, and were a second Cartier to explore it, he might wander over all the great regions of Canada and the West, and returning to our Mountain ridge, call it again Mount Royal, and say that to this point the wealth and trade of Canada must turn.”

We will now briefly note a few of the monuments and public buildings of the city. Conspicuous among these is the Nelson monument. It stands on a pedestal about ten feet high. From the top of this a circular shaft or column rises fifty feet in height and five in diameter. On the top of the pillar is a square tablet, the whole surmounted with a statue of Nelson eight feet in height. He is dressed in full uniform, and decorated with the insignia of the various orders of nobility conferred upon him. In front of the monument, and pointing towards the river, are two pieces of Russian ordnance captured during the war with that country. Our engraving shows the lower part of this picturesque monument on a market day.

Mr. Sandham thus describes the old Parish Church of Notre Dame : “ Before us is the Place d’Armes, or French Square, as it is more familiarly designated. In early days this was a parade ground, on which, doubtless, the gallants and dames of 1700 oft-times assembled to witness the military displays made by the French troops under De Ramezay, Frontenac or Vaudreuil. This square has also, in still earlier days, witnessed the hand-to-hand fight between the savage Indian and the French settler, while from the belfry of the old Parish Church rang forth the tocsin of alarm to call the settlers from the outskirts of Ville Marie to the help of their companions. The old church we here refer to stood in part of this square. Its foundations were laid in 1671. The church was built of rough stone, pointed with mortar, and had a high, pitched roof, covered with tin. It was a spacious building and contained five altars. At the grand

altar was an immense wooden image of our Saviour on the Cross. This cross may now be seen on the front of one of the galleries, near the grand altar of the new church. The church was dedicated to the Virgin Mary."

Its successor, the present parish church, is the largest in America, holding some ten thousand persons. The two lofty towers rise to the height of over two hundred feet.

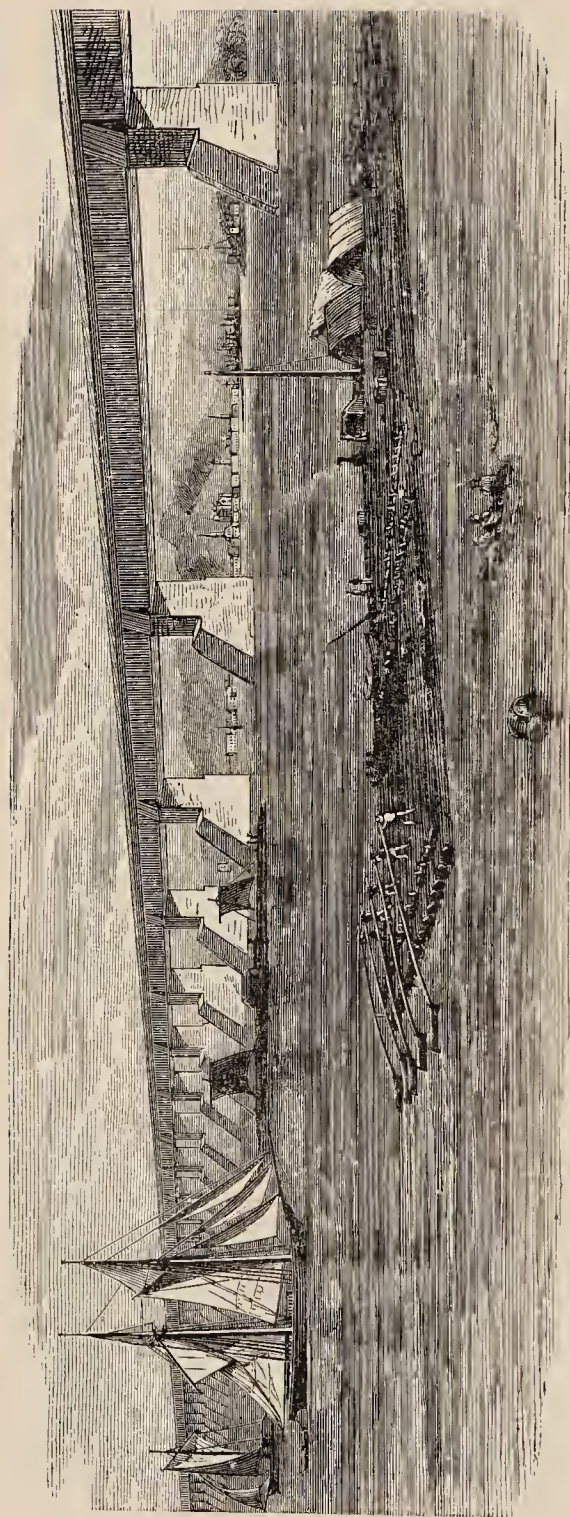
The street architecture of Montreal is scarcely surpassed by that of any city on the continent. The view down St. James



ST. JAMES STREET METHODIST CHURCH.

Street from the Place d'Armes is one that it would be hard to equal. The new Post Office, the new City Hall, the new banks, and the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, are structures that would be a credit to any city in Christendom. Christ Church Cathedral is one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical Gothic on the continent, and the new Methodist Church, shown on this page, is considered the finest church belonging to that denomination in the world.

Montreal boasts the possession of what is, we believe, the largest bridge in the world. In the year 1860, amid the utmost pomp and pageantry, in the name of his august mother, the



VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL.

(View from the South Shore.)

Prince of Wales drove the last rivet of the magnificent structure that bears her name. Bestriding the rapid current of the St. Lawrence, here nearly two miles wide, on four and twenty massive piers—the centre span being three hundred and thirty feet wide and sixty feet above high water mark—it is one of the grandest achievements of engineering skill in the world. It cost six and a half millions of dollars, and was designed and brought to completion by a distinguished engineer, Alex. M. Ross, and the world-renowned bridge builder, Robert Stephenson.

When the bridge was completed, the solidity of the work was tested by placing a train of platform cars, 520 feet in length, extending over two tubes, and loaded, almost to the breaking limit of the cars, with large blocks of stone. To move this enormous load three immense engines were required; yet beneath it all, when the train covered the first tube the deflection in the centre amounted to but seven-eighths of an inch, proving conclusively that the work had been erected in a most satisfactory and substantial manner.

The most striking natural phenomenon in the neighbourhood of Montreal is the Lachine Rapids, where the mighty St. Lawrence precipitates itself down a rocky steep. They are considered the most dangerous on the whole river. The surging waters present all the angry appearance of the ocean in a storm; the boat strains and labours; but unlike the ordinary pitching and tossing at sea, this going down hill by water produces a novel sensation, and is, in fact, a service of some danger, the imminence of which is enhanced to the imagination by the roar of the boiling current. Great nerve and force and precision are here required in piloting, so as to keep the vessel's head straight with the course of the rapid; a pilot, skilful, experienced, and specially chosen for the purpose, takes charge of the wheel, extra hands stand by to assist, while others go aft to the tiller, to be ready to steer the vessel by its means should the wheel tackle by any accident give way; the captain takes his place by the wheel-house, ready with his bell to communicate with the engineer; the vessel plunges into the broken and raging waters, she heaves and falls, rolls from side to side, and



MONTREAL ICE PALACE.

labours as if she were in a heavy sea, the engine is eased, and the steamer is carried forward with fearful rapidity. Sometimes she appears to be rushing headlong on to some frightful rock that shows its black head above the white foam of the breakers; in the next instant she has shot by it and is making a contrary course, and so she threads her way through the crooked channel these mad waters are rushing down. A few moments suffice for this, and smooth green waters are reached again, and, after shooting beneath the Victoria Bridge, reaches the city of Montreal.

WINTER SPORTS.



INSIDE THE ICE PALACE.

The Montreal Ice Palace was the first ever tried in the New World. The building was made of blocks of ice, forty-two by twenty-four inches, each block weighing five hundred pounds, and the whole structure containing forty thousand cubic feet of ice. Its dimensions were about ninety by ninety feet, with



OBSTACLE RACE ON THE ICE.

rectangular towers at each corner, and a central square tower one hundred feet high. The blocks were "cemented" together by snow for mortar, and then water was pumped on from a hose, and the whole palace made into one solid piece, so that you couldn't separate one block from another without sawing them apart. "The Ice Palace," says the writer of this description, "was the most beautiful sight I ever saw in sunlight or moonlight. By the electric light it reminded one of what Charles the Fifth said of Antwerp Cathedral, that it was worthy of being placed under a glass shade. I went on top of the mountain, and looked down at the thousands of lights throughout the city, and at this glowing structure in the middle. It was like fairy-land."

Toboganing is the nearest thing to flying one can find. One couldn't live long if he kept going at such a speed. The tobogan is made of two pieces of thin bass wood, about six feet long and two feet wide, bent up in front like the dashboard of a sleigh. It has cross pieces of wood for strength, and long, round sticks at each side, and is all clasped together by cat-gut. The Indians make them, and use them to carry the game they shoot over the snow through the woods, and Canadians turn them into use for pastime in sliding down hills. The tobogan is so light that it doesn't sink in soft snow like a cutter, and is so smooth on the bottom that it goes down hill like a shot, especially when the hill is slippery.

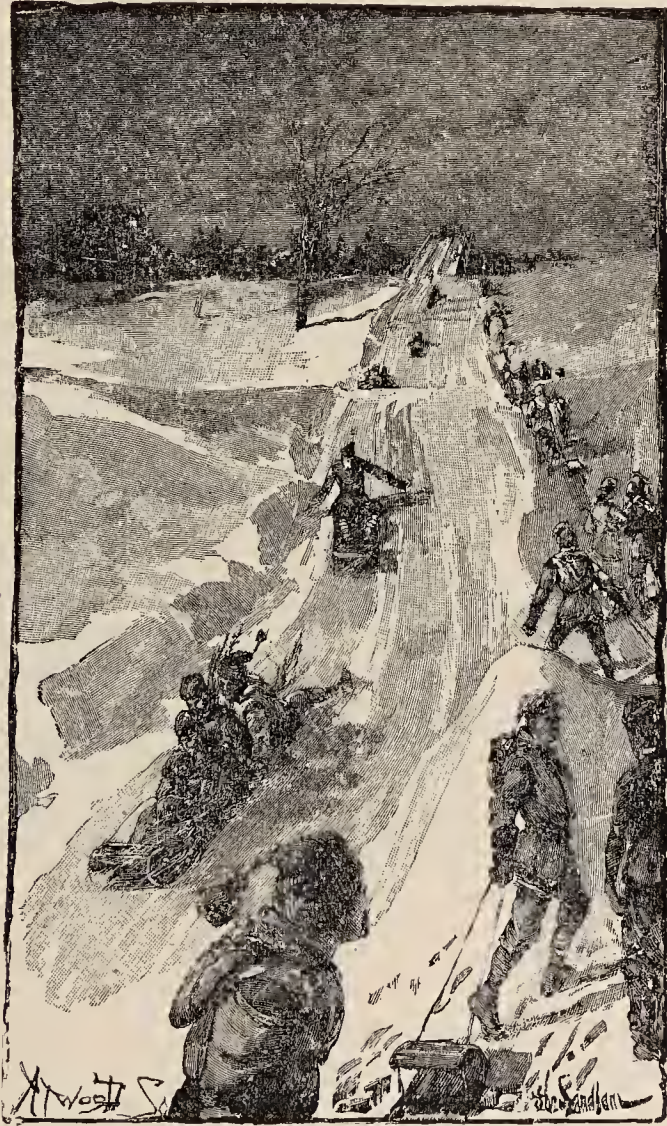
"My first experience of toboganing," continues this writer, "was on the back part of Mount Royal. The toboganing slide here is partly an artificial one. It is a big structure of logs and planks made on an inclined plane, up one side of which there are steps, and down the side beside it a smooth, ice-covered slide. There is room on top like a little platform upon which you settle yourself on your tobogan. To tell the truth, there's no danger on proper hills. A man sits behind and steers with his foot.

"The sensation is exciting. You lose your breath as the snow dashes up into your face, and you have all the feeling of going on the road to a regular smashup, but before the smash comes, your sleigh eases off as gently as it started, and you get up and



MONTREAL SNOW-SHOE CLUB.

want to do it again. If you stand to one side of the slide, and see a tobogan whiz past you like a shot, and see the frightened faces of the strangers who are having their first try, you feel as



TOBOGANING ON MOUNT ROYAL.

if you were looking at a group who were going to destruction, but by-and-bye you see them coming up hill again laughing at their fears.

“What a city Montreal is for sleighing! No sloppy roads one

day and hard ones the next. No wheels to-day and runners to-morrow. A constant jingle of bells, and quick trot of horses, and all kinds of sleighs, rough and handsome, little and big. On the civic half-holiday, there were over two thousand sleighs in the procession in which the hackmen joined. After the drive, we stopped at McGill College gate and saw the snowshoers start to run to the top of the mountain and back, a distance of about three miles cross country. They think nothing



GAMES ON THE RIVER.

of running to the Back River, eight miles; and they go to Lachine and back, or some other place, every Saturday, about twenty miles, just for the sport of the thing. It was great fun to see some of the most eager fellows going headlong into the deep snow when they tried to pass those ahead. Snowshoes are of Indian origin, made of light ash, bent to an oval, and the ends fastened together with cat-gut. The interior is then crossed with two pieces of flat wood to strengthen the frame, and the whole is woven with cat-gut, like a lawn tennis bat. An opening is left for the motion of the toes in raising the heel in

stepping out. The netting sustains the weight of the body, and the shoe sinks only an inch or two, and when one foot is bearing the weight the other is lifted up, and over, and onwards. The shoes are fastened to the moccasined feet by thongs of deer-skin. In the evening of the inauguration of the Ice Palace, everybody came to Dominion Square, where there was every sort of light but sunlight. The Ice Palace looked like glass; and I never saw anything so beautiful as when they burned blue, green, crimson and purple fires inside. By-and-bye the procession of fifteen hundred men appeared in club uniforms, each carrying a lighted torch in one hand, and discharging Roman candles from the other. After going around the Palace, the procession headed for the mountain, went up the old snow-shoe track, and returned down the zigzag road, singing as they swung along,

“Tramp ! tramp ! on snow-shoes tramping,
All the day we marching go,
Till at night by fires encamping
We find couches mid the snow !”

“From the city below the sight was picturesque. The long, serpentine trail was seen moving in and out, and twisting like a huge firesnake, while the Roman candles shot their balls of fire into the air. It was a grand and wild sight to see them coming back. A snow-storm had set in, and the flickering lights, the costumes, the sturdy, steady tramp of the fellows made one think of a midnight invasion by an army.”





NIAGARA FALLS.

ONTARIO.

WE are now about to enter the Province of Ontario, and a brief *résumé* as to its extent and characteristics will not be out of place.

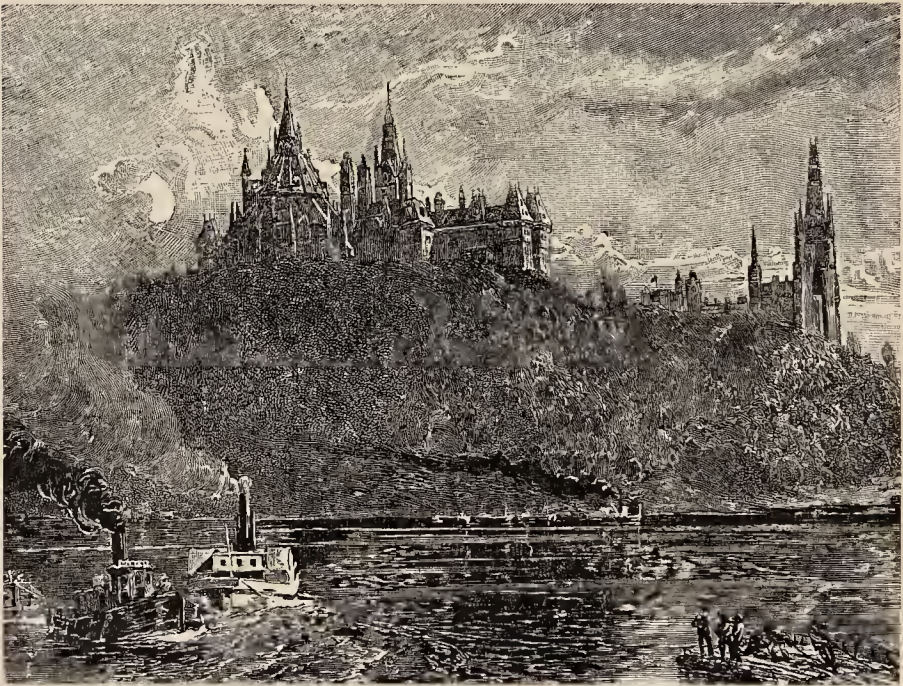
Ontario is the most populous and wealthy province of the Dominion of Canada, and its growth has been exceedingly rapid. It has an area of 197,000 square miles, including the recent extension of its boundaries. But, as has been well said, "Comparisons bring out colours. Few realize from the mere quotations of figures the enormous extent of our great country. For instance, Ontario is larger than Spain, nearly as large as France, nearly as large as the great German Empire, as large as Sweden, Denmark and Belgium, and larger than Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, Belgium and Portugal."

The Province of Ontario reaches the most southern point of the Dominion, namely, to the latitude of Rome in Italy; and being in a large measure surrounded by the great lakes of the continent of North America, its climate is much modified by their influence. The principal source of its wealth is agriculture, and it may be said to take the lead in the farming operations of the Dominion.

OTTAWA.

Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, may be reached either by rail by the Canada Pacific or by sailing up the Ottawa. We shall describe the former route first. Taking the train at the C. P. R. station, on the site of the quaint old French barracks, we sweep around the many-towered city, and cross the "Back River" at the historic Sault au Recollet. We traverse the Isle Jesus with its charming villages of St. Martin, Ste. Rose de Lima and St. Vincent de Paul. Indeed, the whole route is

studded with picturesque hamlets bearing such names as L'Ange Gardien, Ste. Thérèse, Ste. Scholastique, St. Eustache, and many another holy saint; with their broad-eaved, curved-roofed houses, and large stone churches, with their cross-crowned twin towers or spires gleaming brightly in the sun. For the greater part of the way, on the left, stretch long shining reaches of the river, studded with tree-clad islands. To the right rise the outlines of the Laurentides, clothed with verdure



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA, FROM THE RIVER.

to the very summits. At length comes into view, on a bold bluff above the river, the most picturesque architectural group on this continent, and, sweeping over a long railway bridge above the Chaudière Falls, we glide into the city of Ottawa.

It fosters one's feelings of patriotic pride to visit the capital of the Dominion. The Parliament and Departmental buildings form one of the most imposing architectural groups in the world, and their site is one of unsurpassed magnificence. Around a lofty cliff, tree-clad from base to summit, sweeps the majestic Ottawa; to the left resounds the everlasting thunder of

the Chaudière, and in the distance rise the purple slopes of the Laurentians. The broken outline of the many-towered buildings against the sunset sky is a picture never to be forgotten. The two finest features of the group, we think, are the polygonal shaped library, with its flying buttresses, its steep conical roof, its quaint carvings and tracery; and the great western tower rising, Antæus-like, from the earth, pausing a moment, and then, as if with a mighty effort, soaring into the sky. The view of this tower from the "Lover's Walk" beneath the cliff resembles some of Doré's most romantic creations.

The Parliament buildings and Departmental offices are the finest specimen of Gothic architecture on the continent. They illustrate the remarkable flexibility and adaptation to modern purposes of that grand style. Like Cleopatra's beauty, "Age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety."

The details of the buildings will repay careful study. Each capital, finial, crocket, corbel and gargoyle is different from every other. Grotesque faces grin at one from the cornices, and strange, twi-formed creatures crouch as in act to spring, or struggle beneath the weight they bear. Canadian plants and flowers and chaplets of maple, oaks and ferns form the capitals of the columns, amid which disport squirrels, marmots and birds.

The Commons chamber seems crowded and rather sombre, much more so than the spacious and splendid Congress chamber at Washington. More copious reports, I was informed, were sent from this chamber to the public press than were despatched by telegraph from any Legislature in the world.

The Senate chamber has an air of greater luxury and dignity than that of the Commons, as is meet for that august body. The library, both externally and internally, is a perfect gem of architecture; but still more attractive to me are its valuable contents. It is admirably arranged for reference, and through the courtesy of the polite attendants, any book on the shelves is promptly placed at one's disposal. It is especially rich in rare and costly works on art and archæology, many of which were presented by the late Emperor of the French, and bear his monogram. Among the treasures of the library are Perret's

Catacombs, in seven huge volumes; the Musée du Louvre, in eighty-one folios; the Musée Français, etc. The documentary materials for the history of Canada are also very rich.

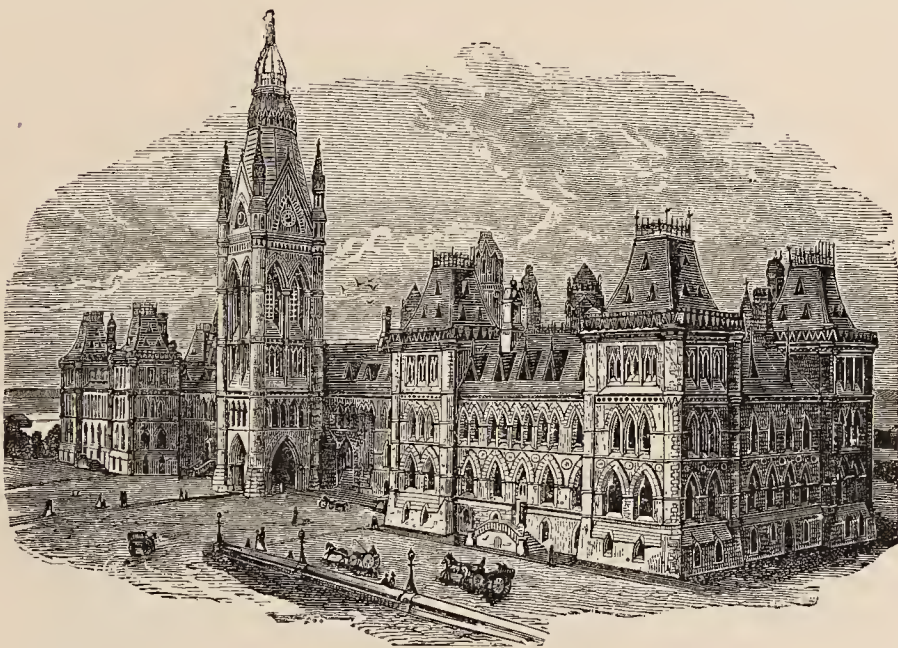
The bird's-eye view shows the arrangement of buildings on the ground. The view is taken from the side of the river opposite the city. To the extreme right are the Falls of the Chaudière and the Suspension Bridge, with the vast acreage of



CITY OF OTTAWA.

lumber piles and mills from which float down the rafts shown in the river. Midway across the picture is the bold bluff on which the Parliament buildings stand. Running up to the left of this is the Rideau Canal, with its many locks, rising like steps in a gigantic stair. Across the canal is the beautiful park, commanding full views of the river, of the opposite hill, and of the far-stretching Laurentian range.

The rapids commence a few miles above the city, but here, says Mr. S. E. Dawson, the channel contracts and the broad and rapid river, obstructed and tormented by islands and rocks, falls thirty feet over a steep limestone cliff into a basin well named the Chaudière, or caldron; for it is a cavity in the bed of the river in which the water foams and seethes. Such a gigantic water-power is of course utilized, and here some of the largest lumber manufactures in the Dominion are situated.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

Close at hand are the timber slides, by which the lumber from the upper river passes down without damage into the navigable water below. To go down these slides upon a crib of timber is a unique experience a visitor should endeavour to make; for, while it is unattended with danger, the novelty and excitement are most absorbing. Close to the city also are the Rideau Falls, which, though not approaching the Chaudière in importance, are worth visiting. They fall perpendicularly down like a great curtain, whence the name.

The grounds at Rideau Hall are spacious and beautifully laid out, and here a succession of Governors-General have dispensed a graceful hospitality.

DOWN THE OTTAWA.

The sail down the Ottawa to Montreal is one of much interest. For over two hundred years this noble river has been the chief route for fur-traders, voyageurs and trappers to the north-west. Two hundred and sixty years ago Champlain threaded its



DEPARTMENTAL BUILDINGS—EAST BLOCK.

mazes to their source, and reached by way of Lake Nipissing and the French River, the "Mer Douce," or fresh-water sea of Huron.

Descending the river from the capital the tourist will see, says Mr. W. E. Dawson, on the north side the mouth of the Gatineau, a large and important lumbering stream, which has been surveyed for three hundred miles from its junction. Eighteen miles further, the Lièvre river, after a course of two hundred and eighty miles, enters the Ottawa. Four miles from its mouth is the village of Buckingham. The water-

power of the Lièvre is enormous, for the river is very deep and has a fall at Buckingham of nearly seventy feet. Here are also mines of plumbago, of phosphates and of mica.

Passing the pretty village of L'Original, we take the train from Grenville to Carillon, to avoid the rapids of the "Chute-a-Blondeau."

At Carillon, in the year 1660, a band of seventeen young and gallant French Canadians from Montreal, by an act of heroism



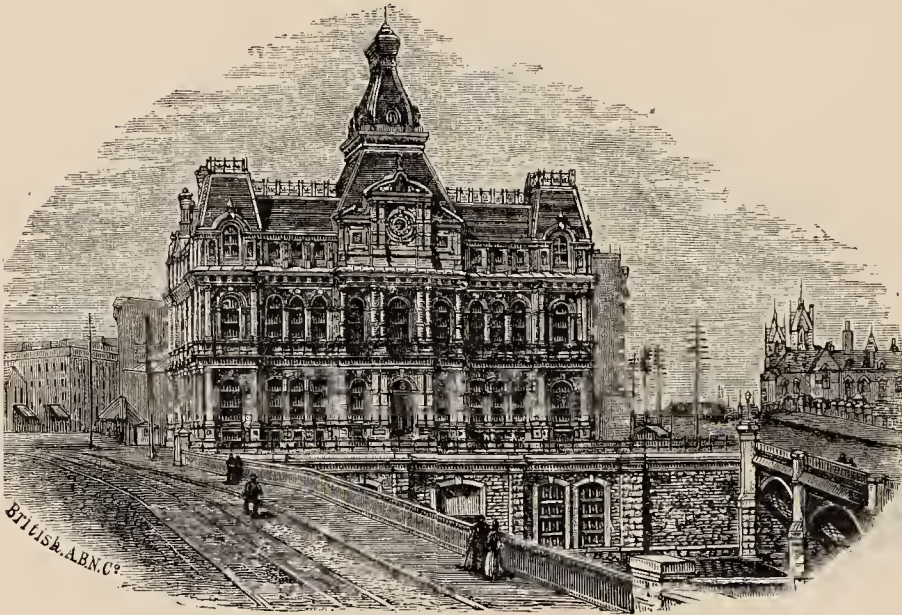
DEPARTMENTAL BUILDINGS—WEST BLOCK.

as sublime as any recorded on the page of history, sacrificed their lives for the defence of their country. With a valour worthy of Leonidas, they withstood the assault of an invading horde of seven hundred infuriate Iroquois. For eight long days and nights, worn with hunger, thirst and want of sleep, they fought, and prayed, and watched by turns. Every Frenchman was slain, but the colony was saved. The pass of Carillon was the Thermopylæ of Canada. To-day the bright waters ripple and shimmer in the sun, and the peaceful wheat fields wave upon the scene of this gallant, yet almost forgotten, exploit.

The story is well told in George Murray's ballad :

“ Eight days of varied horror passed ; what boots it now to tell
How the pale tenants of the fort heroically fell ?
Hunger, and thirst, and sleeplessness, Death's ghastly aids, at length,
Marred and defaced their comely forms, and quelled their giant strength.
The end draws nigh—they yearn to die—one glorious rally more,
For the dear sake of Ville-Marie and all will soon be o'er ;
Sure of the martyr's golden Crown, they shrink not from the Cross,
Life yielded for the land they love, they scorn to reckon loss.”

We now enter the Lake of Two Mountains, one of those



POST OFFICE, OTTAWA.

beautiful expanses which vary the scenery of Canadian rivers. At the mouth of the Rivière a la Graise is the pretty town Rigaud, with its tinned roofs and large French college.

The level landscape and elm-reflecting lake at St. Placide make the name of the village a peculiarly appropriate designation. Passing Como, a pleasant summer resort, we reach Oka, an Indian settlement on a seigniory granted by Louis XIV. to the Sulpicians two hundred years ago. The pretty village, at the time of our visit, had a deserted look, most of the Indians being for the time driven from their homes by the persecutions

of the Seminary ; and the chapel and convent, which occupied a point jutting into the river, being a mass of ruins. One of the Sulpician priests, who embarked on the steamer at Oka, with whom I entered into conversation, was very anxious to make a favourable impression as to the policy of the Seminary. He divided his time between reading his breviary and denouncing, in broken English, the Methodists, who, he said, were the cause of all the trouble.

Ste. Anne's is a pretty picturesque village, with a large cross-crowned church, near the junction of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence. Here, dimpling in the bright sunlight, are the rapids celebrated in Moore's "Canadian Boat Song:"

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row ; the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

"Uttawa's tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers ;
O, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs !
Blow, breezes, blow ; the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

As the two mighty rivers, which drain half a continent, join their streams, their waters run for miles side by side without mingling—the one of a tawny yellow tinge, the other of a deep cerulean blue.

Rising behind the village are the two mountains from which the lake derives its name. The one with the cross is named Mount Calvary. Chapels, seven in number, are built at intervals up the ascent for the seven stations of the Cross. This pilgrimage is often made by the faithful, and much bodily as well as spiritual good is stated to have resulted.

KINGSTON AND THE UPPER ST. LAWRENCE.

The beauty of the upper St. Lawrence is best seen by a sail down that majestic stream. We shall therefore describe the trip by steamboat from Kingston down. The ancient capital of Upper Canada, or the "Limestone City," as it is called, from the prevailing material of its peculiarly substantial architecture, presents many features of interest. One of these is the Tete du Pont Barracks on the site of the Frontenac's old fort, built in 1673. Fort Henry is a very elaborate fortress with deep stone-lined ditches, ramparts, casemates, and store and barrack accommodation for a thousand men. I was surprised at the extent and strength of its works and of the outlying martello towers and earthworks.

The other chief attraction of the city, from the tourist point of view, is the Penitentiary. Through the courtesy of the accomplished warden, Dr. Lavell, I was permitted to make a thorough inspection of the workshops, hospital, lunatic asylum and prisons—including the underground dungeons for the punishment of refractory prisoners. I was shut up for a while in one of these cells. It was the darkest experience I had since I was locked up in a dungeon of the Doges' prison at Venice. The darkness, like that of Egypt, might be felt. The workshops, for comfort and cleanliness, we think cannot be surpassed in the world. Few free workmen labour under such favourable conditions. It was sad to see so many young men and young women spending the prime of their years behind prison bars. The discipline of the prison is reformatory as well as punitive. It is possible for a convict to considerably abridge the period of his sentence by good behaviour. Moral influences are largely employed. Two chaplains devote their services to the prisoners. A good library is supplied. Habits of industry are acquired. Many learn a good trade and are better cared for in body and mind than they ever were before.

The public buildings of Kingston are substantial and handsome. The most prominent among these is Queen's University—a college of the Presbyterian Church. Under the presidency of Dr. Grant, one of the most accomplished of Canadian scholars and writers, it has attained a well merited celebrity.

The founding of Kingston, like that of Montreal, is full of romantic interest. One of the first acts of Frontenac, on assuming the Vice-Royalty of New France in 1672, was the planting of a fort and trading-post at the foot of Lake Ontario, both long known by his name, in order to check the interference of the English from Albany and New York with the fur trade of the Indian allies of the French, and to prevent the inroads of the Iroquois in the event of war. The merchants of Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec were exceedingly jealous of the



MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

establishment of the fort, from a well-grounded apprehension that it would seriously affect their profits, by intercepting no small share of the lucrative fur-trade. Frontenac, however, by an imperious exercise of the royal authority, commanded the inhabitants of these settlements to furnish, at their own cost, a number of armed men and canoes for that very purpose. In the month of June, he collected, at Montreal, a force of four hundred men, including mission Indians, with a hundred and twenty canoes, and two large flat-boats. These last he caused to be painted with glaring devices of red and blue, in order to dazzle the Iroquois by a display of unaccustomed magnificence.

Frontenac infused his own indomitable energy into his little army. In two weeks they had overcome, with incredible toil, the difficulties of the Rapids and, threading the lovely mazes of the Thousand Islands, reached the waters of Lake Ontario. Frontenac had previously despatched La Salle, who had returned from his first expedition to the West, and in whom he discerned a spirit kindred to his own, to summon deputies from the Iroquois towns to meet him at Cataragui, the destined site of the new fort. A large number of Iroquois were already encamped when Frontenac approached. Forming his little flotilla in battle array, he advanced with much military pomp, and landed near the site of the present city of Kingston.* Bivouac fires were soon lighted, guards set, and the "*qui vive*" of the French sentry was heard on the shores of Lake Ontario.

The next morning, with roll of drums and much presenting of arms, the Iroquois deputies were conducted, between glittering files of soldiers, to the presence of the Governor and his staff, who were arrayed in their most brilliant uniforms. The stately manners and masterful address of Frontenac,—a born ruler of men, by turns haughty and condescending, imperious and winning,—impressed the savages with respect, confidence, and good-will no less than did the splendour of his appearance and retinue.

"Children!" he said,—not "brothers," as the French had previously called them,—"*I am glad to see you. You did well to obey the command of your Father. Take courage; you shall hear His word, which is full of peace and tenderness.*"

He then magnified the power of the French, and, pointing to the cannon of his brilliantly painted flat-boats, admonished them of the consequences of disobeying his commands. He set forth the advantages of his friendship, and of the establishment of the new trading-post, and urged the claims of the Christian religion, both by its terrors and its rewards. The speech was accompanied by politic presents,—"*six fathoms of tobacco,*" guns for the men, and prunes and raisins for the women and children, and generous feasts for all.

*On the point to the west of the Cataragui Bridge, at present occupied by the barracks.

Meanwhile the construction of the fort went rapidly forward. Trees were felled, trenches dug, and palisades planted, with a speed that astonished the indolent Indians. In ten days the fort was nearly completed, and leaving a sufficient force for its defence, by the 1st of August Frontenac reached Montreal. The grasp of a master's hand was felt. France held the key of the great lakes.

The view of Kingston on page 253, shows in the foreground one of the quaint martello towers that guard the harbour; in the middle distance, the Military College, where Canadian youths are trained for the service of their country; and in the background, the city with its imposing public buildings and churches.

We embark at Kingston for the sail down the majestic St. Lawrence.

With the exception of the Amazon at its flood, the St. Lawrence is the largest river in the world. Its basin contains more than half of all the fresh water on the planet. At its issue from Lake Ontario it is two and a half miles wide, and is seldom less than two miles. At its mouth it is upwards of thirty miles wide, and at Cape Gaspe the Gulf is nearly a hundred miles wide.

There are three features of special interest in the St. Lawrence—the Thousand Islands, the Rapids, and the highlands of the north shore from Quebec down. The first are the perfection of beauty, the second are almost terrible in their strength, and the last are stern and grand, rising at times to the sublime. The noble river has been made the theme of a noble poem by Charles Sangster, a Canadian writer, who is too little known in his own country. I am glad of the opportunity to enrich these pages with quotations from his spirited verse.

The Lake of the Thousand Islands begins immediately below Kingston, and stretches down the river for forty or fifty miles, varying from six to twelve miles in width. This area is profusely strewn with islands of all sizes, from the little rock, giving precarious foothold to a stunted juniper or a few wild flowers, to the large island, stretching in broad farms and waving with tall and stately forests. Instead of a thousand, there are in all some eighteen hundred of these lovely isles.

Sailing out of broad Ontario, we leave on the left the Limestone City, our Canadian Woolwich, with its martello towers and forts. Here, during the war of 1812-15, was built a large line-of-battle ship of 132 guns, at a cost of £850,000, much of the timber, and even water casks, for use on these unsalted seas, being sent out from England. At the close of the war it was sold for a couple of hundred pounds.

THE THOUSAND ISLES.

Passing Forts Henry and Frederick, we enter the lovely Archipelago of the St. Lawrence—"Nature's carnival of isles." On they come, thronging to meet us and to bid us welcome to their fairy realm. They are of all conceivable shapes and sizes,



TWILIGHT AMID THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

scattered in beauteous confusion upon the placid stream. Some are festooned and garlanded with verdurous vines, like a young wife in her bridal tire, wooing the river's fond embrace. Others seem sad and pensive, draped with grave and solemn foliage, like a widow's weeds of woe.

Here the river banks slope smoothly to the water's edge, and the thronging trees come trooping down, like a herd of stately-antlered stags, to drink; or like Pharaoh's daughter and her train to the sacred Nile. See where the white-armed birch, the lady of the forest, stands ankle deep in the clear stream, and laves its beauteous tresses. And behold, where the grey old rocks rear themselves like stern-browed giants above the waves, grave and sad, tear-stained and sorrowful—brooding, perchance, of the old years before the flood. See with what nervous energy

they cling, those timorous-looking pines, with their bird-like claws grappling the rock as tenaciously as the vulture holds his prey, or a miser's skinny fingers clutch his gold.

Here is a shoal of little islets looking like a lot of seals just lifting their heads above the waves and peering cautiously around—you would scarce be surprised to see them dive and reappear under your very eyes. And over all float the white-winged argosies of fleecy clouds sailing in that other sea, the ambient air in whose lower strata we crawl, like crabs upon the ocean floor. How beautiful they are, those spiritual-looking clouds! How airily they float in the tremulously palpitating, infinite blue depths of sunny sky, like the convoy of snowy-pinioned angels in the picture of the Assumption of St. Catharine, bearing so tenderly her world-weary but triumphant spirit, white-robed and amaranth-crowned, rejoicing



THE DEVIL'S OVEN, THOUSAND ISLANDS.

from her cruel martyrdom, and holding in her hand the victor palm, floating, floating, serenely away,—

“To summer high in bliss upon the hills of God.”

Or seem they not like islands of the blessed, floating on a halcyon sea. How delicate they are, these snowy Alps on Alp in gay profusion piled, and yet as white and soft as carded wool—so remote, so ethereal, so uncontaminated with the dust and defilement of earth. Thus do some souls appear to live above the cares of earth, on the cool, sequestered hills of life, free from

the dust and defilement of sin. They seem to breathe a purer atmosphere, to be visited by airs from heaven, and to hold communion with its blessed spirits.

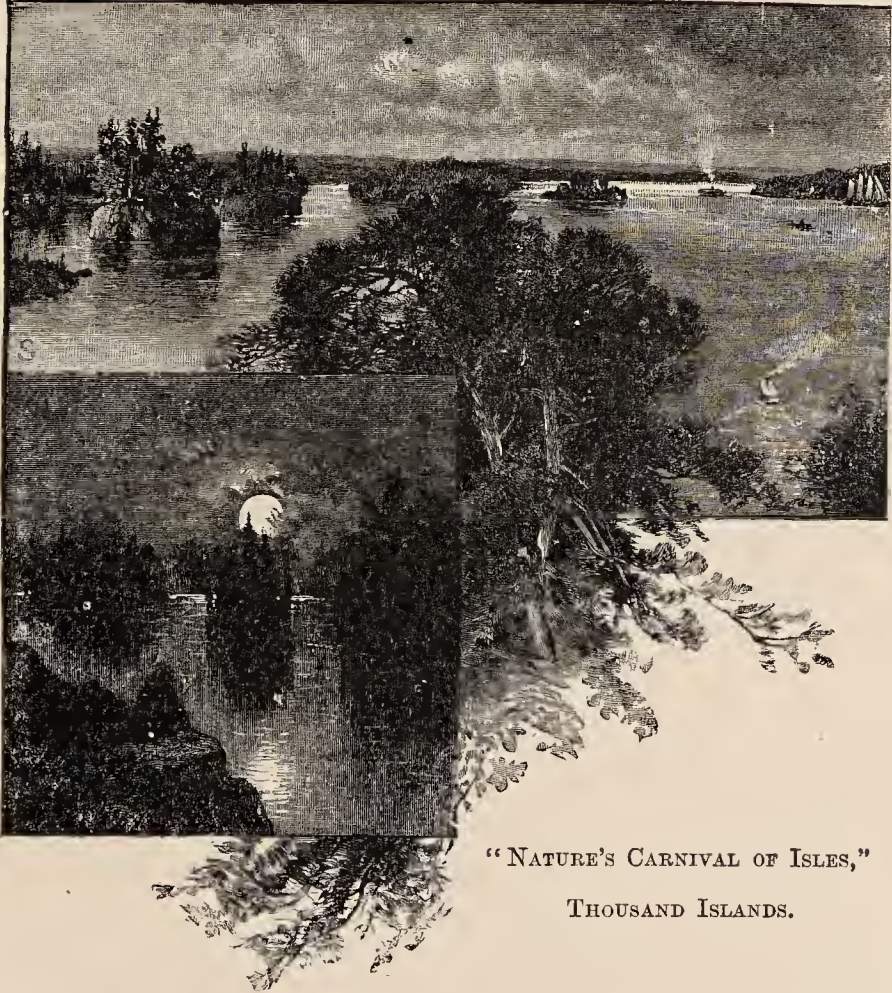
What lovely vistas open up before us as our steamer glides, swan-like, on her devious way. Now the islands seem to block up the path, like sturdy highwaymen, as if determined to arrest our progress. We seem to be immured in this intricate maze like Dædalous within the Cretan Labyrinth. Now, like the rocky doors in Ali-Baba's story, as by some magic "*Open sesame,*"



AMONG THE ISLANDS.

they part and stand aside and close again behind us, vista after vista unfolding in still increasing loveliness. How the smiling farm-houses wave welcome from the shore, and the patient churches stand, like Moses interceding for the people's sins, invoking benediction on the land, and pointing weary mortals evermore to heaven. All nature wears a look of Sabbath calm, and seems to kneel with folded hands in prayer. See that lone sea-gull, "like an adventurous spirit hovering o'er the deep," or like the guardian angel of the little bark beneath. What a blessed calm broods o'er the scene! The very isles seem lapped in childhood's blessed sleep.

Isle after isle
 Is passed, as we glide tortuously through
 The opening vistas, that uprise and smile
 Upon us from the ever-changing view.
 Here nature, lavish of her wealth, did strew
 Her flocks of panting islets on the breast
 Of the admiring river, where they grew,



Like shapes of beauty, formed to give a zest
 To the charmed mind, like waking visions of the blest.

Red walls of granite rise on either hand,
 Rugged and smooth; a proud young eagle soars
 Above the stately evergreens, that stand
 Like watchful sentinels on these God-built towers;

And near yon beds of many-colored flowers
 Browse two majestic deer, and at their side
 A spotted fawn all innocently cowers;
 In the rank brushwood it attempts to hide,
 While the strong-antlered stag steps forth with lordly stride.

On, through the lovely Archipelago,
 Glides the swift bark. Soft summer matins ring
 From every isle. The wild fowl come and go,
 Regardless of our presence. On the wing,
 And perched upon the boughs, the gay birds sing
 Their loves: This is their summer paradise;
 From morn till night their joyous caroling
 Delights the ear, and through the lucent skies
 Ascends the choral hymn in softest symphonies.

Yon lighthouse seems like a lone watcher keeping ceaseless vigil the livelong night for some lost wanderer's return; or like a new Prometheus, chained forever to the rock, and holding



LIGHTHOUSE IN THOUSAND ISLANDS.

aloft the heaven-stolen fire; or like a lone recluse in his still hermitage, nightly lighting up his votive lamp to guide bewildered wayfarers amid the storm.

Brockville, Prescott, Iroquois, Morrisburg and Cornwall, are pleasant towns on the Canadian side of the river; and on the American side, Clayton, Morrision and Ogdensburg. Near Prescott rises the quaint and ruined windmill, the mute witness of the heroic defence, by stout-hearted Canadian militia, of their hearths and homes at the battle of Crysler's Farm.

On the bank of the majestic St. Lawrence, about midway between the thriving town of Prescott and the picturesque village of Maitland, on the Canada side, but in full view from the American shore, lies a lonely graveyard, which is one of

the most hallowed spots in the broad area of the continent. Here, on a gently rising ground overlooking the rushing river, is the quiet "God's acre," in which slumbers the dust of that saintly woman who is honoured in both hemispheres as the mother of Methodism in both the United States and Canada. On a bright day in October, I made, in company with my friend, the Rev. T. G. Williams, a pilgrimage to this place invested with so many tender memories. The whole land was ablaze with autumn's glowing tints, each bank and knoll and forest clump, like Moses' bush, "ever burning, ever unconsumed." An old wooden church, very small and very quaint, fronts the passing highway. It has seats but for forty-eight persons, and is still used on funeral occasions. Its tiny tinned spire gleams brightly in the sunlight, and its walls have been weathered by many a winter storm to a dusky gray. Around it on every side "heaves the turf in many a mouldering mound," for during well-nigh one hundred years it has been the burying-place of the surrounding community. A group of venerable pines keep guard over the silent sleepers in their narrow beds. But one grave beyond all others arrests our attention. At its head is a plain white marble slab on a gray stone base. On a shield-shaped panel is the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF

PAUL HECK,

BORN 1730, DIED 1792.

BARBARA,

WIFE OF PAUL HECK,

BORN 1734, DIED AUG. 17, 1804.

And this is all. Sublime in its simplicity; no laboured epitaph; no fulsome eulogy; her real monument is the Methodism of the New World.

Near by are the graves of seventeen other members of the Heck family. Among them is that of a son of Paul and Barbara Heck, an ordained local preacher, whose tombstone bears the following inscription: "Rev. Samuel Heck, who laboured

in his Master's vineyard for upwards of thirty-eight years. Departed this life in the triumphs of faith on the 18th of August, 1844, aged seventy-one years and twenty-one days." Another Samuel Heck, son of the above-named, a Wesleyan minister, died in 1846, aged, as is recorded with loving minuteness, "thirty years, seven months, fifteen days." To the members of this godly family the promised blessing of the righteous, even length of days, was strikingly vouchsafed. On six graves lying side by side I noted the following ages: 73, 78, 78, 53, 75, 59. On others I noted the following ages: 63, 62, 70, 70. I observed, also, the grave of little Barbara Heck, aged three years and six months. The latest dated grave is that of Catharine Heck, a granddaughter of Paul and Barbara Heck, who died 1880, aged seventy-eight years. She was described by my friend Mr. Williams—who, while I made these notes, sketched the old church—as a saintly soul, handsome in person, lovely in character, well educated, and refined. She bequeathed at her death a generous legacy to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada. Near the grave of Barbara Heck is that of her life-long companion and friend, the beautiful Catharine Sweitzer, who married at the age of sixteen Philip Embury. Here also is the grave of John Lawrence, a pious Methodist who left Ireland with Embury, and afterwards married his widow.

After visiting these honoured graves, I had the pleasure of dining with three grandchildren of Paul and Barbara Heck. The eldest of these, Jacob Heck, a vigorous old man of eighty, was baptized by Losee, the first Methodist missionary in Canada. A kind-souled and intelligent granddaughter of Barbara Heck evidently appreciated the honours paid her sainted ancestry. She brought out a large tin box containing many interesting *souvenirs* of her grandparents. Among these were a silver spoon with the monogram

P. B.

H.,

stout leather-bound volumes of Wesley's sermons, dated 1770; Wesley's journal, dated 1743; General Haldimand's "discharge"

of Paul Heck from the volunteer troops, etc. But of special interest was the old German black-letter Bible, bearing the following clear-written inscription: "Paul Heck, sein buch, ihm gegeben darin zu lernen die Neiderreiche sprache. Amen." The printed music of the Psalter at the end of the book was like that described by Longfellow in Priscilla's psalm-book :

"Rough-hewn angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses."

This, it is almost certain, is the very Bible which Barbara Heck held in her hands when she died. Dr. Abel Stevens thus describes the scene : "Her death was befitting her life ; her old German Bible, the guide of her life in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wilderness of Northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. And thus passed away this devoted, obscure, unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the greatest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name shall shine with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure."

Many descendants of the Embury and Heck families occupy prominent positions in the Methodist Church in Canada, and many more have died happy in the Lord. Philip Embury's great-great-grandson, John Torrance, jun., Esq., has long filled the honourable and responsible position of treasurer and trustee-steward of three of the largest Methodist churches of Montreal.

Just opposite the elegant home of Mr. George Heck, whose hospitalities I enjoyed, is the old Heck house, a large, old-fashioned structure dating from near the beginning of the century. It is built in the quaint Norman style common in French Canada, and is flanked by a stately avenue of venerable Lombard poplars. Its massive walls, three feet thick, are like those of a fortress, and the deep casements of the windows are like its embrasures. The huge stone-flagged kitchen fire-

place is as large as half a dozen in these degenerate days, and at one side is an opening into an oven of generous dimensions, which makes a swelling apse on the outside of the wall. In the grand old parlour the panelling of the huge and stately mantelpiece is in the elaborate style of the last century. From the windows a magnificent view of the noble St. Lawrence and of the American shore meets the sight, as it must with little change have met that of Barbara Heck one hundred years ago. Is not the memory of this sainted woman a hallowed link between the kindred Methodisms of the United States and Canada, of both of which she was, under the blessing of God, the foundress? Her sepulchre is with us to this day, but almost on the boundary line, as if in death as in life she belonged to each country.

The Methodists of the United States have worthily honoured the name of Barbara Heck by the erection of a memorial building in connection with the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill., to be known forever as Heck Hall—"a home for the sons of the prophets, the Philip Emburys of the coming century, while pursuing their sacred studies." "Barbara Heck," writes Dr. C. H. Fowler, in commemorating this event, "put her brave soul against the rugged possibilities of the future, and throbbed into existence American Methodism. The leaven of her grace has leavened a continent. The seed of her piety has grown into a tree so immense that a whole flock of commonwealths come and lodge in the branches thereof, and its mellow fruits drop into a million homes. To have planted American Methodism; to have watered it with holy tears; to have watched and nourished it with the tender, sleepless love of a mother, and pious devotion of a saint; to have called out the first minister, convened the first congregation, met the first class, and planned the first Methodist Church edifice, and to have secured its completion, is to have merited a monument as enduring as American institutions, and in the order of providence it has received a monument which the years cannot crumble, as enduring as the Church of God. The life-work of Barbara Heck finds its counterpart in the living energies of the Church she founded."

As I knelt in family prayer with the descendants of this godly woman, with the old German Bible which had nourished her earnest piety in my hands, I felt myself brought nearer the springs of Methodism on the continent; and as I made a night railway journey to my distant home, the following reflections shaped themselves into verse:

AT BARBARA HECK'S GRAVE.

I stood beside the lonely grave where sleep
 The ashes of Dame Barbara Heck, whose hand
 Planted the vital seed wherefrom this land
 Hath ripened far and wide, from steep to deep,
 The golden harvest which the angels reap,
 And garner home the sheaves to heaven's strand.
 From out this lowly grave there doth expand
 A sacred vision and we dare not weep.
 Millions of hearts throughout the continent
 Arise and call thee blessed of the Lord,
 His handmaiden on holiest mission sent—
 To teach with holy life His Holy Word.
 O rain of God, descend in showers of grace,
 Refresh with dews divine each thirsty place.

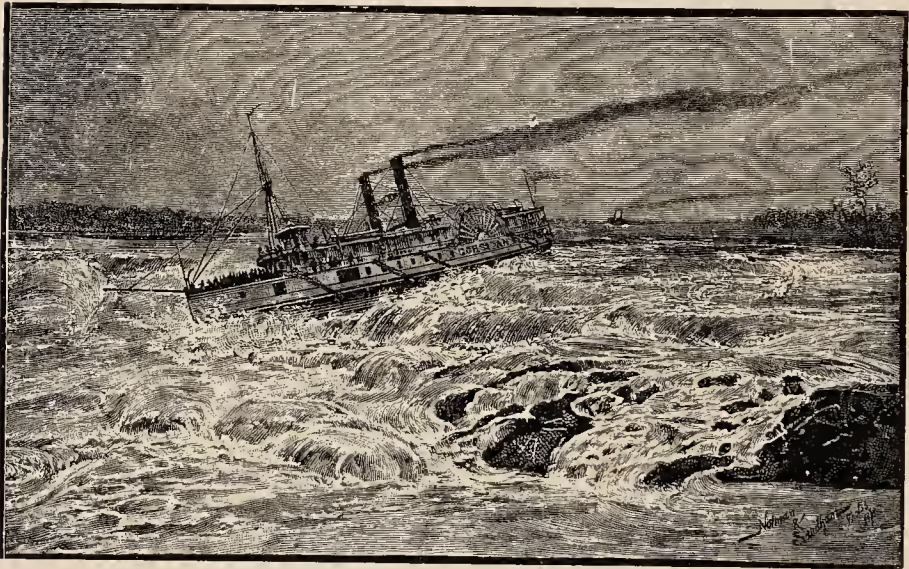
BARBARA HECK'S GERMAN BIBLE.

I held within my hand the time-worn book
 Wherein the brave-souled woman oft had read
 The oracles divine, and inly fed
 Her soul with thoughts of God, and took
 Deep draughts of heavenly wisdom, and forsook
 All lesser learning for what God had said;
 And by His guiding hand was gently led
 Into the land of rest for which we look.
 Within her hand she held this book when came
 The sudden call to join the white-robed throng.
 Her name shall live on earth in endless fame,
 Her high-souled faith be theme of endless song.
 O book divine, that fed that lofty faith,
 Enbrave, like hers, our souls in hour of death.

THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The rapids begin about a hundred miles above Montreal, and occur at intervals till we reach that city. The actual descent is two hundred and thirty-four feet, which is overcome in returning by forty-one miles of canal, and twenty-seven locks. Down this declivity the waters of five great lakes hurl themselves in their effort to reach the ocean.

As we approach the rapids, the current becomes every moment swifter and stronger, as if gathering up its energies and accumulating momentum for its headlong rush down the rocks, like a strong-limbed Roman girding for the race. Onward the river



DESCENDING LACHINE RAPIDS.

rolls in its majestic strength, oversweeping all opposing obstacles, yet with not a ripple on its surface to betray its terrible velocity—by its very swiftness rendered smooth as glass. With still accelerated speed it sweeps onward, deep and strong, heedless of the sunny isles that implore it to remain—like a stern, unconquerable will, scorning all the seductions of sense in the earnest race of life. As we glide on, we see the circling eddy indicating the hidden opposition to that restless endeavour. Now the calm surface becomes broken into foam, betraying, as it were,—

“The speechless wrath that rises and subsides
In the white lips and tremor of the face.”

We are now in the Long Sault. The gallant steamer plunges down the steep. The spray leaps right across the bows. Now she lifts her head above the waves, and like a strong swimmer struggling with the stream—like Cæsar in the Tiber, dashing the spray from out his eyes—she hurls them aside, bravely breasting their might, strenuously wrestling with their wrath. The mad waves race beside us like a pack of hungry, ravening



RAFT IN THE RAPIDS.

wolves, "like a herd of frantic sea-monsters yelling for their prey, insatiable, implacable."

Are we past? Have we escaped? Now we can breathe more freely. We have come those nine miles in fifteen minutes, and our gallant craft, like a tired swimmer exhausted by the buffeting of the waves, weariedly struggles on. It is with a sense of relief that we glide out into the calm waters below.

The sensation of perceptibly sailing *down hill* is one of the strangest conceivable. The feeling is that of sinking, sinking,

down, down, somewhat akin to that in some hideous nightmare, when we seem to be falling, falling, helplessly, helplessly, adown infinite abysses of yelling, roaring waters. But after the first strange terror is past, the feeling is one of the most exultant imaginable. It is like riding some mettlesome, high-spirited horse. A keen sympathy with the vessel is established, and all sense of danger is forgotten in the inspiring excitement.

The channel, in some places narrow and intricate, is marked out by floating buoys. See, there is one struggling with the stream, like a strong swimmer in his agony. Now it is borne



RUNNING THE RAPIDS.

down by the restless current, and now with a desperate effort it rises above the angry waves with a hopeless, appealing look, and an apparent gesture of entreaty that, at a little distance, seems quite human.

Of the remaining rapids, the Cascades are the more beautiful, but the Lachine Rapids, immediately above Montreal, are the more grand and terrible, be-

cause the more dangerous. In the channel, hidden rocks are more numerous. Before we enter the rapids, the Indian pilot, Baptiste, boards the steamer. He takes his place at the wheel, seconded by three other stalwart men. You can see by his compressed lips and contracted brow that he feels the responsibility of his position. Upon his skill depend the lives of all on board. But his eagle eye quails not, his grim, imperturbable features blanch not with fear. His cool composure reassures us. A breathless silence prevails. With a swift, wild sweep and terrible energy, the remorseless river bears us directly towards a low and rocky island. Nearer, nearer we approach. Baptiste! Baptiste! do you mean to dash

us on that cruel crag? We almost involuntarily hold our breath and close our eyes and listen for the crash.

"Hard-a-port!" The chains rattle, and with a disdainful sweep we swing around; the trees almost brush the deck, and we flout the threatened danger in the face.

But new perils appear. See those half-sunken rocks lying in wait, like grisly, gaunt sea-monsters ready to spring upon their prey? We seem to be in the same dilemma as Bunyan's pilgrim, when between giants Pope and Pagan. One or other of them will surely destroy us. How shall we avoid this yawning Scylla and yet escape that ravening Charybdis?

Well steered, Baptiste! We almost grazed the rock in passing! Hark! how these huge sea-monsters foam with rage and growl with disappointment at our escape. Our noble pilot guides the gallant vessel as a skilful horseman reins his prancing and curvetting steed.

Our Canadian poet, Sangster, thus describes these glorious rapids of the St. Lawrence:

The merry isles have floated idly past;
And suddenly the waters boil and leap,
On either side the foamy spray is cast,
Hoarse Genii through the shouting rapid sweep,
And pilot us unharmed adown the hissing steep.

The startled Galloppes shout as we draw nigh,
The Sault, delighted, hails our reckless bark,
The graceful Cedars murmur joyously,
The vexed Cascades threaten our little ark,
That sweeps, love-freighted, to its distant mark.
Again the troubled deep heaps surge on surge,
And howling billows sweep the waters dark,
Stunning the ear with their stentorian dirge,
That loudens as they strike the rocks' resisting verge.

And we have passed the terrible Lachine,
Have felt a fearless tremor thrill the soul,
As the huge waves upreared their crests of green,
Holding our feathery bark in their control,
As a strong eagle holds an oriole.
The brain grows dizzy with the whirl and hiss
Of the fast-crowding billows, as they roll,
Like struggling demons, to the vexed abyss,
Lashing the tortured crags with wild, demoniac bliss.

Mont Royale rises proudly on the view,
 A royal mount, indeed, with verdure crowned,
 Bedecked with regal dwellings, not a few,
 Which here and there adorn the mighty mound.
 St. Helens next, a fair, enchanted ground,
 A stately isle in glowing foliage dressed,
 Laved by the dark St. Lawrence all around,
 Giving a grace to its enamoured breast,
 As pleasing to the eye as Hochelaga's crest.

Behold before us, striding across the stream, like some huge centipede—like some enormously exaggerated hundred-footed caterpillar—the wondrous bridge which weds the long-divorced banks of the St. Lawrence. Beneath it we swiftly glide, and skirting the massy docks of the Canadian Liverpool, and threading our devious way through the mazy forest of masts, we find our berth under the protection of the Royal Mount, which gives to this stately city its name. With what calm majesty it draws its brown mantle of shadow around it as the day departs, and prepares to outwatch the coming night, guarding faithfully for evermore the city sleeping at its feet.

See how the purple St. Hilaire and the blue hills in the remoter distance wear upon their high, bald foreheads, the good-night smile of the setting sun while the lower levels are flooded with darkness—like a crown of gold upon the brow of some Æthiop king.

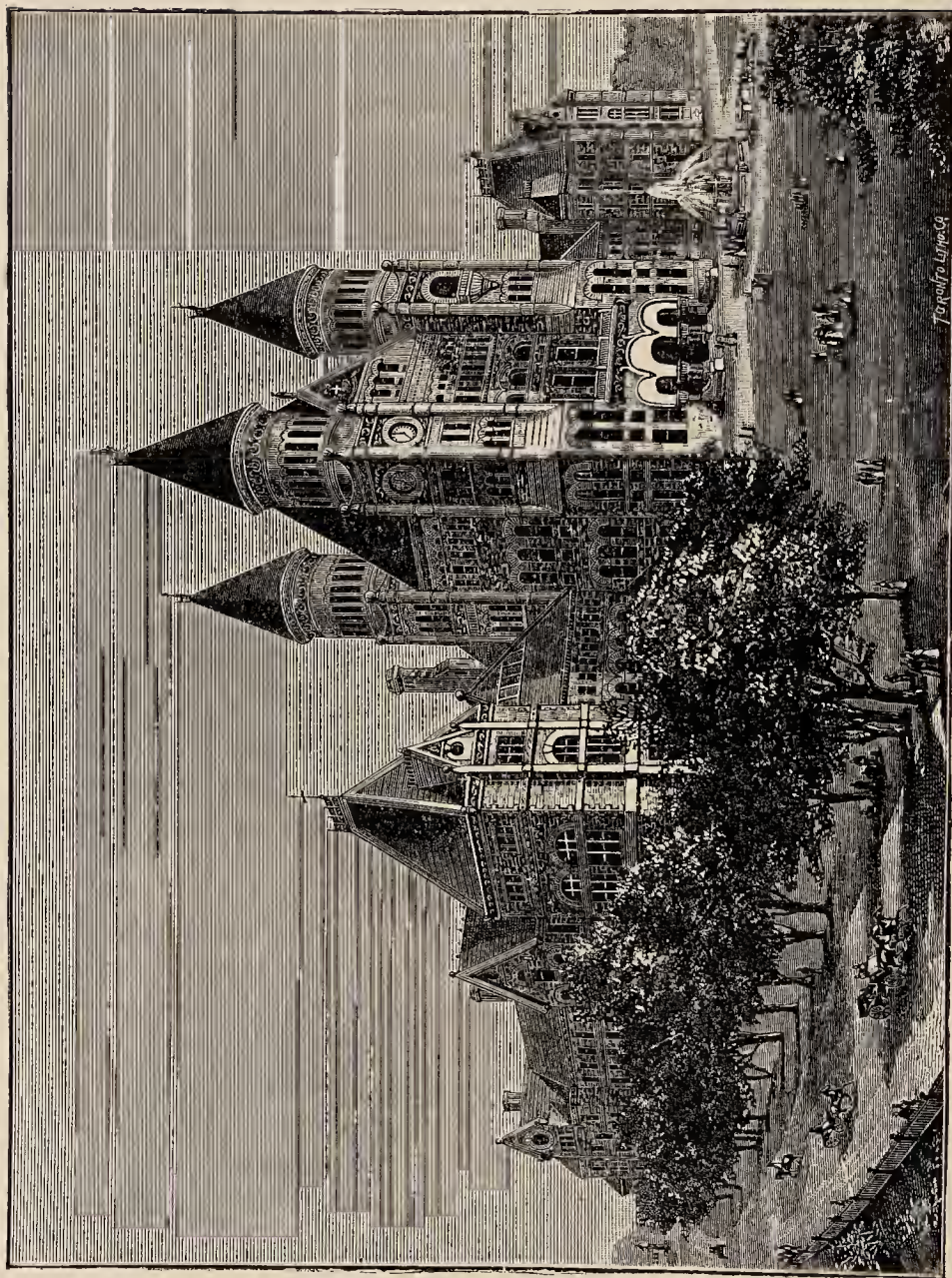
Behold how the twin towers of the lofty "Church of our Lady" lift themselves above the city—a symbol of that religious system which dominates the land. And look where the twinkling lamps reveal the hucksters' stalls, huddling around the "Church of Good Succour," like mendicants round the skirts of a priest. Trade and commerce seek to jostle from her place religion, rebuking ever their unrestful and corroding care. Listen to the heart of iron beating in yon lofty tower:—

Now their weird, unearthly changes
 Ring the beautiful wild chimes,
 Low at times and loud at times,
 And mingling like a poet's rhymes.
 Like the psalms in some old cloister,
 When the nuns sing in the choir,
 And the great bell tolls among them
 Like the chanting of a friar.

Proceeding westward from Kingston, one ought not to miss the charming sail up the Bay of Quinte—one of the most delightful excursions one can make. The route is completely land-locked, so there is no danger of sea-sickness. The many long and narrow indentations of the land on either side, present water vistas of exquisite beauty, and the softly rounded and richly-wooded hills, and cultivated upland slopes, present only images of peace and plenty. One of the most lovely of these inlets is the Bay of Picton. The town of Picton is one of idyllic beauty. The drives to the mysteriously fed Lake of the Mountain, and to the rolling sand dunes on the south shore, are full of interest.

Other pleasant towns on arms of this Briarian bay are Napanee, Deseronto, Shannonville, the beautiful city of Belleville, the seat of Albert College, and Trenton. On the shores of Lake Ontario are Brighton, Colborne, Grafton, Cobourg, a town of four thousand, for fifty years the seat of a Methodist College which, under the brilliant administration of Chancellor Nelles, has sent forth thousands of graduates to mould the intellectual life of the province; Port Hope, with a population of six thousand and admirable railway connections with the interior; Newcastle, Bowmanville, Oshawa and Whitby, the two latter with admirable colleges for the higher education of women; and the city of Toronto.



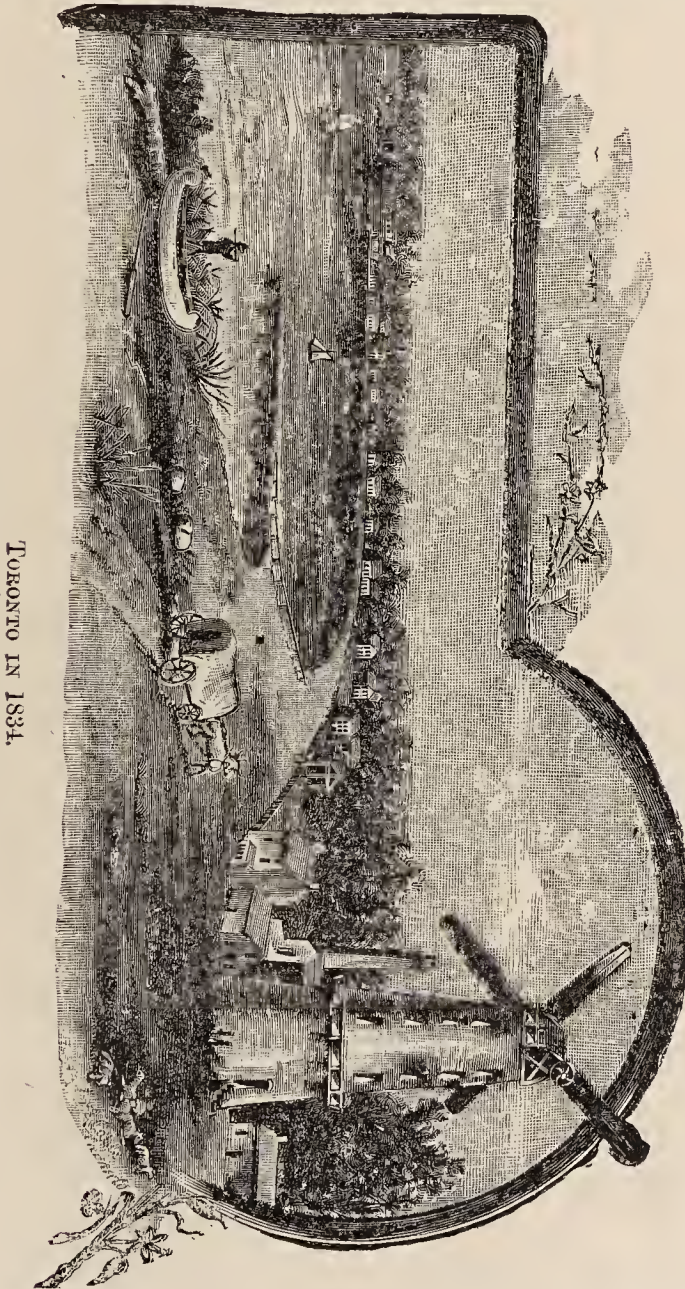


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DESIGN FOR NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO.

TORONTO.

"The name Toronto," says Mr. S. E. Dawson, "was originally applied to the whole district in the neighbourhood of Lake



Simcoe. Thus, on some old maps, Georgian Bay is Toronto Bay, Lake Simcoe is Toronto Lake, and the Severn and Humber

rivers are both called Toronto River, and the old writers used the word in as wide an application. The town which Governor Simcoe founded he called York, and it was not until 1834, when the city was incorporated, that the musical Iroquois word Toronto* (signifying trees in the water) was adopted, and limited to this place. As early as 1749 it was recognized as an important locality, for the Indians from the north used to pass up the Severn, across Lake Simcoe, and make a portage to the Humber, which here falls into Lake Ontario. It was



OLD BLOCKHOUSE.

to cut off this trade from going to Chouagen (Oswego) that the French built a fort and trading post near the mouth of the Humber, which they called Fort Rouillé. This had been long abandoned when Simcoe founded the present city."

The Rev. Dr. Scadding, in his interesting account of "Toronto's First Germ," says:—"By a popular misuse of terms the word 'Toronto' came to be applied to the small trading-post or 'fort,' established in 1749, on the north shore of Lake Ontario, not far

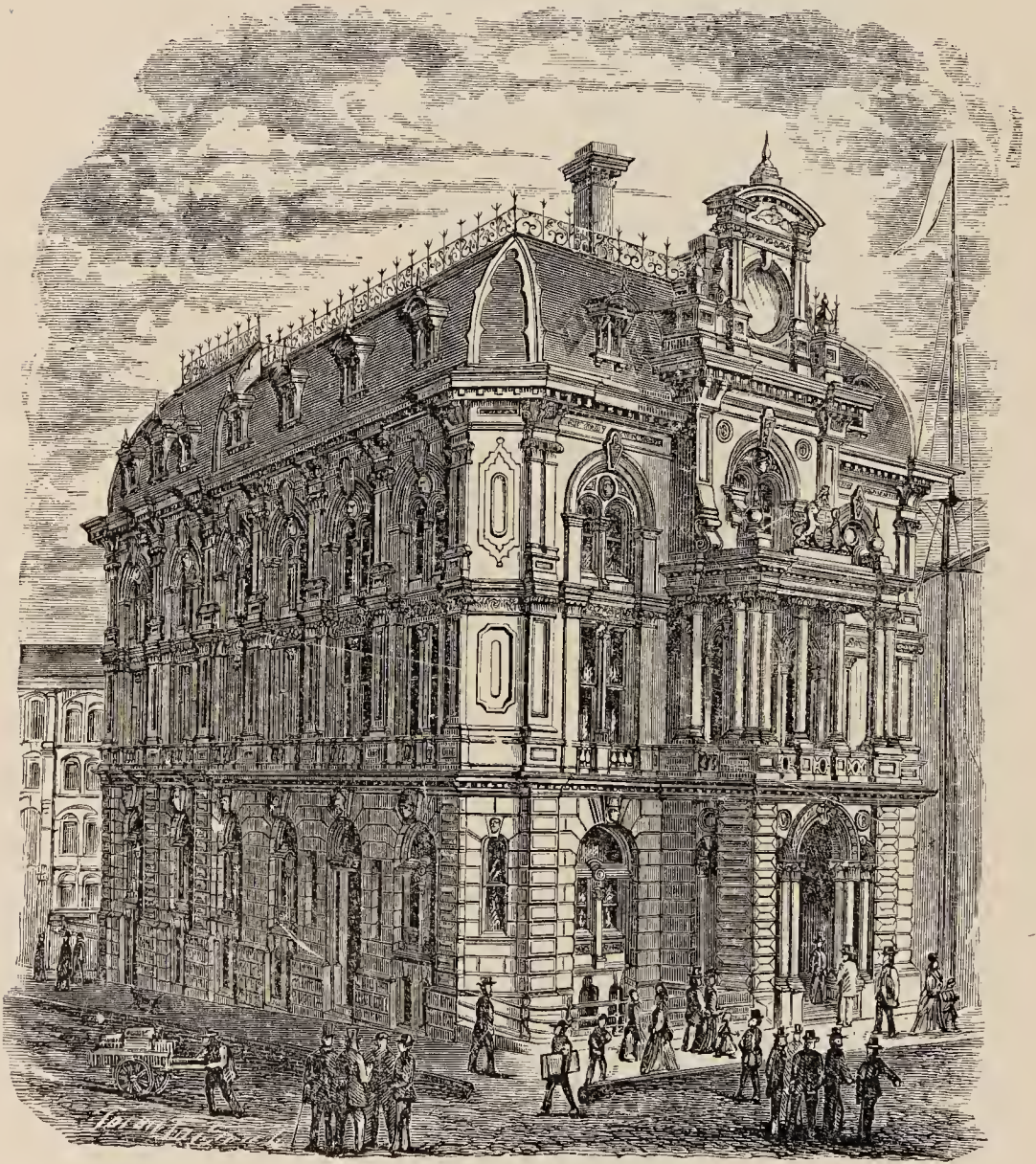
*The long low spit of land forming the harbour, when it was densely wooded, would naturally suggest this name for the district opened up by a portage thus identified from the lake.



from the mouth of the Humber. The proper and official name of this erection was Fort Rouillé, so called in compliment to Antoine Louis Rouillé, the Colonial Minister of the day. But traders and *coureurs du bois* preferred to speak of Fort Rouillé as Fort Toronto, because it stood at the landing-place of the southern terminus of the trail which conducted up to the well-known 'Toronto,' the place of concourse, the great Huron rendezvous sixty miles to the north; and the popular phraseology ultimately prevailed.

"Fort Toronto was nothing more than a stockaded storehouse, with quarters for a keeper and a few soldiers, after the fashion of a small Hudson's

Bay trading-post. A large portion of the site which, fifty years ago, used commonly to be visited as that of the 'Old

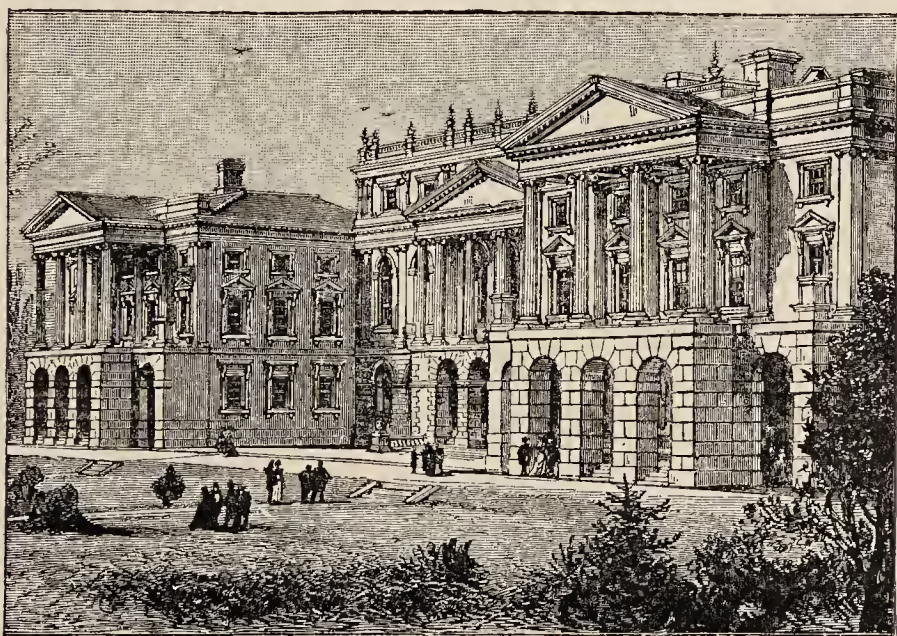


CUSTOM HOUSE, TORONTO.

French Fort,' is now fallen into the lake; but depressions, marking the situation of cellars and portions of some ancient foundations connected with out-buildings are still discernible,

as also indications of the line of the stockade on the north side. Formerly there were conspicuous remains of flagged flooring and the basement of chimneys.

"The site of the trading establishment which was thus destined to be the initial germ of the present city of Toronto, is now enclosed within the bounds of the park appertaining to the Exhibition Buildings of the city, overlooking the lake. Here a cairn or mound, commemorative of the fact, has been erected by the Corporation (1878). On its top rests a massive



OSGOODE HALL, TORONTO.

granite boulder, bearing the following inscription: 'This cairn marks the exact site of Fort Rouillé, commonly known as Fort Toronto, an Indian Trading-post and Stockade, established A.D. 1749, by order of the Government of Louis XV., in accordance with the recommendations of the Count de la Galissoniere, Administrator of New France 1747-1749. Erected by the Corporation of the City of Toronto, A.D. 1878.' The boulder which bears the inscription has been allowed to retain its natural features. It was dredged up out of the navigable channel which leads into the adjoining harbour."



THE METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH, TORONTO.

In the year 1795, Governor Simcoe removed from Newark (Niagara), the first capital of Upper Canada, to York, which he



ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL, TORONTO.

had selected as the seat of government before a single house was erected in the latter place. He lodged temporarily in a canvas tent or pavilion, pitched on the plateau overlooking the

western end of the bay. It is a matter of historic interest that this tent had been originally constructed for the distinguished navigator, Captain James Cook, and was by him used in his explorations. In 1797 the Provincial Legislature of Upper Canada was opened in a wooden building near the river Don, whose site is still commemorated by the name of Parliament Street. Before this event, however, the founder of Toronto was trans-

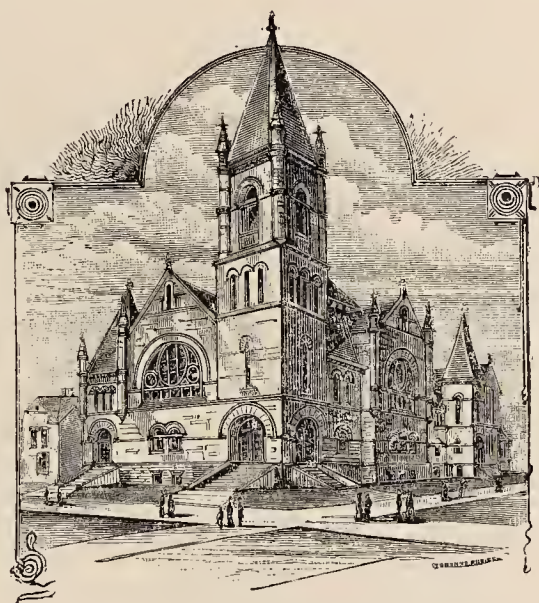


ST. ALBAN'S CATHEDRAL, TORONTO.

ferred to the government of San Domingo. He had employed the King's Rangers to construct the great northern artery of commerce, Yonge Street, leading from the city toward the lake which bears his name, and had projected a comprehensive policy for the establishment of a provincial university, and for the development of the resources of the country. On his removal, however, most of these wise schemes either fell through or were indefinitely postponed. Land designed for settlement, especially

near the infant capital, was seized by speculators, and the growth and prosperity of the town of York was thereby greatly retarded.

During the disastrous war of 1812-14, York was twice captured by the Americans, and many of its public and private buildings were destroyed by fire. After the war the town experienced a revival of prosperity, and, as the seat of government and the principal courts of law, became the centre of a somewhat aristocratic society. The unfortunate political disaffection of the years 1837 and 1838 seriously interfered with the progress of the city of Toronto, as it was now called—it had become incorporated and elected its first mayor, the celebrated William Lyon Mackenzie, in 1834. The principal evidence of those troublous times was a blockhouse or two like that in our cut on page 274, long since destroyed.

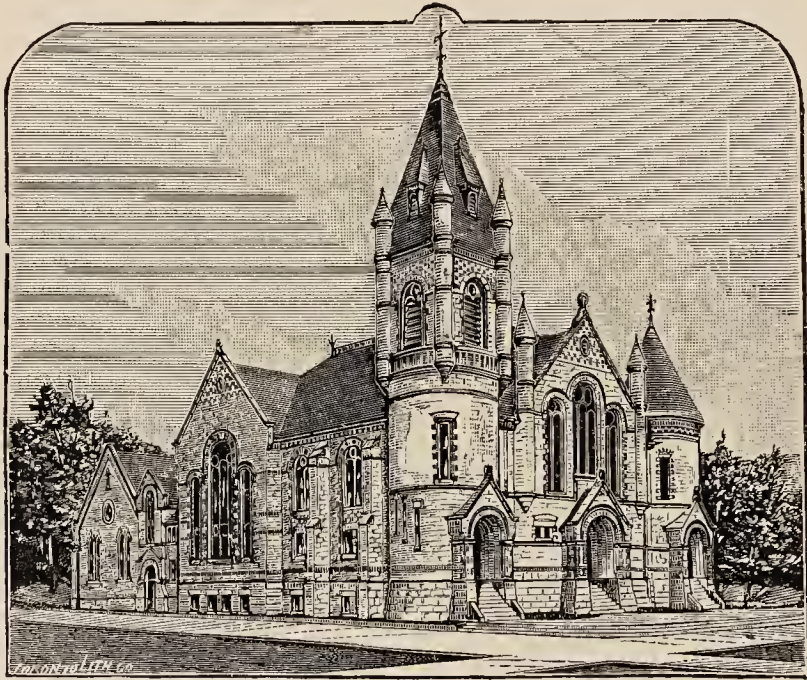


NEW WESTERN METHODIST CHURCH.

Within the lifetime of men still living, Toronto has grown from an unimportant hamlet to a noble and beautiful city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. In commercial enterprise, in stately architecture, and in admirable institutions, it is surpassed by no city in the Dominion. Situated on an excellent harbour, it has communication by water with all the ports of the great lakes and the St. Lawrence, and its commercial prosperity is fostered by the rich agricultural country by which it is surrounded, by several railroads and by the great highways by which the remoter settlements are made tributary to its growth.

Nothing gave a greater impulse to the material prosperity of

Toronto than the construction of the railway system, by means of which the back country became tributary to its markets and manufactories. The first of these roads was the Northern Railway, the first sod of which was turned in 1851, amid imposing ceremonies, by Lady Elgin, the amiable consort of one of the ablest Governors whom Canada ever possessed. In course of time the Great Western and Grand Trunk Railways were constructed, largely through the efforts of Sir Allan



SHERBOURNE STREET METHODIST CHURCH, TORONTO.

McNabb and Sir Francis Hincks. The Midland; Toronto, Grey and Bruce; and the Ontario and Quebec Railways, now forming part of the Canadian Pacific Railway system, were subsequently constructed. However unprofitable some of these roads may have been to their projectors, they have increased the value of every acre of land and of every bushel of grain in the region which they traverse, and, by the increased facilities of traffic and travel which they furnish, have contributed in no small degree to make Toronto the great commercial emporium of the Province of Ontario.

The recent rapid commercial development of the city of Toronto may be seen in the construction of large blocks of wholesale stores, consequent upon the growth of the railway system of the province and the extension of trade with the interior. To accommodate the increasing business of the city, the large and handsome new Custom House, which would challenge admiration in any capital in Europe, was erected. It is adorned by artistically executed medallion busts, in high relief, of distinguished navigators, and the internal decoration is exceedingly costly and ornate.

To grant the requisite facilities for increasing passenger traffic the Grand Trunk Railway Company built their capacious and elegant Union Station, which is the handsomest and most



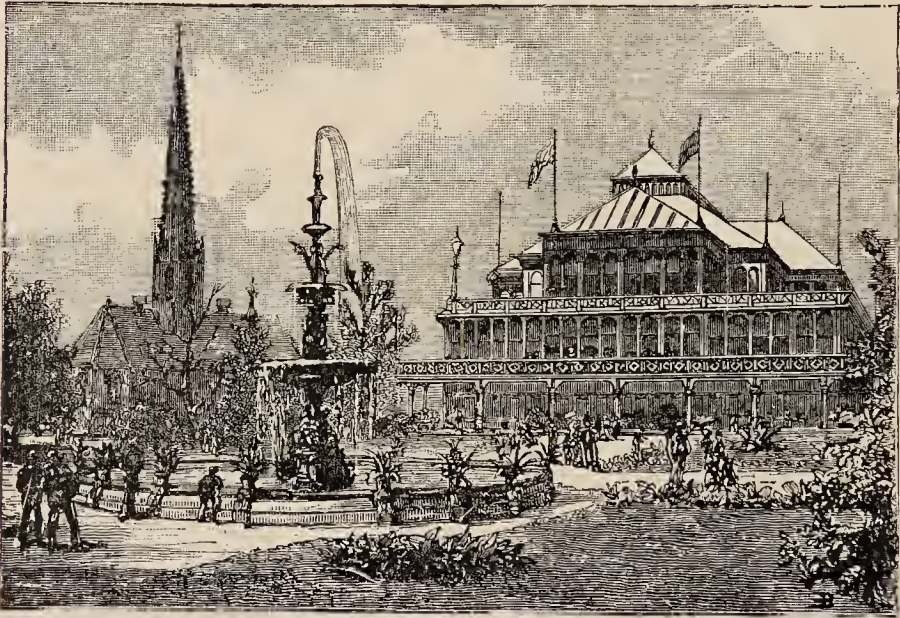
EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, TORONTO.

commodious structure of the sort in the Dominion. Increased postal facilities have also been furnished by the new Post Office building and by the more frequent mail service and free letter delivery.

Osgoode Hall, of which we give an engraving, commemorates by its name the first Chief Justice, and one of the ablest jurists of Upper Canada. The building has undergone remarkable vicissitudes of fortune, having been at one time employed as barracks for soldiers,—and the sharp challenge of the sentry and the loud word of command of the drill sergeant were heard in the precincts where now learned barristers plead and begowned judges dispense justice. The building, however, has undergone such changes that its *quondam* military occupants would no longer recognize it. The magnificent library

of the Law Society, and the central court, surrounded by a peristyle of beautifully carved Caen stone, with its exquisite pavement of tessellated tile, are among the architectural *chefs d'œuvre* of the province.

The most important public building in the city, and one of the most important in the Dominion, or indeed on the continent, is the new Parliament House in Queen's Park. The building when completed will be five hundred and twelve feet long and two hundred and seventy-six feet deep, and the main tower



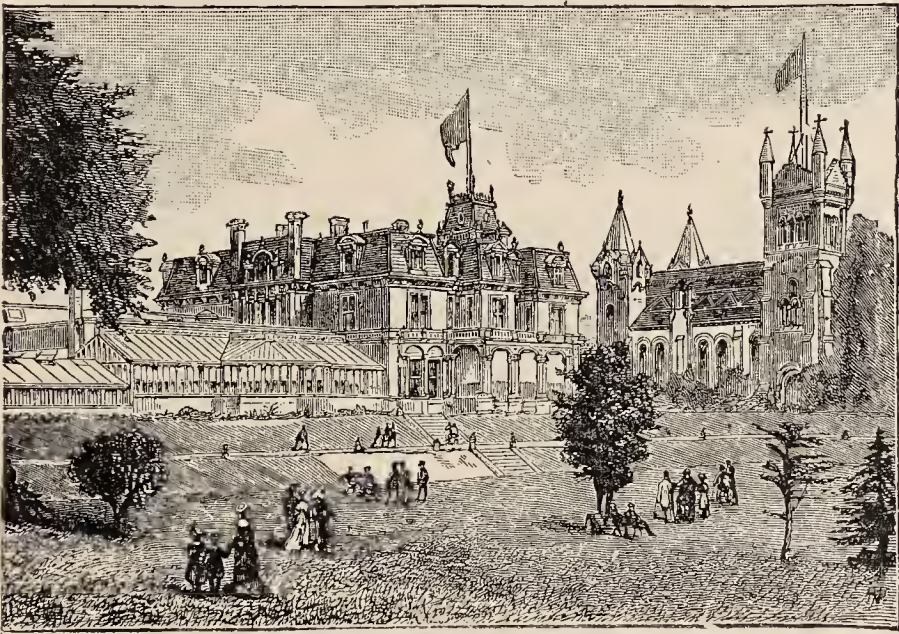
HORTICULTURAL GARDENS AND PAVILION, TORONTO.

will reach a height of one hundred and ninety feet. The Legislative Chamber will be a magnificent room one hundred and twelve by eighty feet and fifty-two feet high. It is being constructed almost entirely of Credit Valley stone and of brick, of which thirteen million will be employed. The cost of the building will be about \$1,300,000.

Few cities of its size will compare with Toronto for the number and beauty of its churches. Of some of the more conspicuous of these we give illustrations. The Metropolitan Church is a monument of the residence in Canada of the Rev.

W. Morley Punshon, LL.D., to whose faith in the future of Methodism in this country, and zeal for its prosperity, it largely owes its existence. It is both externally and internally one of the most elegant and commodious Methodist churches in the world, and is unequalled by any of which we are aware in the spacious and beautiful grounds by which it is surrounded.

St. James' Cathedral, may, in like manner, be said to be a memorial of the energy and religious zeal of the Rev. Dr. Strachan, the first and most indefatigable bishop whom the



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TORONTO.

Anglican Church in Canada has ever possessed. It is one of the finest specimens of perpendicular Gothic architecture in America. The spire, rising to the height of 306 feet, is gracefully proportioned, and the most lofty on the continent, exceeding that of Trinity Church, New York, by twenty-one feet. The tower contains a chime of bells and the celebrated clock manufactured by Benson, of London, and which obtained the highest prize at the Vienna Exhibition.

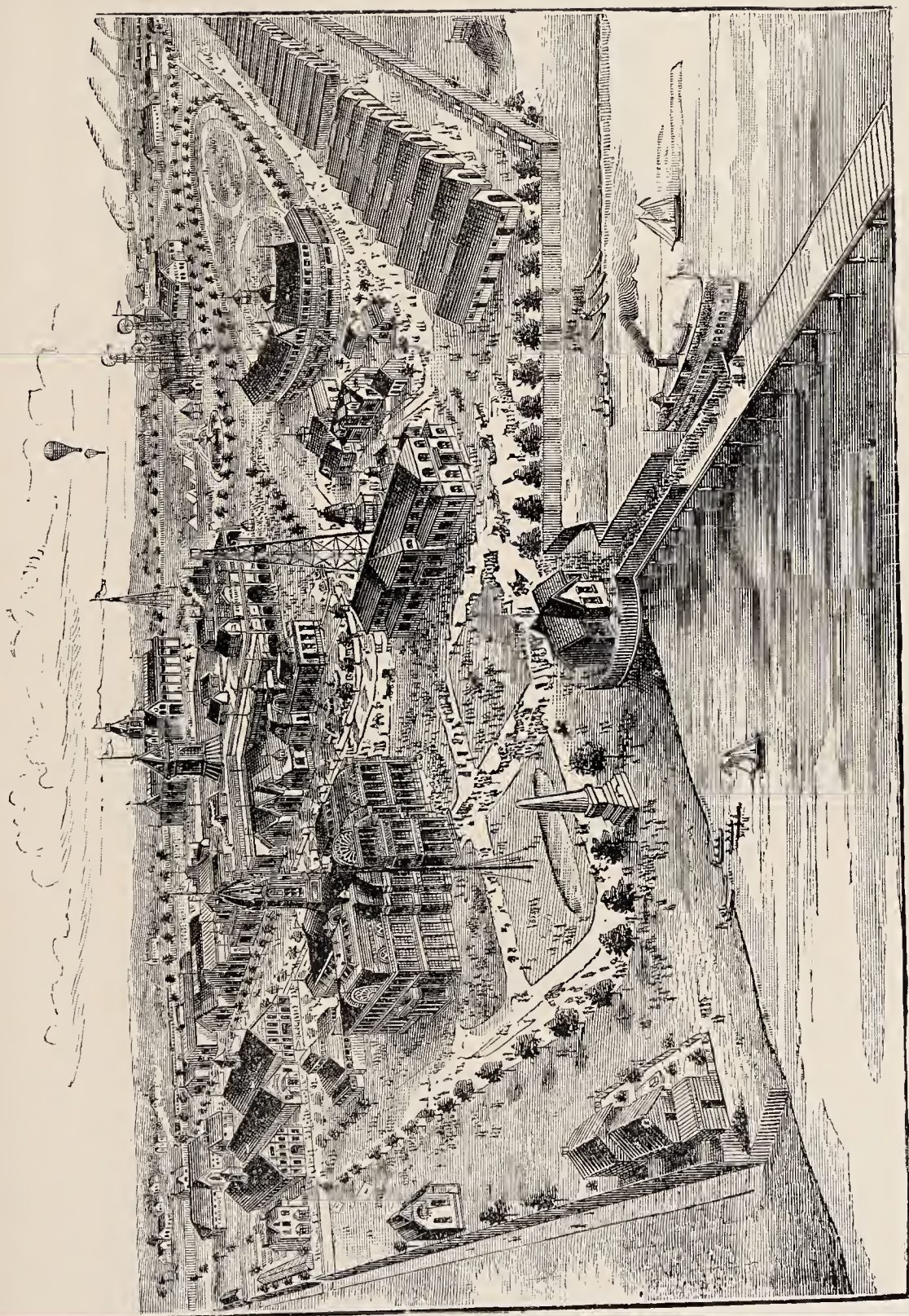
In the interior, the apse, surrounded by fine traceried windows, is finely decorated in carved oak, and contains a monu-

ment to Bishop Strachan. The tower and spire can be ascended; and in addition to seeing the works of the clock, a wide range of view can be had of the city, the harbour, and surrounding country. The Anglican Cathedral of St. Alban will, when completed, be a noble architectural structure, and an ornament to the city.

The Jarvis Street Baptist Church is an imposing structure of Queenston and Ohio stone, with columns of New Brunswick granite and roof of Canadian slates in bands of varied colours. The interior is amphitheatral in form, and presents very superior facilities for hearing, seeing, and speaking—in which respect many churches are very defective. Some of the new churches of the city are very elegant, as the Western Methodist Church on Bloor Street, see page 281, and the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church shown on page 282.

The full-page engraving will give an excellent idea of the main building of the Industrial Exhibition. This is a structure of glass and iron, and of cruciform shape. It is two hundred and ninety-two feet in length from east to west, and two hundred and thirteen feet in depth. The width of the east and west wings is sixty-four feet. The *coup d'œil* of the interior during the progress of the Exhibition, as seen from the second or third gallery, is very imposing. The four radiating arms of the huge cross are crowded with industrial exhibits of endless variety, beauty and utility. Gay bannerets flutter in the bright sunlight streaming through the transparent walls; a highly ornate fountain in the centre throws up its silver column in the air, and a moving multitude swarm in and out of the vast structure “like bees about their straw-built citadel.”

Outside of the main building the scene is no less animated. Machinery Hall, with its whirr of shafts and belts and revolving wheels, with its complex machinery all at work with tireless sinews and nimble fingers, and apparently almost conscious intelligence, is a centre of much attraction. The Agricultural and Horticultural Halls are overflowing with the beautiful gifts of Providence to our favoured country. The exhibit of live stock is immense, and of unsurpassed excellence of quality. These industrial exhibitions are a great national



EXHIBITION GROUNDS, TORONTO, (p. 286).

education of the people, and give new conceptions of the material wealth of our country and of the mechanical ingenuity and business energy of our countrymen. The most remarkable feature of the Exhibition is the provision made for its reception—the numerous, elegant and extensive buildings, nearly all of which arose upon a barren plain in the short space of only three months. The success of this Exhibition is admitted, by those cognizant of the facts, to be due, more than to the efforts of any other man, to the indefatigable energy of ex-Alderman Withrow, President of the Exhibition Association, who has



TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

been ably seconded by efficient co-labourers. The small cut gives a good idea of the grouping of buildings on this busy spot. Similar local Exhibitions are also held at Hamilton, Brantford, London, Guelph, Kingston, Ottawa, and many other cities and towns.

The cut on page 284, gives a very good view of the Pavilion in the Horticultural Gardens. There are few pleasanter spots in which to saunter over the velvet lawn on a summer afternoon, the bright sunlight glinting through the trees, and the graceful fountain in the foreground flashing with showers of liquid diamonds. In the background is seen the spire of the handsome Jarvis Street Baptist Church.

Our cut on page 235 gives a good idea of the provision made by the Province for the comfortable lodging of the representative of our gracious Sovereign. The broad greensward, the terraced slopes, the spacious conservatories and elegant Government House, furnish facilities for those hospitalities which our Lieutenant-Governors so gracefully dispense. The castellated-



AT HIGH PARK, TORONTO.

looking tower to the right is that of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, of which the accomplished Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., is the popular pastor.

The University Buildings in the Queen's Park are the noblest specimens of Norman architecture on the continent. The massive tower, the quaint arcades, the open-roofed Convocation

Hall, with their varied details of bracket and corbel, in which grotesque faces grin and leer, like the creations of a distempered monkish dream—an odd piece of mediævalism in the broad glare of the nineteenth century—will well repay a careful study. Trinity, Wycliffe, Knox, St. Michael's, McMaster Hall, and several medical colleges make Toronto, in a very conspicuous degree, the educational centre of the Province.

The suburbs of Toronto present many delightful “bits” that would delight the pencil of an artist. One of the most delightful of these is High Park, generously donated to the city by J. G. Howard, Esq.

The following fine sonnet by Mr. W. D. Lighthall, of Montreal, expresses the genial sentiment that we believe animates the people of that sister city towards Toronto:

Queen city ! Sister-queen of ours,
 On thy clear brow shine bright the crown !
 Broad be thy sway and fair thy towers,
 And, honoured, keep thou evil down.
 Sublimely thy straightforward eyes
 Are looking to the great ideals :
 Lead on, lead on ! be free, be wise ;
 And surge thou o'er with noble zeals.
 Contest with us the race of Good :
 Grow mightier, if thou mayest, than we :
 In sisterhood and brotherhood
 There is no room for jealousy.
 Extend thy quays and halls and bowers,
 And long be sister-queen of ours !



THE NIAGARA FRONTIER.

Few parts of the Dominion of Canada present such a remarkable combination of picturesque scenery and stirring historic associations as the Niagara frontier, especially that part reaching from the great cataract to the mouth of the river. It unites the charm of soft pastoral and sylvan landscape, and the wildest and grandest sublimity.

Probably the greatest scenic attraction of the continent of



GOVERNOR SIMCOE.

America is the Falls of Niagara. These are reached in a few hours from Toronto by steamer to Niagara and by rail to the Falls. The enlightened policy of the Canadian and American Governments, adopted at the suggestion of Lord Dufferin, of preserving forever as a park for the people the environment of the grandest waterfall in the world, and the many other attractions of the frontier, will always make it a favourite tourist resort. We begin our survey with the historic old town of Niagara, and abridge from a recent number of *Harper's Monthly*, some interesting facts concerning the ancient borough.

On entering the river we pass on the left old Fort Niagara, on the very site of the original fort planted by La Salle in 1678, and haunted with historic memories. To the right rises the dismantled bastion of Fort Missisauga, erected since the war of 1812. A mile higher up are the ruins of Fort George, which bore the brunt of the war of 1812, and was blown up by Col. Vincent, to prevent it falling into the hands of the American invaders. The quiet town, embowered amid its orchards and gardens, presents a picture of idyllic repose. Far different was the stormy scene when, with a solitary exception, every one of its four hundred houses were given to the flames at an hour's notice by the American army.

Niagara is the Plymouth Rock of Upper Canada, and was once its proud capital city. Various known in the past as Loyal Village, Butlersbury, Nassau, and Newark, it had a daily paper as early as 1792, and was a military post of distinction before the present century; its real beginnings, however, being contemporaneous with the Revolutionary War. Here, within two short hours' sail or ride of the populous and busy cities of Toronto and Buffalo, we come upon a spot of intensest quiet, in the shadow of whose ivy-mantled church tower sleep trusted servants of the Georges, and their Indian allies. The place has been overtaken by none of that unpicturesque commercial prosperity which further up the frontier threatens to destroy all the natural beauties of the river banks.

The Welland Canal and the Grand Trunk and Great Western railway systems diverted from Niagara the great part of the carrying trade, and with it that growth and activity which have signalized the neighbouring cities of Canada. "Refuse the Welland Canal entrance to your town," said the commissioners, "and the grass will grow in your streets." The prediction has been realized. St. Catharines is a flourishing neighbour, while Niagara, with a harbour in which the navy of England might ride, sees her cows crop the turf up to the doorsteps of the brass-knocked, wide-windowed houses, while the classic goose roams through the town. When the red-coated militia of the Dominion are encamped on the breezy common, the unwonted bustle and stir in the quiet old town make it

the more easy to summon a picture of that remote past when Niagara, then Newark, figured as a gay frontier military post.

Here Governor Simcoe opened the first Upper Canadian Legislature; and later, from here General Brock planned the defence of Upper Canada. While the cities of Western New York, which have now far eclipsed it, were rude log settlements, at Newark some little attempt was made at decorum and society.

Near Fort George, less than a century ago, stood the first Parliament House of Upper Canada. Here, seventy years before President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, the first United Empire Loyalist Parliament, like the embattled farmers of Concord, "fired a shot heard round the world." For one of the first measures of the exiled patricians was to pass an act forbidding slavery. Few readers know that at Newark, now Niagara, Ontario, was enacted that law by which Canada became not only the first country in the world to abolish slavery, but, as such, a safe refuge for the fugitive slaves from the Southern States.

After much hesitation and perplexity, Governor Simcoe decided to fix the seat of government at Newark, where a small frame house served him for the executive residence as well as the Parliament building. Traces of the fish-ponds which surrounded it may still be detected in the green depressions of the river-bank where it stood. A landed gentleman and a member of the British House of Commons, Governor Simcoe voluntarily relinquished the luxuries of his beautiful English home and estates to bury himself in the wilderness, and use his executive powers for the service of his country in establishing the government of Canada on broad and secure foundations. We read of the first Governor of Upper Canada that he lived in a noble and hospitable manner. Mrs. Simcoe not only performed the duties of wife and mother, but acted as her husband's secretary. She was a gifted draughtswoman, and her maps and plans served Governor Simcoe in laying out the towns of the new colony.

With the sweet chimes from its belfry-tower pealing out across the village park, every visitor, when first he comes in sight of St. Mark's gray buttresses, must echo Dean Stanley's

involuntary exclamation, "Why, this is old England right over again!" Surrounded by a churchyard full of moss-grown tombstones, and shaded by drooping elms, the air sweet in springtime with the scent of wild flowers, St. Mark's is the very picture of an English country church. Entering the dim, quiet interior, the legend "Fear God! honour the king!" carved

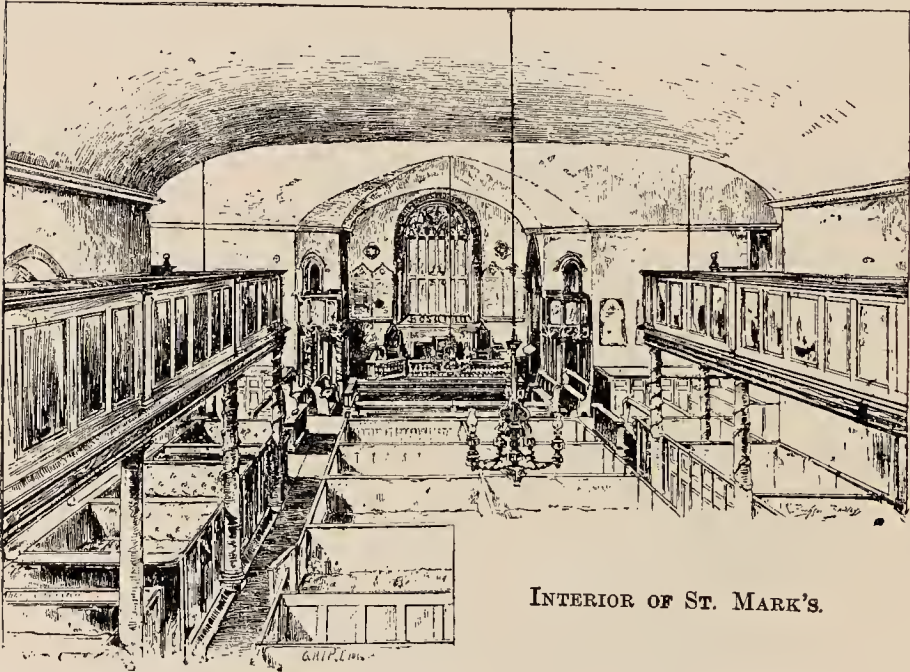


ST. MARK'S CHURCH, NIAGARA.

on a mural tablet, greets the eye, to renew the impression of the Christian patriotism which animated the early settlers of the town. This stone is to the memory of Colonel John Butler, of Butler's Rangers, His Majesty's Commissioner for Indian Affairs, and of Wyoming massacre memory. He was the founder of St. Mark's Church. The parish register contains this record of his death: "1796. May 15.—Col. John Butler, of the Rangers. (My patron.) Robert Addison, min'r of Niagara."

It is a gratifying fact that more recent investigation has proved much of the obloquy cast upon Colonel Butler by earlier writers of American history to have been due to the heated partisan prejudice of that time.

Few churches in America can boast so many quaint and peculiar tablets as St. Mark's. One is to the memory of an officer who "served in most of the glorious actions of the Peninsular war." A gallery supported by slender pillars runs around the church, and the high, square box pews are curtained



INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S.

in red. The neutral tints of the stained glass in the chancel windows, harmonizing well with the faded quaintness of the gray interior, are a relief to the eye. Established in 1792, the parish has had but three rectors since the beginning. The church itself, the oldest but one in Upper Canada, was built in 1802.

The names in the earlier pages of the register represent the different nationalities which made up the motley population of a stirring frontier town—English, Irish, Scotch, French, Indians and Negroes, with a generous sprinkling of Tories from the Hudson and Mohawk.

On the outskirts of the town stands a large, square, yellow brick house, mantled in ivy and clematis. Its broad and spacious porch looks upon an old-fashioned garden and orchard. Approaching it by the country road that leads off from the town, past detached villas, the green common, and over an old stone bridge, one sees shy, curious little faces peering out through the fence pickets. For it is here, under the name of



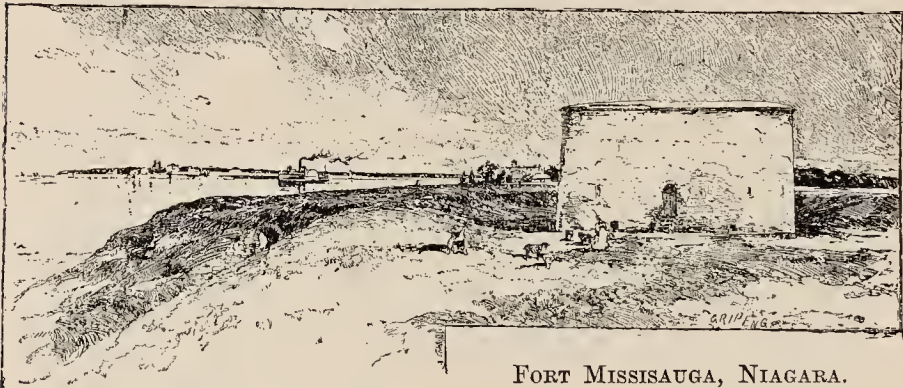
MISS RYE'S ORPHANAGE.

"Our Western Home," that Miss Rye, one of the most distinguished of England's women philanthropists, has established her famous orphanage. Since 1869, when the house, formerly the old Niagara county jail, was opened, over 2,000 London waifs, ranging in age from two to sixteen, have found a home under this roof.

Old Fort Missisauga, its walls

"Thick as a feudal keep, with loop-holes slashed,"

lies to the north of the town of Niagara, on a bluff above the lake, and in the nooks and crannies of its ruined arches innumerable pigeons nest. Built from the ruins of the ancient town, it serves to keep in mind traditions of that bleak December night when the hapless inhabitants of the little settlement were turned into the streets to brave the ice and snow of a Canadian winter. To England, then absorbed in a deadly struggle with Napoleon, this frontier war of 1812 was as nothing in comparison with the mightier interest at stake, but of vital moment to the pioneers fleeing from the whirlwind of fire and sword which, beginning with Newark, swept the whole frontier, to culminate in the burning of Buffalo, then the largest settlement on the Niagara border.



FORT MISSISAUGA, NIAGARA.

UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

Tourists stroll frequently to the grassy ramparts of old Fort George, whose irregular outlines are still to be traced upon the open plains which now surround it. Here landed, in 1783-84, ten thousand United Empire Loyalists, who, to keep inviolate their oaths of allegiance to the King, quitted their freeholds and positions of trust and honour in the States to begin life anew in the unbroken wilds of Upper Canada. Little has been written of the sufferings and privations endured by "the makers" of Upper Canada. Students and specialists who have investigated the story of a flight equalled only by that of the Huguenots after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have been led to admire the spirit of unselfish patriotism which

led over one hundred thousand fugitives to self-exile. The United Empire Loyalists, it has been well said, "bleeding with the wounds of seven years of war, left ungathered the crops of their rich farms on the Mohawk and in New Jersey, and, stripped of every earthly possession, braved the terrors of the unbroken wilderness from the Mohawk to Lake Ontario." Inhabited to-day by the descendants of these pioneers, the old-fashioned loyalty and conservatism of the Niagara district is the more conspicuous by contrast with neighboring republicanism over the river.

Perhaps as appropriately here as elsewhere may a further reference be made to those Pilgrim Fathers of Canada—a body of as noble and devoted patriots as the world has ever seen—an ancestry of whom their descendants may well feel proud.

It is somewhat remarkable that one of the most eloquent vindications of the United Empire Loyalists of Canada is from the pen of, not only a citizen of the United States, but of a Brevet Major-General of the State of New York. General DePeyster has good reason for his enthusiasm for the U. E. Loyalists. Both of his grandfathers held Royal commissions. Three great uncles were shot on the battlefield. Many others gallantly served the King, and for their loyalty to the Empire died in exile. Though raised to high honour in his native city and State, he still sympathizes strongly with the old flag and vindicates eloquently the fidelity and valour of the old Loyalists.

The amplest historical treatment of the U. E. Loyalists is that by the venerable Dr. Ryerson, himself an illustrious scion of the goodly stock. Never before have they received such adequate vindication and such well-founded eulogy. He who would comprehend in its fulness the heroic story of the Pilgrim Fathers and founders of Upper Canada, must carefully read Dr. Ryerson's admirable history of the United Empire Loyalists.

It will suffice here to briefly indicate some of the most important facts connected with the exile of these heroic people—an exile without parallel in history—unless it is the expulsion of the Moriscoes from Spain or of the Huguenots from France by Louis XIV. The condition of the American colonists who, during the Revolutionary War, remained faithful to the mother

country, was one of extreme hardship. They were exposed to suspicion and insult, and sometimes to wanton outrage and spoliation. They were denounced by the local Assemblies as traitors. Many of them were men of wealth, education, talent and professional ability. But they found their property confiscated, their families ostracised, and often their lives menaced. The fate of these patriotic men excited the sympathy of the mother country.

Their zeal for the unity of the Empire won for them the name of United Empire Loyalists, or, more briefly, U. E. Loyalists. The British Government made liberal provision for their domiciliation in the seaboard provinces and Canada. The close of the war was followed by an exodus of these faithful men and their families, who, from their loyalty to their King and the institutions of their fatherland, abandoned their homes and property, often large estates, to encounter the discomforts of new settlements, or the perils of the pathless wilderness. These exiles for conscience' sake came chiefly from New England and the State of New York, but a considerable number came from the Middle and Southern States of the Union.

Several thousand settled near Halifax, and on the Bay of Fundy. They were conveyed in transport ships, and billeted in churches and private houses till provision could be made for their settlement on grants of land. Many of them arrived in wretched plight, and had to be clothed and fed by public or private charity. A still larger number settled near the St. John and Kennebecasis rivers, in what is now the Province of New Brunswick, of whose fertile lands they had received glowing accounts from agents sent to explore the country.

What is now the Province of Ontario, at the close of the Revolutionary War was almost a wilderness. The entire European population is said to have been less than two thousand souls. These dwelt chiefly in the vicinity of the fortified posts on the St. Lawrence, the Niagara and the St Clair rivers. The population of Lower Canada was, at this time, about one hundred and twenty thousand. It was proposed by the Home Government to create, as a refuge for the Loyalist refugees, a

new colony to the west of the older settlements on the St. Lawrence, it being deemed best to keep the French and English populations separate. For this purpose, surveys were made along the upper portion of the river, around the beautiful Bay of Quinte, on the northern shores of Lake Ontario, and on the Niagara and St. Clair rivers.

To each U. E. Loyalist was assigned a free grant of two hundred acres of land, as also to each child, even to those born after immigration, on their coming of age. The Government, moreover, assisted with food, clothing and implements, those loyal exiles who had lost all on their expatriation. Each settler received an axe, hoe and spade; a plough and one cow were allotted to every two families, and a whip-saw and cross-cut saw to each group of four households. Sets of tools, portable corn-mills, with steel plates like coffee-mills, and other conveniences and necessities of life were also distributed among those pioneers of civilization in Upper Canada.

Many disbanded soldiers and militia, and half-pay officers of English and German regiments, took up land; and liberal land-grants were made to immigrants from Great Britain. These early settlers were for the most part poor, and for the first three years the Government granted rations of food to the loyal refugees and soldiers. During the year 1784, it is estimated that ten thousand persons were located in Upper Canada. In course of time not a few immigrants arrived from the United States. The wilderness soon began to give place to smiling farms, thriving settlements, and waving fields of grain, and zealous missionaries threaded the forest in order to administer to the scattered settlers the rites of religion.

The sons of the U. E. Loyalists should be worthy of those patriotic sires. They met defeat, but never knew dishonour. They were the heroes of a lost cause. It was theirs to sing the sublime "Hymn of the Conquered," and yet to plant in the virgin soil of this Northern land the germs of a new nation which shall maintain, let us hope for all time, British laws, British institutions and British liberty.

Mr. William Kirby, of Niagara, whose stirring poem on the U. E. Loyalists we quote, writes thus of these brave men :

"The exile of the Loyalists from the United States (Judge Jones says that one hundred thousand left the port of New York alone) forms one of the grand unwritten chapters of American history, and one of the noblest. Americans will yet be more proud of those high-principled exiled Loyalists than of those who banished them and ungenerously seized their properties, and confiscated all they had. It will be like writing with electric light a new, true and grander chapter of American history than has yet been written. American historians and compilers have almost always completely ignored or misrepresented the character, numbers and position of the Loyalists in the Revolution. They will learn that the oldest, purest, and best breed of the Anglo-American stock is no longer in the United States, but in Canada, where it was transplanted a century ago, before the United States became the common recipient of the overflowings of every European nation. That old, genuine breed is here now in the fullest vigour of national life, and as true to the British Crown and Imperial connection as their loyal fathers were a century ago. When you touch the loyal United Empire sentiment in the breasts of Canadians you make their hearts vibrate in its inmost chords."

Mr. Kirby writes with no less fervour in verse than in prose of these gallant men. The following stirring lines are taken from his pathetic poem, "The Hungry Year," which describes a touching episode in the history of the early settlers, reduced to the utmost straits by drought:

The war was over. Seven red years of blood
Had scourged the land from mountain-top to sea ;
(So long it took to rend the mighty fame
Of England's empire in the western world).
Rebellion won at last ; and they who loved
The cause that had been lost, and kept their faith
To England's crown, and scorned an alien name,
Passed into exile ; leaving all behind
Except their honour, and the conscious pride
Of duty done to country and to King.
Broad lands, ancestral homes, the gathered wealth
Of patient toil and self-denying years
Were confiscate and lost ; for they had been

The salt and savour of the land ; trained up
 In honour, loyalty, and fear of God—
 The wine upon the lees, decanted when
 They left their native soil, with sword-belts drawn
 The tighter ; while the women only, wept
 At thought of old firesides no longer theirs ;
 At household treasures reft, and all the land
 Upset, and ruled by rebels to the King.

Not drooping like poor fugitives, they came
 In exodus to our Canadian wilds ;
 But full of heart and hope, with heads erect
 And fearless eyes, victorious in defeat.—
 With thousand toils they forced their devious way
 Through the great wilderness of silent woods
 That gloomed o'er lake and stream ; till higher rose
 The northern star above the broad domain
 Of half a continent, still theirs to hold,
 Defend, and keep forever as their own ;
 Their own and England's, to the end of time.
 The virgin forest, carpeted with leaves
 Of many autumns fallen, crisp and sere,
 Put on their woodland state ; while overhead
 Green seas of foliage roared a welcome home
 To the proud exiles, who for Empire fought,
 And kept, though losing much, this northern land
 A refuge and defence for all who love
 The broader freedom of a commonwealth,
 Which wears upon its head a kingly crown.

Our great Canadian woods of mighty trees,
 Proud oaks and pines, that grew for centuries—
 King's gifts upon the exiles were bestowed.
 Ten thousand homes were planted ; and each one,
 With axe, and fire, and mutual help, made war
 Against the wilderness, and smote it down.
 Into the open glades, unlit before,
 Since forests grew or rivers ran, there leaped
 The sun's bright rays, creative heat and light,
 Waking to life the buried seeds that slept
 Since Time's beginning, in the earth's dark womb.

. . . . The world goes rushing by
 The ancient landmarks of a nobler time,—
 When men bore deep the imprint of the law
 Of duty, truth, and loyalty unstained.

Amid the quaking of a continent,
 Torn by the passions of an evil time,
 They counted neither cost nor danger, spurned
 Defections, treasons, spoils ; but fearèd God,
 Nor shamed of their allegiance to the King.

To keep the empire one in unity
 And brotherhood of its imperial race,—
 For that they nobly fought and bravely lost,
 Where losing was to win a higher fame !
 In building up our northern land to be
 A vast Dominion stretched from sea to sea,—
 A land of labour, but of sure reward,—
 A land of corn to feed the world withal,—
 A land of life's rich treasures, plenty, peace ;
 Content and freedom, both to speak and do,
 A land of men to rule with sober law
 This part of Britain's empire, next to the heart,
 Loyal as were their fathers and as free !

Another accomplished writer of the ancient borough of
 Niagara, Miss Janet Carnochan, thus apostrophises those heroic
 exiles :

Tell me then who can,
 As chronicles of brave and good ye scan,
 A higher, nobler, more unselfish deed,
 And more deserving laurel crown and meed ;
 To leave broad fields, and fruitful orchards fair,
 Or happy, smiling, prosperous homes, and dare
 To face wild beasts and still more savage men,
 And venture far beyond the white man's ken—
 To leave the graves of those they loved so well,
 More loved than these perhaps, the sweet church bell,
 And all for what ? for an idea ? No—
 Ten thousand times we say again—not so ;
 The right to say aloud—God save the King,
 To British laws, and British homes to cling.
 For love of what they deemed good government,
 Nor less than these demands will them content ;
 To face reproach, abuse, nor weakly yield,
 Even when the contest with their blood they sealed,
 When specious pleading made the worse appear
 The better reason, oft through force or fear.
 These are the things that test and try men's souls,
 And show what leading principle controls.
 And not the men alone thus did and dared,
 But women fair and young, and old and silvery-haired.

If, then, they claim the sifting of th' Old Land,
 To form the Pilgrim Fathers' chosen band,
 We claim the second sifting more severe,
 To make the finest of the wheat appear.
 Through sore distress, alternate loss and gain,
 The unequal contest nobly they maintain
 To keep their soil a sacred heritage,
 Those heroes all unknown to history's page.
 A baptism of fire and tears and blood,
 Our country gained and stemmed the swelling flood.
 Again was seen as has been seen before,
 On many a bloody field in days of yore,
 Not always is the battle to the strong,
 Nor to the swift must aye the race belong ;
 For to the arms though weak of those who fight,
 For hearth and home, a freeman's sacred right,
 There comes through all that dark and dreadful hour,
 An energy before unknown, a sacred power,
 The invading foe grows weak and melts away
 As snow, before the sunny smiles of May.

While Puritan and Pilgrim loud they praise,
 And Loyalists are lauded in our days,
 Shall not the Pioneers who crossed the foam,
 And left th' Old World to hew them out a home,
 Where all was new, and strange, and wild, and rude,
 Who struggled on, with courage unsubdued,
 Where hardihood and honest toil combine
 Shall we forget a generous wreath to twine ?
 We boast of freedom real—to Black and Red,
 Nor foot of serf our sacred soil may tread,
 That long 'ere Britain's dusky slaves were free,
 While Wilberforce was battling generously,
 Ere Southern neighbours dreamt the slave a man,
 And not a chattel, under bonds and ban ;
 Our legislators 'neath fair Newark's trees,
 Declared our slaves were free on land or seas.
 Our treaties with the red man in his need,
 Have all been straitly kept in word and deed,
 And still they show with pardonable pride,
 The silver service by Queen Anne supplied,
 The medals handed down from sire to son
 Which tell of treaties made or battles won.

For years our statesmen nobly sought to gain
 The rights their sons enjoy and now maintain,
 Nor England nor Columbia's power so great

Freedom to give to all in Church and State,
 A hard and bitter battle long they fought,
 Nor was our sires' unselfish toil for nought.

Space will not permit the complete quotation of a noble poem on the U. E. Loyalists by the Rev. LeRoy Hooker. A few lines only can be given :

Dear were the homes where they were born ;
 Where slept their honoured dead ;
 And rich and wide
 On every side
 The fruitful acres spread
 But dearer to their faithful hearts,
 Than home or gold or lands,
 Were Britain's laws, and Britain's crown,
 And Britain's flag of long renown,
 And grip of British hands.

With high resolve they looked their last
 On home and native land ;
 And sore they wept
 O'er those that slept
 In honoured graves that must be kept
 By grace of stranger's hand.

They looked their last and got them out
 Into the wilderness,
 The stern old wilderness !
 All dark and rude
 And unsubdued ;
 The savage wilderness !
 Where wild beasts howled
 And Indians prowled .
 The lonely wilderness !

Where social joys must be forgot.
 And budding childhood grow untaught ;
 Where hopeless hunger might assail
 Should autumn's promised fruitage fail ;
 Where sickness, unrestrained by skill,
 Might slay their dear ones at its will ;
 Where they must lay
 Their dead away

Without the man of God to say
 The sad sweet words, how dear to men,
 Of resurrection hope. But then
 'Twas British wilderness !

Where they might sing,
 "God save the King!"
 And live protected by his laws,
 And loyally uphold his cause.

'Twas welcome wilderness!
 Though dark and rude
 And unsubdued;
 Though wild beasts howled
 And Indians prowled;
 For there their sturdy hands,
 By hated treason undefiled,
 Might win from the Canadian wild,
 A home on British lands.

These be thy heroes, Canada!
 These men of proof, whose test
 Was in the fevered pulse of strife
 When foeman thrusts at foeman's life;
 And in that stern behest
 When right must toil for scanty bread
 While wrong on sumptuous fare is fed,
 And men must choose between;
 When right must shelter 'neath the skies
 While wrong in lordly mansion lies,
 And men must choose between;
 When right is cursed and crucified
 While wrong is cheered and glorified,
 And men must choose between.

Stern was the test,
 And sorely pressed,
 That proved their blood best of the best.
 And when for Canada you pray,
 Implore kind heaven
 That, like a leaven,
 The hero-blood which then was given
 May quicken in her veins alway;—
 That from those worthy sires may spring,
 In number as the stars,
 Strong-hearted sons, whose glorying
 Shall be in Right,
 Though recreant Might
 Be strong against her in the fight,
 And many be her scars
 So, like the sun, her honoured name
 Shall shine to latest years the same.

We return now to a description of this historic frontier. At the mouth of the river on the American side is Fort Niagara, whose ramparts command a sweeping view of Lake Ontario. The history of Fort Niagara, knit up as it is with all America's past, from before the time when the French king, dallying with his favourites, thought this region valuable only for furs, down to the imprisonment of Morgan, in 1828, in the low magazine near the river bank, yet remains to be written. During a long period it was a little city in itself, and the most important point west of Albany or south of Montreal. In the

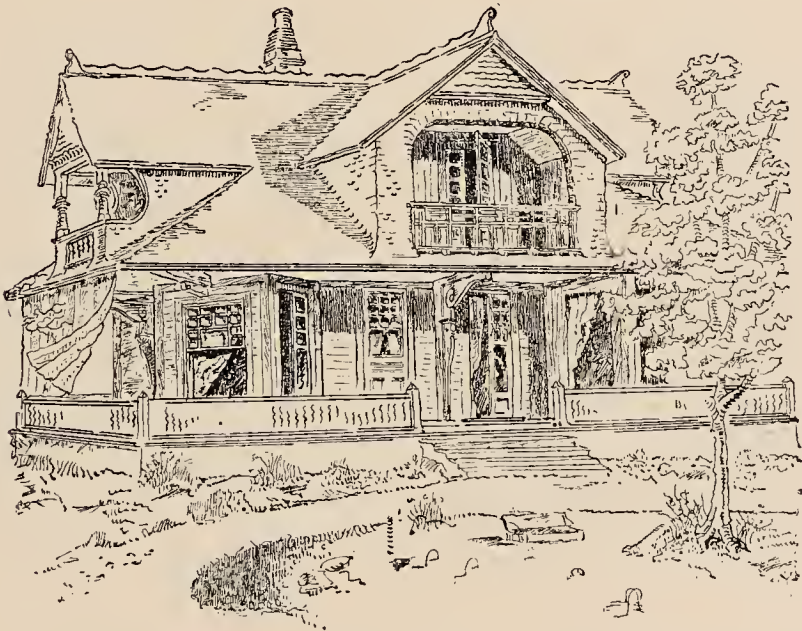


RESIDENCE OF W. H. HOWLAND, NIAGARA ASSEMBLY.

centre of the enclosure stood a cross eighteen feet high, with the inscription: "*Regnat, vincit, imperat, Christus,*" and over the chapel was a large ancient dial to mark the course of the sun. La Salle traced the outlines of the fortress, from whose lofty flag-staff now floats the emblem of the United States, but which, alternately owned by French and English, witnessed some of the most hard-fought engagements in their strife for mastery in the New World.

South of Niagara is an oakwood, "Paradise Grove," long a favorite picnic resort; upon an open heath stand, "outlawed, lonely, and apart," a picturesque clump of thorn-trees. One of

the best known writers of the Dominion, and author of that powerful historical romance *The Chien d'Or*, Mr. William Kirby, a resident of Niagara, traces the planting of these trees, brought originally from Palestine to Avignon—descendants, it is averred of the true *Spina Christi*—as far back as to the period of the French occupation of Fort Niagara. In one of his series of Canadian idylls the poet beautifully relates how under the oldest of these French thorns, “in the grave made wide enough for two,” sleep a once gay cavalier of Roussillon, and a fair



“SUNNY BUNK”—SUMMER COTTAGE, NIAGARA ASSEMBLY.

dame of Quebec, whose bright eyes caused him to forget his chatelaine in Avignon.

“O! fair in summer time it is, Niagara plain to see
 Half belted round with oaken woods and green as grass can be!
 Its levels broad in sunshine lie, with flowerets gemmed and set,
 With daisy stars, and red as Mars
 The tiny sanguinet;
 The trefoil with its drops of gold—white clover heads, and yet
 The sweet grass, commonest of all God’s goodnesses, we get!
 The dent de lion’s downy globes a puff will blow away,
 Which children pluck to try good luck,
 Or tell the time of day.

“Count Bois le Grand sought out a spot of loveliness, was full
Of sandwort’s silvered leaf and stem—with down of fairy wool,
Hard by the sheltering grove of oak he set the holy thorn
Where still it grows, and ever shows
How sharp the crown of scorn
Christ wore for man, reminding him what pain for sin was borne,
And warning him he must repent before his sheaf is shorn,
When comes the reaper Death, and his last hour of life is scored,
Of all bereft, and only left
The mercy of the Lord.”

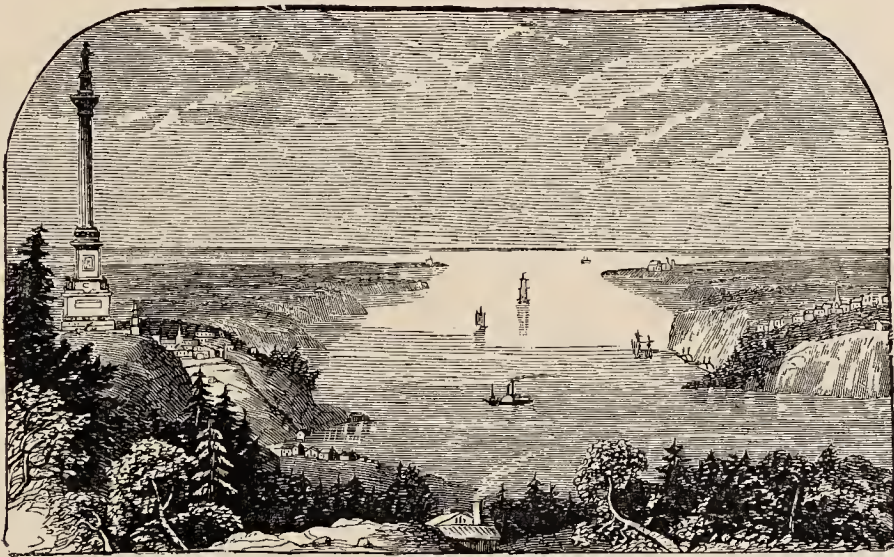


LANSDOWNE VILLA, NIAGARA ASSEMBLY.

A new enterprise of a somewhat comprehensive character gives promise of restoring to the old town a large degree of its former prosperity. A Canadian branch of the famous Chautauqua Assembly has established here a local habitation. A hundred acres of land on the lake shore, a little west of the town, has been purchased and laid out as a beautiful summer resort, under religious and educational auspices. A first-class hotel and a number of elegant cottages have been erected, and an amphitheatre capable of accommodating an audience of 4,000 has been constructed. This place is designed to be a rallying place for Canadian Chautauquans, and to furnish an annual programme of high-class lectures and artistic and musical

entertainments by some of the ablest talent on the continent. Special prominence is given to Sunday-school, Normal class work, and Chautauqua work. Bishop Vincent, the originator of the now world-wide Chautauqua movement, successfully inaugurated this Canadian Assembly in 1887. An able corps of workers makes the summer Assembly an occasion of great pleasure and mental profit.

The design is to furnish a pleasant summer home, surrounded by religious safeguards and under highly educative and moral

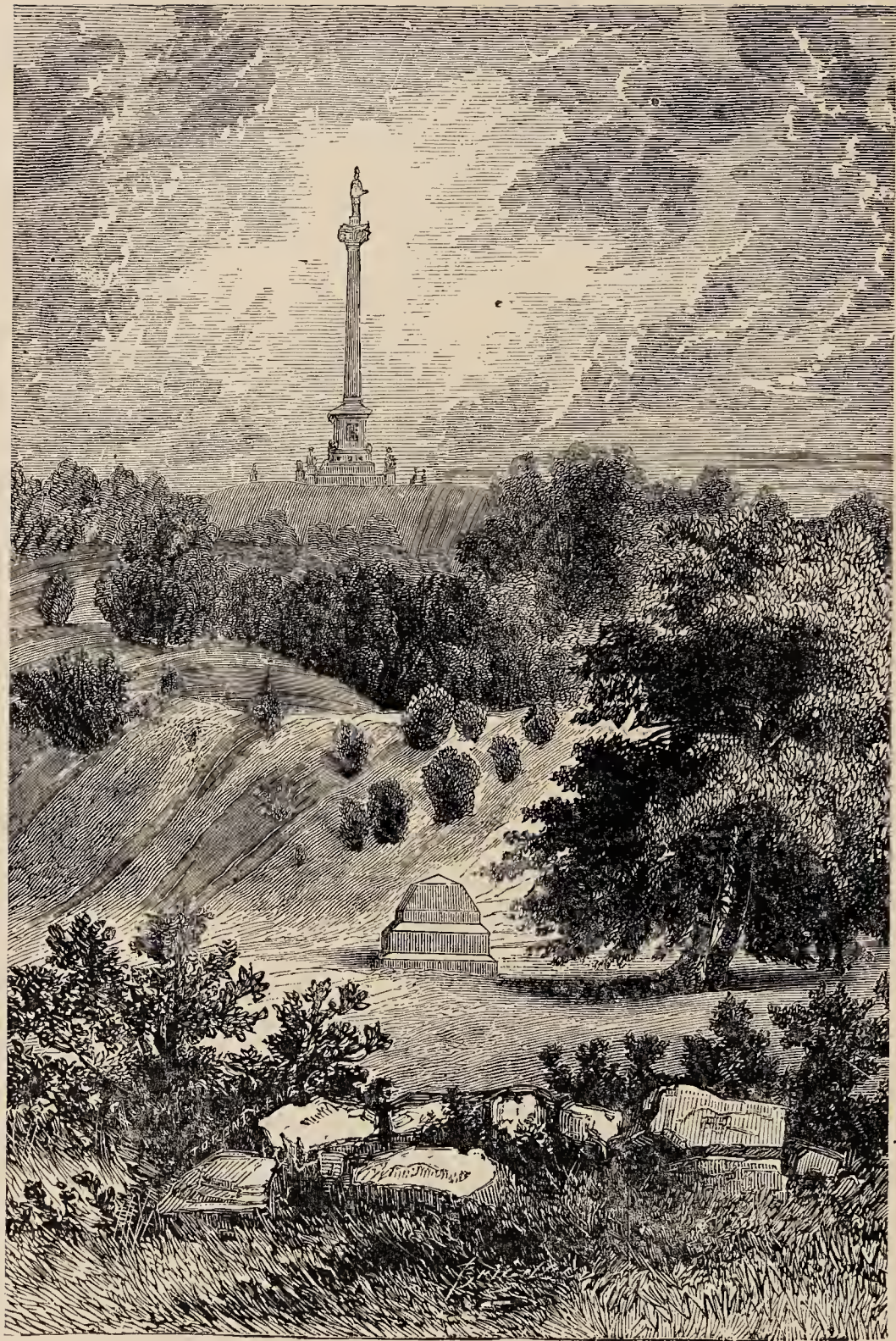


VIEW FROM QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

influences. The success which has already attended the enterprise is an indication that it meets a want that is felt by a large portion of the community.

This Assembly enjoys unusual advantages of access, being situated on the through line of travel with the fine steel steamers *Cibola* and *Chicora* daily from Toronto, and with direct connections for all parts of the east and west by the great Michigan Central Railway system.

The sail up the broad and rapid river, seven miles to Queenston or Lewiston, is one of surpassing beauty, and the whole region is rife with historic memories. To the right rises the



BROCK'S MONUMENT.

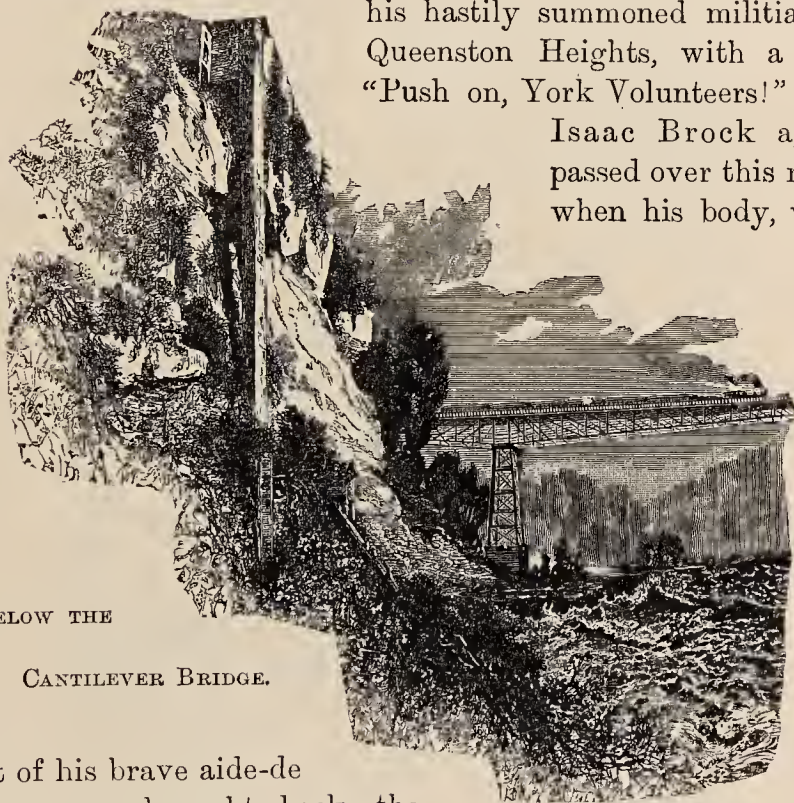
The small monument in the foreground shows the spot where Brock fell.

steep escarpment of Queenston Heights, in storming which, on the fatal night of October, 1812, fell the gallant Brock. A noble monument perpetuates his memory. From its base is obtained a magnificent view of the winding river—the fertile plain and the broad, blue Ontario in the distance.

Every step of the way between Niagara and Queenston—so named in honour of Queen Charlotte—is historic ground. But

a few short hours, after leading his hastily summoned militia up Queenston Heights, with a cry, “Push on, York Volunteers!” Sir

Isaac Brock again passed over this road, when his body, with



BELOW THE

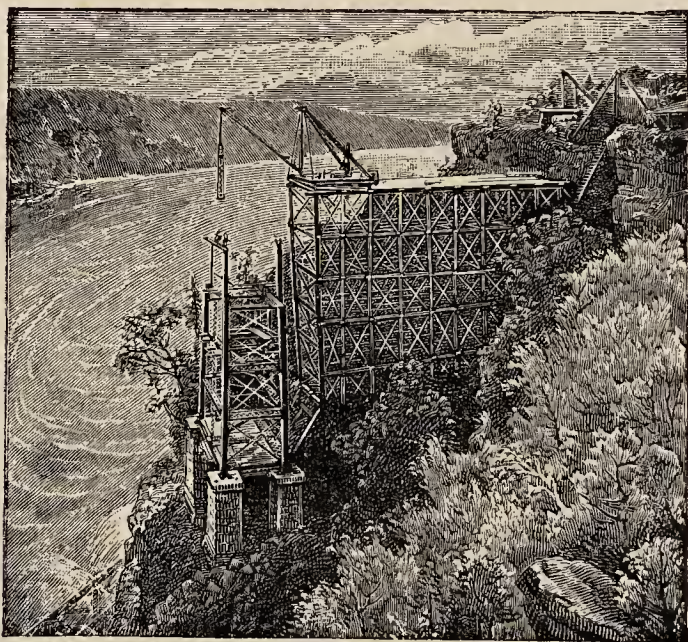
CANTILEVER BRIDGE.

that of his brave aide-de camp, was brought back, the enemy's minute-guns all along the opposite river-bank firing a salute of respect.

From the summit of Brock's Monument—a Roman column exceeded in height only by that Sir Christopher Wren erected in London to commemorate the great fire—is obtained a grand view of the river. Here we see not only the Whirlpool and the spray of the Cataract, but all the near towns, with a distant glimpse of the historic field of Lundy's Lane. Broad smiling farms, and peach and apple orchards, stretch away

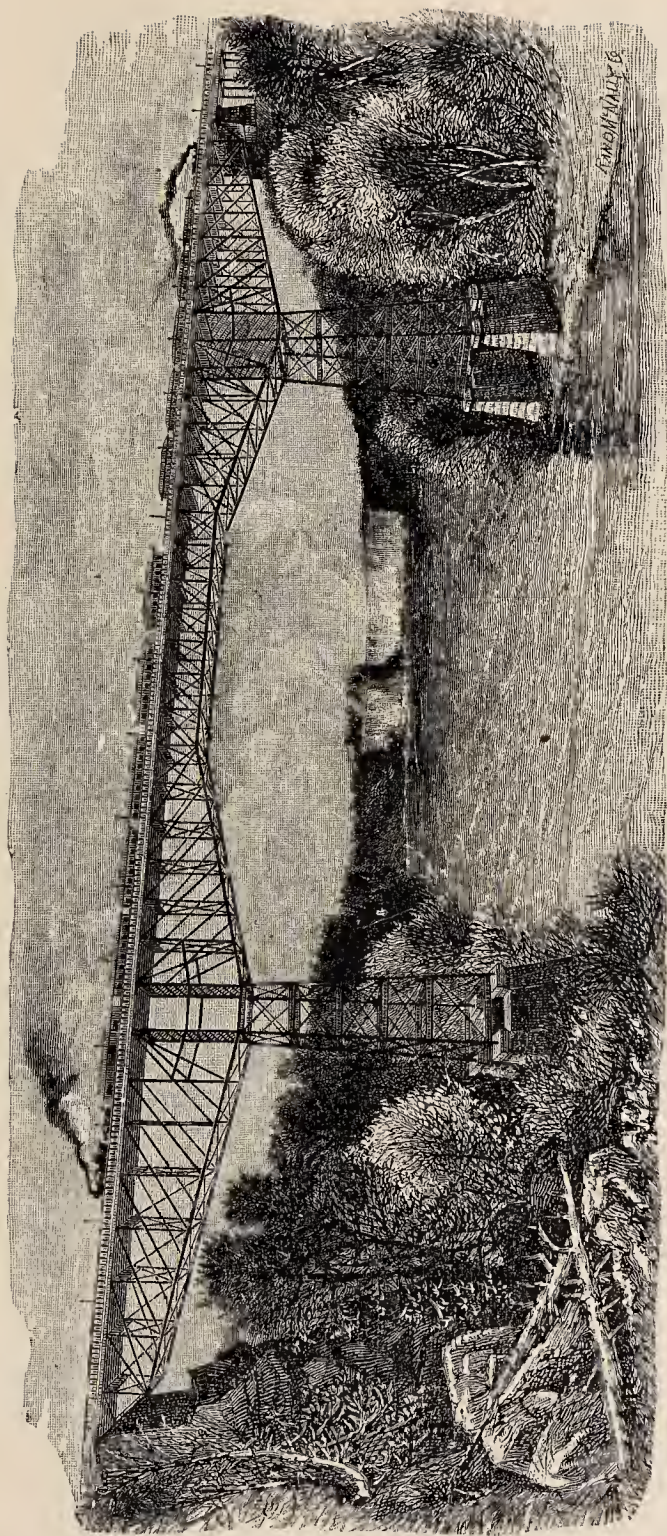
into the distance, and adorn every headland on either side. The full-tided river rolls on in might and majesty, and pours its flood into the blue unsalted sea, Ontario, which, studded with many a sail, forms the long horizon. Few lands on earth can exhibit a scene more fertile or more fair, or one associated with grander memories of patriotism and valour.

Four miles farther up, the river is spanned by two of the most wonderful bridges in the world—the light and airy Suspension Bridge, erected in 1855, and the new Cantilever Bridge,



CANTILEVER BRIDGE—BUILDING PIER.

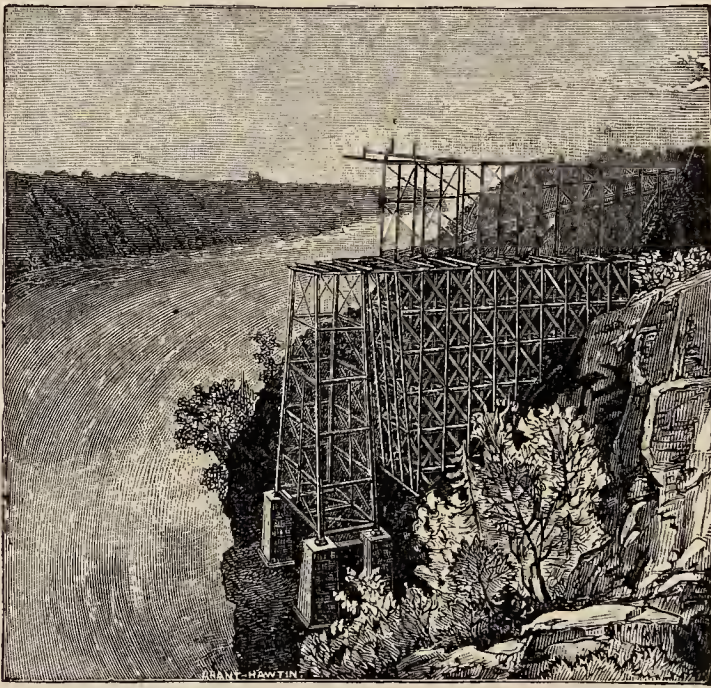
erected in 1883 by the Michigan Central Railway. The latter is of sufficient interest to call for a somewhat detailed description. The location of the bridge, a short distance below the Falls of Niagara, precludes the possibility of any supports in the centre of the stream, which at this point is five hundred feet from shore to shore at the water's edge. The design is what is known as the cantilever bridge, the principle of which is that of a trussed beam, supported at or near its centre, with the arms extended each way and one end anchored or counter-weighted to provide for unequal loading. It was in practice



THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS.

entirely novel, no other bridge having then been completed upon this principle.

Each end is made up of a section, entirely of steel, extending from the shore nearly half way over the chasm. Each section is supported near its centre by a strong steel tower, from which extend two lever arms, one reaching the rocky bluffs, the other extending over the river 175 feet beyond the towers. The towers on either side rise from the water's edge; between them a clear span of 495 feet over the river, the longest double-track

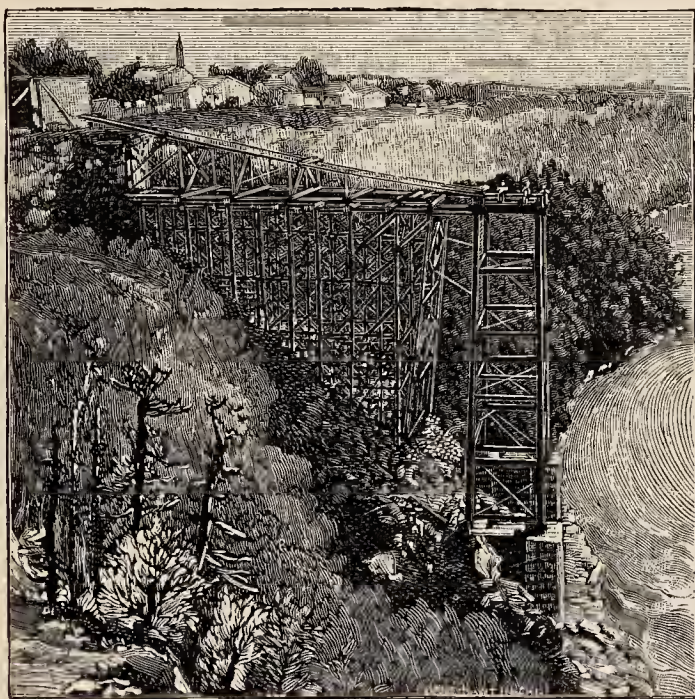


BUILDING CANTILEVER BRIDGE, WESTERN PIER.

truss-span in the world. The ends of the cantilevers reach on each side 395 feet from the abutments, leaving a gap of 120 feet filled by an ordinary truss bridge hung from the ends of the cantilevers. There are no guys for this purpose, as in a suspension bridge, but the structure is complete within itself. The total length of the bridge is 910 feet. It has a double track, and is strong enough to carry upon each track at the same time the heaviest freight train, extending the entire length of the bridge. From the tower foundations up the

whole bridge is steel, every inch of which was subjected to the most rigid tests from the time it left the ore to the time it entered the structure.

The structure has very much the appearance of an ordinary truss bridge, but in view of the conditions and surroundings, very different in the manner of its erection. The difficult portion of the work was to span the 495 feet across and 239 feet above a roaring river whose force no earthly power can stay. No temporary structure could survive a moment, and

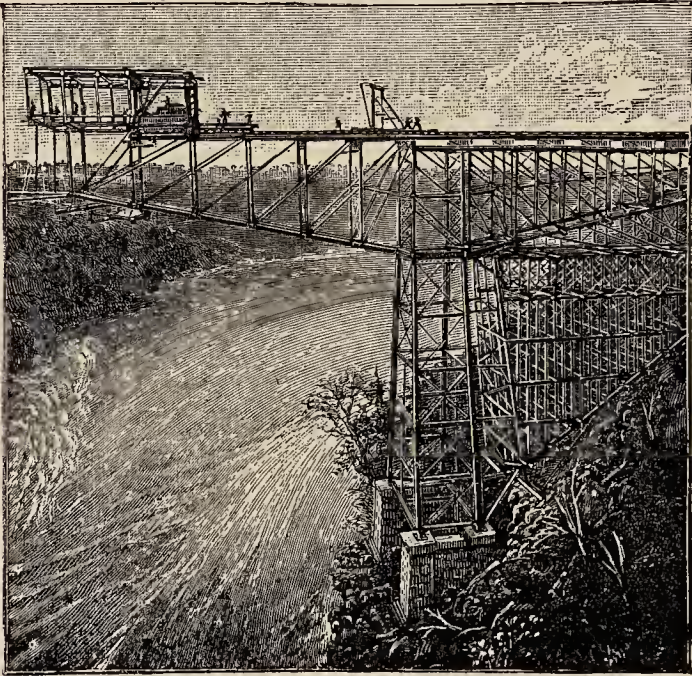


BUILDING CANTILEVER BRIDGE, EASTERN PIER.

here the skill of the engineer came in to control the powers of nature. The design of the cantilever is such that after the shore arm was completed and anchored the river arm was built out, one panel or section at a time, by means of great travelling derricks, and self-sustaining as it progressed. After one panel of twenty-five feet was built and had its bracing adjusted the derrick was moved forward and another panel erected. Thus the work progressed, section by section, until the ends of the cantilever were reached, when a truss bridge was swung across

the gap of 120 feet, resting on the ends of the cantilever arms, thus forming the connecting link. In less than seven months, December 1st, 1883, the bridge was completed. It was rigorously tested on the 20th of December, and under the tremendous weight of eighteen locomotives and twenty-four heavily-loaded gravel cars, showed a temporary deflection of but six inches, proving to be a grand and perfect success.

Bridges on the cantilever principle are now becoming quite



CANTILEVER BRIDGE—CONSTRUCTING OVERHANG.

common. Another fine example in Canada is that over the River St. John at its mouth, and another is that over the Fraser River, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The most notable in the world for length and strength is that over the River Forth, in Scotland.

Proceeding southward from these remarkable bridges we soon reach the stupendous Falls, whose deep eternal roar is heard long before the ever-rising column of spray comes into view.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

"Of all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see," says Anthony Trollope, "I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, and so powerful. At Niagara there is the fall of waters alone. But that fall is more graceful than Giotto's



BELOW THE AMERICAN FALLS.

tower, more noble than the Apollo. The peaks of the Alps are not so astounding in their solitude. The valleys of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica are less green; and the full tide of trade round the Bank of England is not so inexorably powerful.

"All the waters of the huge northern inland seas run over that breach in the rocky bottom of the stream; and thence it comes that the flow is unceasing in its grandeur, and that no eye can perceive a difference in the weight, or sound, or violence of the

fall, whether it be visited in the drought of autumn, amidst the storms of winter, or after the melting of the upper worlds of ice in the days of the early summer. At Niagara the waters never fail. There it thunders over its ledge in a volume that



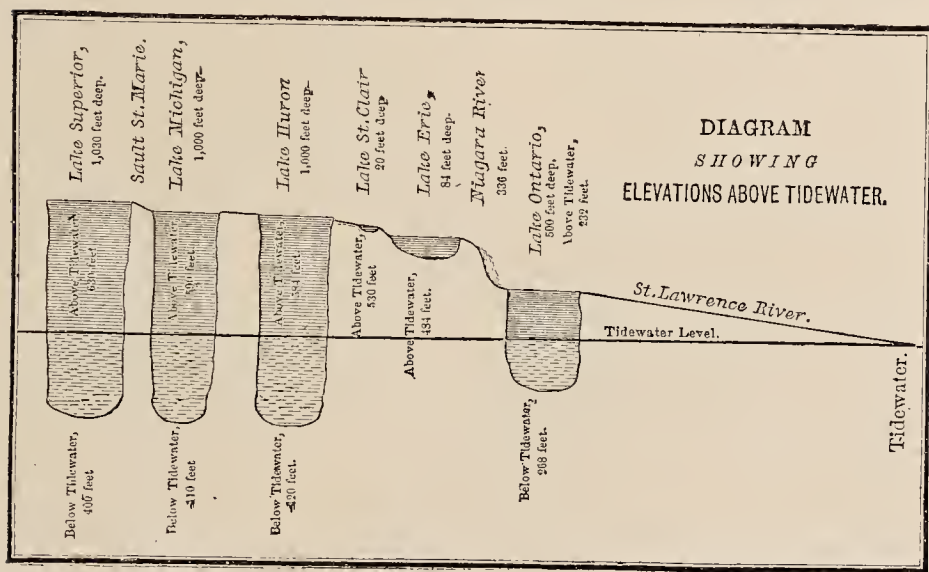
NIAGARA FALLS BY MOONLIGHT.

never ceases, and is never diminished—as it has done from time previous to the life of man, and as it will do till tens of thousands of years shall see the rocky bed of the river worn away, back to the upper lake.

“Up above the Falls, for more than a mile, the waters leap

and burst over rapids, as though conscious of the destiny that awaits them. The waters, though so broken in their descent, are deliciously green. This colour as seen early in the morning, or just as the sun has set, is so bright as to give to the place one of its chief charms. This will be best seen from the further end of Goat Island.

"But we will go at once on to the glory, and the thunder, and the majesty, and the wrath of the upper fall of waters. We are still, let the reader remember, on Goat Island. From hence, across to the Canadian side, the cataract continues itself



in one unabated line. But the line is very far from being direct or straight. After stretching for some little way from the shore, to a point in the river which is reached by a wooden bridge, at the end of which stood a tower upon the rock—after stretching to this, the line of the ledge bends inwards against the flood—in, and in, and in, till one is led to think that the depth of that horse-shoe is immeasurable. Go down to the end of that wooden bridge, seat yourself on the rail, and there sit till all the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. The waters are absolutely around you. You will see nothing but the water. You will certainly hear nothing else; and the sound, I beg you to

remember, is not an ear-cracking, agonizing crash and clang of noises, but is melodious, and soft withal, though loud as thunder; it fills your ears, and, as it were, envelops you, but at the same time you can speak to your neighbour without an effort. But at this place, and in these moments, the less of speaking, I should say the better.

"It is glorious to watch the waters in their first curve over the



FERRY LANDING, CANADIAN SIDE.

rocks. They come green as a bank of emeralds, but with a fitful flying colour, as though conscious that in one moment more they would be dashed into spray and rise into air, pale as driven snow. Your eyes rest full upon the curve of the waters. The shape you are looking at is that of a

horse-shoe, but of one miraculous-deep from toe to heel; this depth becoming greater as you sit and look at it.

That which

at first was only beautiful becomes gigantic and sublime, till the mind is at a loss to find an epithet for its own use.

"And now we will cross the water. As we do so, let me say that one of the great charms of Niagara consists in this, that, over and above that one great object of wonder and beauty,



THE FALLS OF NIAGARA, FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.

there is so much little loveliness; loveliness, especially of water, I mean. There are little rivulets running here and there over little falls, with pendent boughs above them, and stones shining under their shallow depths. As the visitor stands and looks through the trees, the rapids glitter before him, and then hide themselves behind islands. They glitter and sparkle in far distances under the bright foliage till the remembrance is lost, and one knows not which way they run."



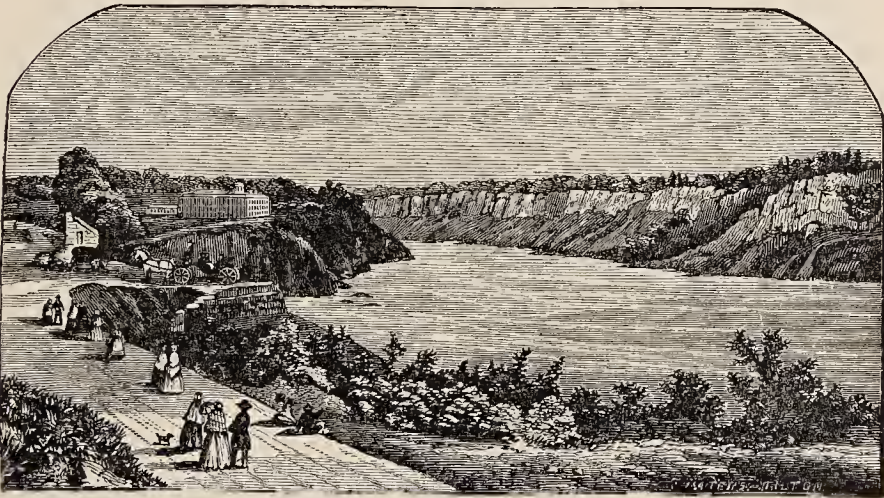
FATHER HENNEPIN'S SKETCH OF NIAGARA FALLS IN 1674.

BENEATH THE FALLS.

If any jaded sight-seer wishes to enjoy a new sensation, I would advise him to make the descent into the "Cave of the Winds" on the American side. It was one of the most exciting adventures the present writer ever experienced. Having duly feed the attendant, one is shown into a dressing-room, where he completely divests himself of his clothing, and assumes a flannel bathing-suit. No oil-cloth or india-rubber covering will answer here—one becomes as wet as a fish in his native home. One

puts his watch and money in a tin box, which he locks and fastens the key to his girdle. A straw hat is tied firmly on the head, and felt sandals on the feet, the latter to prevent slipping on the rocks or wooden steps.

Now, accompanied by a sturdy guide, we go down a winding stair, from whose loop-holes we catch glimpses of the cliff rising higher and higher as we descend. We are soon at the foot of the stairway, and follow a beaten path over the broken *debris* which, during immemorial ages, has formed a rocky ledge at the base of the cliff. We at length reach the grand portal of the "Cave of the Winds." It is a mighty arch, nearly a hundred



NIAGARA RIVER, BELOW THE FALLS, FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.

and fifty feet high—one side formed of overhanging cliff, and the other of the majestic sweep of the fall. The latter seems like a solid wall of water many feet thick, glossy green at the top, but so shattered and torn near the bottom that it is a snowy white. Beneath this portal we pass. A long, steep stairway, covered with a green confervoid growth, leads down into a dim abyss of spray and deafening noise. Now the benefit of the sandals is felt; without them we would assuredly slip and fall. Firmly clinging to the arm of the guide, we go down, it seems almost into the heart of the earth. Great fragments of the seething cataract—not mere drops, but what seem to be solid *chunks* of water, rent from the main body—are hurled down,

with catapult-like violence, upon our heads. The air is filled with blinding spray. It drives into our eyes, our ears, and our mouth, if we open it. A deep, thunderous roar shakes the solid rock, and upward gusts of wind almost lift one from his feet. A dim light struggles through the translucent veil. All communication is by pantomime—no voice could by any possibility be heard—and often the guide has almost to carry his charge through this seething abyss.

Pressing on, we cross galleries fastened to the face of the cliff,



THE HORSE-SHOE FALL—FROM BELOW.

and bridges springing from rock to rock; and climbing over huge boulders, gradually emerge again to the light of day. And what a scene bursts on the view! We have passed completely behind the falling sheet—not the main fall, of course, but the one between Goat and Luna Islands. We are right at the foot of the cataract, enveloped in its skirt, as it were, and drenched by its spray. Clambering out on the rocks, we can pass directly in front of it. When the gusts of wind sweep the spray aside, we get dazzling views of the whole height of the snowy fall, poured, as it were, out of the deep blue sky above our head. Only the glowing language of Ruskin can depict the scene. We

can "watch how the vault of water first bends unbroken in pure polished velocity over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick—so swift that its motion is unseen, except when a foam globe from above darts over it like a falling star; and how, ever and anon, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall like a rocket, bursting in the wind, and driven away in dust, filling the air with light; whilst the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing



BRIDGE TO LUNA ISLAND.



THE CATARACT ABOVE GOAT ISLAND.

alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine.

"Still do these waters roll, and leap, and roar, and tumble all day long; still are rainbows spanning them a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great

chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But

always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from the unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid, which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—Light—came rushing on creation at the Word of God.

“Stable in its perpetual instability; changeless in its everlasting change; a thing to be ‘pondered in the heart’ like the revelation to the meek Virgin of old: with no pride in the bril-



FROM GOAT ISLAND.

liant hues that are woven in its eternal loom: with no haste in the majestic roll of its waters: with no weariness in its endless psalm—it remains through the eventful years an embodiment of unconscious power, a living inspiration of thought, and poetry, and worship—a magnificent apocalypse of God.”

Unable to tear myself away, I let the guide proceed with the rest of the party, and lingered for hours entranced with the scene. I paid for my enthusiasm, however, for I became so stiff from prolonged

saturation in the water that I had to remain in bed all next day.

Scarcely inferior in interest to the falls are the rapids above, as seen from Street's Mill, on the Canadian shore, or from the bridge to Goat Island or the Three Sisters. The resistless sweep of the current, racing like a maddened steed toward destruction, affects one almost as if it were a living thing. This is still more striking as we stand on the giddy verge where rose, like a lone sentinel, the Terrapin Tower. For a moment the waters seem to pause and shudder before they make the fatal plunge.

Unquestionably the grandest view is that of the Horse-shoe Falls, either from the remains of Table Rock or from the foot of the fall. Here the volume of water is greatest, and the

vast curve of the Horse-shoe makes the waters converge into one seething abyss, from which ascends evermore the cloud of spray and mist—like the visible spirit of the fall.

The following fine lines by Dr. Dewart describe not inadequately the deep emotions that thrill the soul in the presence of this sublime vision :

“ While standing on this rocky ledge, above
The vast abyss, which yawns beneath my feet,
In silent awe and rapture, face to face
With this bright vision of unearthly glory,
Which dwarfs all human pageantry and power,
This spot to me is Nature’s holiest temple.
The sordid cares, the jarring strifes, and vain
Delights of earth are stilled. The hopes and joys
That gladden selfish hearts, seem nothing here.

“ The massy rocks that sternly tower aloft,
And stem the fury of the wrathful tide—
The impetuous leap of the resistless flood,
An avalanche of foaming, curbless rage—
The silent hills, God’s tireless sentinels—
The wild and wond’rous beauty of thy face,
Which foam and spray forever shroud, as if
Like thy Creator, God, thy glorious face
No mortal eye may see unveiled and live—
Are earthly signatures of power divine.
O! what are grandest works of mortal art,
Column, or arch, or vast cathedral dome,
To these majestic footprints of our God!

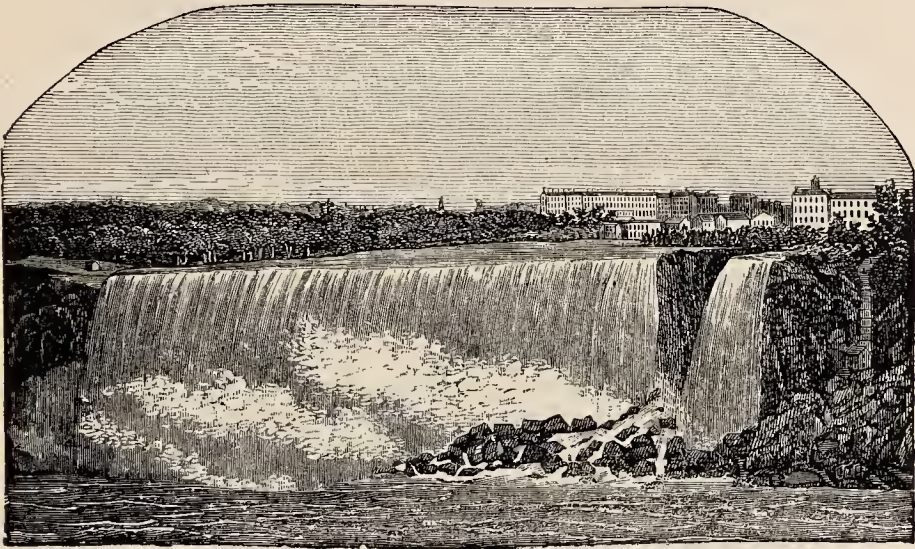
“ Unique in majesty and radiant might,
Earth has no emblems to portray thy splendour.
Not loftiest lay of earth-born bard could sing
All that thy grandeur whispers to the heart
That feels thy power. No words of mortal lips
Can fitly speak the wonder, reverence, joy—
The wild imaginings, thrilling and rare,
Which now, like spirits from some higher sphere,
For whom no earthly tongue has name or type,
Sweep through my soul in waves of surging thought.
My reason wrestles with a vague desire
To plunge into thy boiling foam, and blend
My being with thy wild sublimity.

As thy majestic beauty sublimates
 My soul, I am ennobled while I gaze—
 Warm tears of pensive joy gush from my eyes,
 And grateful praise and worship silent swell,
 Unbidden, from my thrilled and ravished breast;
 Henceforth this beauteous vision shall be mine—
 Daguerreotyped forever on my heart.
 Stupendous power! thy thunder's solemn hymn
 Whose tones rebuke the shallow unbeliefs
 Of men, is still immutably the same.
 Ages ere mortal eyes beheld thy glory
 Thy waves made music for the listening stars,
 And angels paused in wonder as they passed,
 To gaze upon thy weird and awful beauty,
 Amazed to see such grandeur this side heaven.
 Thousands, who once have here enraptured stood,
 Forgotten, lie in death's long pulseless sleep;
 And when each beating heart on earth is stilled,
 Thy tide shall roll, unchanged by flight of years,
 Bright with the beauty of eternal youth.

“Thy face, half veiled in rainbows, mist and foam,
 Awakens thoughts of all the beautiful
 And grand of earth, which stand through time and change
 As witnesses of God's omnipotence.
 The misty mountain, stern in regal pride,
 The birth-place of the avalanche of death—
 The grand old forests, through whose solemn aisles
 The wintry winds their mournful requiems chant—
 The mighty rivers rushing to the sea—
 The thunder's peal—the lightning's awful glare—
 The deep, wide sea, whose melancholy dirge
 From age to age yields melody divine—
 The star-lit heavens, magnificent and vast,
 Where suns and worlds in quenchless splendour blaze—
 All terrible and beauteous things create
 Are linked in holy brotherhood with thee,
 And speak in tones above the din of earth
 Of Him unseen, whose word created all.”

NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER.

It was on a bright sunny day in January that I had my first winter view of the Falls of Niagara. I had often seen them before, gleaming like a sapphire in the emerald setting of the spring, or relieved by the rich luxuriance of the leafy summer tide. I had beheld their beauty crowned with the golden glory of the autumn, each peak and crag and islet flaming like an altar-pyre with the brilliant foliage of the trees, more beautiful in death than in life, varicoloured as the iris that spanned the falling flood. I had seen them flashing snowy white in the fervid



THE AMERICAN FALL—FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.

light of noon; glowing rosy red when the descending sun, like the Hebrew, smote the waters and turned them into blood; glancing in silvery sheen in the moon's mild light, and gleaming spectral and ghastly, like a sheeted ghost, in the moonless midnight. But, as seen with their winter bravery on, richly robed with ermine, tiaraed with their crystal crown, and bediamonded with millions of flashing gems, the view seemed the fairest and most beautiful of all.

Niagara has as many varying moods and graces as a lovely woman, and ever the aspect in which we see her seemeth best. Hence, we always approach with new zest, and study her

separate beauties with fresh enjoyment. She does not reveal her true sublimity, nor impart the secret of her witchery at once, but only on prolonged acquaintance. There is a majestic reticence about nature in this theatre of her most wonderful manifestations. There is, sometimes, even a feeling of disappointment at first sight. This is owing to the vast sweep of the falls, over half a mile in breadth, which diminishes their



THE AMERICAN FALL.

apparent height. It is only when we have constructed a scale of comparative admeasurement, and especially when we have descended the cliff over which the mighty river hurls itself, and, standing close to its foot, look up and see the hoary front of the vast flood falling out of the very sky, as it seems,

“Poured from the hollow of God’s hand,”

that an adequate sense of its immensity bursts upon us. Then

its spell of power asserts itself, and takes possession of our souls.

Being shod with a pair of sharp iron "creepers" to prevent slipping on the icy crags, I descended the successive flights of steps in the face of the cliff, which lead down to the foot of the Canadian Fall. These steps, constantly drenched with spray, were thickly encrusted with ice, as was also the surface of the rock, which flashed like silver in the sun. A couple of Negroes,



OLD TERRAPIN TOWER.

however, were cutting footholds in the slippery pathway ; so that there was no difficulty in making the descent. Every tree and bush and spray, the dead mullein-stalks by the path, the trailing arbutus hanging from the cliff, the leafless maples and beeches cresting its height, were all encased in icy mail. Through the crystal armour could be distinctly traced the outline of the imprisoned Dryad, bowed to earth by the often fatal weight of splendour which she bore. Like the diamond forest of the

Arabian tale, the grove above the Falls flashed and glittered in the sunlight, an object of incomparable beauty.

The rocky wall towered far overhead, and overhung the pathway many feet, creating a feeling of undefinable dread. Indeed, the vast overhanging ledge, part of Table Rock, fell with a horrid crash, in 1863; and other portions have since been removed by the Government engineers—one mass of two thousand tons in a single blast. Amid the *debris* and giant fragments of these Titanic rocks, now covered many feet deep beneath mounds of ice, and fringed with icicles, looking like stranded icebergs in an Arctic sea, ran the pathway to the edge of the great Fall.



THE BRIDGE LEADING TO BATH AND GOAT ISLANDS.

The overarching rock was thickly hung with thousands of glittering pendants, where the water percolated through the strata, or fell over the cliff. Nearer the Fall, these became larger and longer, till, meeting the icy stalagmites rising from the ground, they formed crystal columns, often several feet in diameter, sometimes having the appearance of a pillared colonnade. The ice is generally translucent or of a pearly white, but is sometimes stained with a yellowish tinge by the impurities of the soil. These stalagmitic formations assume the most grotesque and varied forms. One I observed which strongly resembled a huge organ, the burnished pipes shining in the sun,

while posterior rows of icy columns completed the internal analogy. Others were strikingly suggestive of marble statuary. One recalled the beautiful figure of Bailey's "Eve," but as if covered with a snowy mantle, half concealing and half revealing the form. In others a slight exercise of the fancy could recognize veiled vestals and naiads of the stream, with bowed-down heads, in attitudes of meditation or of grief. Here a "lovely Sabrina" was rising from the wave; there a weeping Niobe,



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE FALLS—FROM CANADIAN SIDE.

smitten into stone, in speechless sorrow mourned her children's hapless fate. Here writhed Laocoon in agonies of torture; there Lot's wife, in attitude of flight, yet in fatal fascination, looking back, was congealed in death forever.

Other ice-formations were arched like a diamond grotto, built by frost-fairies in the night, begemmed with glittering topaz, beryl, and amethyst, and fretted with arabesque device, more lovely, a thousandfold, than the most exquisite handiwork of man.

As we approach the edge of the great Horse-shoe Fall, the ice-mounds become more massive, the path more rugged, and gusts of icy spray forbid further progress. We stand before a

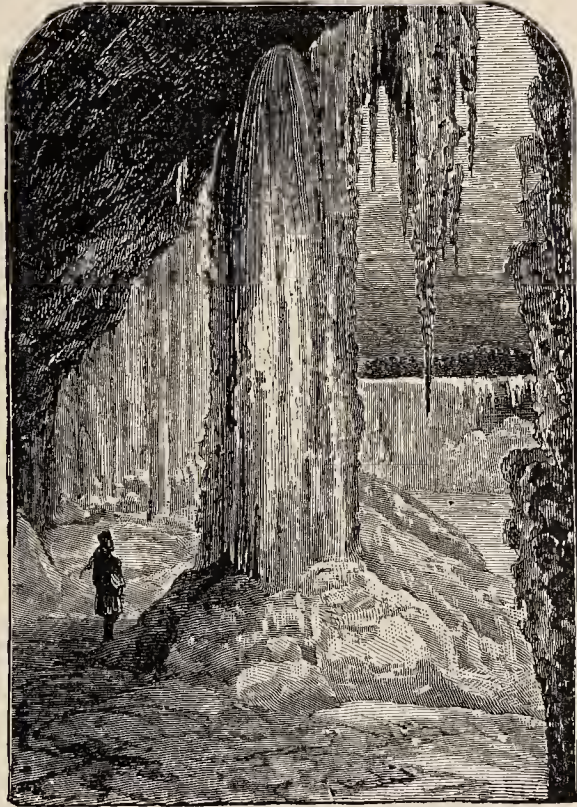


BENEATH THE CANADIAN FALLS.

mighty arch, forty feet in width, and one hundred and fifty feet high, one side composed of the overhanging cliff, the other of the unbroken sheet of falling water. It is well named the Cave of

Thunders. The deafening roar fills the shuddering air like an all-pervading presence, and shakes the solid rock. With its voice of many waters, Niagara chants its mighty and eternal psalm, deep to deep loud calling.

Great quantities of ice, of course, are carried down the river, from Lake Erie, and go over the Falls. I saw several huge cakes thus descend. So great is the height that they seem to fall quite slowly, and at first to hang almost poised in air. When the river below is running full of ice, sometimes a "jam" occurs at the narrowest part; and when intensely cold it speedily "takes," or becomes firmly frozen. Sometimes, however, several winters pass without the formation of an ice-bridge. When it does occur, as was the case the winter of my visit, the accumulation of ice fills up the river to near the Falls, where the strength



ICICLES AND STALAGMITES—BELOW THE FALLS.

of the current forces the floating ice under and over the previously formed barrier, till the latter attains a thickness, it is said, of as much as a hundred feet. The ice is piled up in huge dykes, ridges, mounds and barriers, in the wildest confusion. Where a "shove" has taken place, a long, smooth wall remains on the side next the shore. Where a "jam" has happened, a long ridge or towering mound of fractured ice, sometimes great tables tilted up at all angles, is formed. Frequently deep

crevasses or radiating cracks are formed by the upward pressure of the ice forced underneath the great sheet. The appearance of the surface is like that of a stormy sea suddenly congealed at the moment of its wildest rage.

It was very hard work clambering over the rugged ice-blocks,



WINTER FOLIAGE, GOAT ISLAND.

sometimes disappearing from the sight of a less courageous friend who watched me from the shore, as a boat disappears in the trough of the sea; but the view from the middle of the river well repaid the trouble. In front stretched the whole sweep of the Horse-shoe Fall, whose mighty flood is so deep where it pours over the precipice, that it retains its glassy greenness for some distance down the abyss. Nearer at hand,

to the left, was the American Fall, of greater height, but of vastly less volume. The glistening sheen of its sun-illuminated front, broken immediately to dazzling spray, recalled the inspired description of those glorious garments, "exceeding white as snow ; so as no fuller on earth can white them." Almost directly overhead, that wire-spun, gauze-like structure, the new suspen-

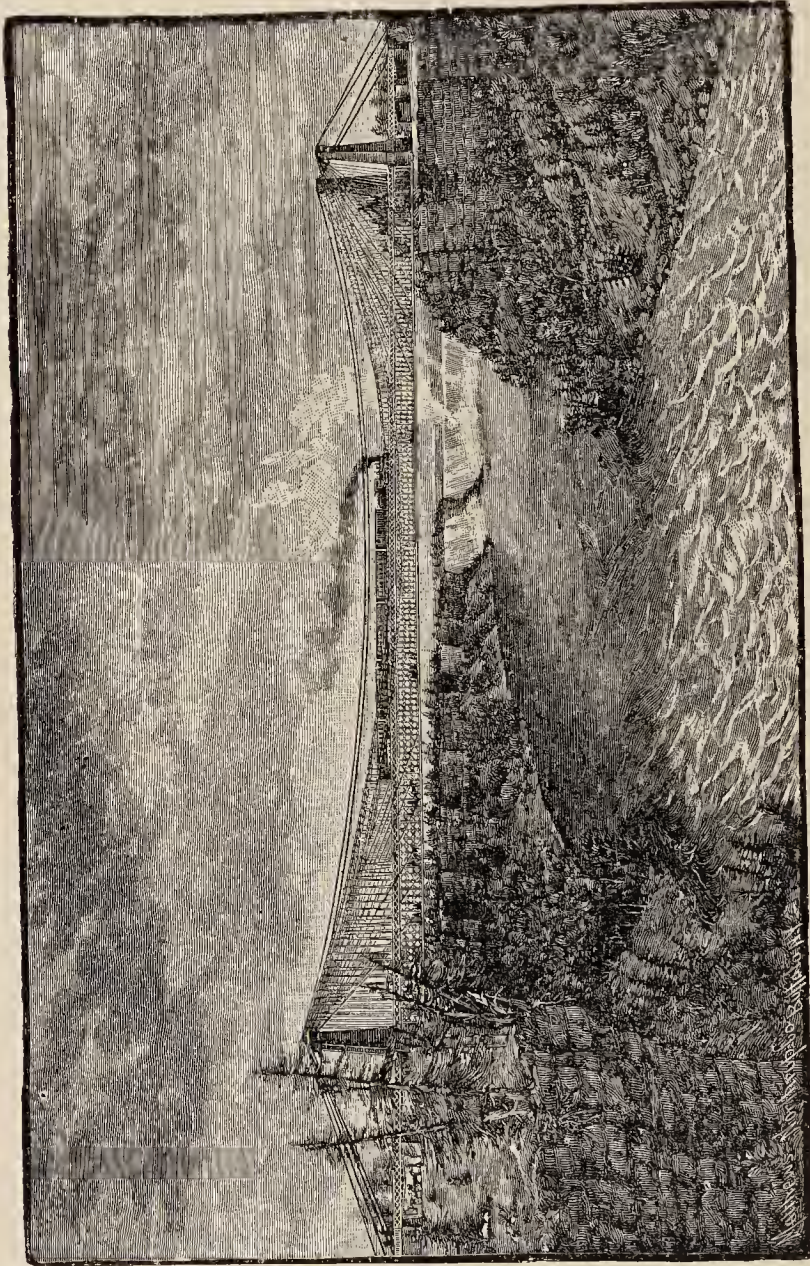


NIAGARA IN WINTER.

sion bridge, one thousand two hundred and sixty-eight feet long, seemed almost to float in air at the dizzy height of two hundred and fifty feet above the seething flood. Below stretched the gloomy gorge through which rushes the rapid torrent, betraying its resistless energy in the foam-wreaths forming on its chafing tide, like

"The speechless wrath which rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the face."

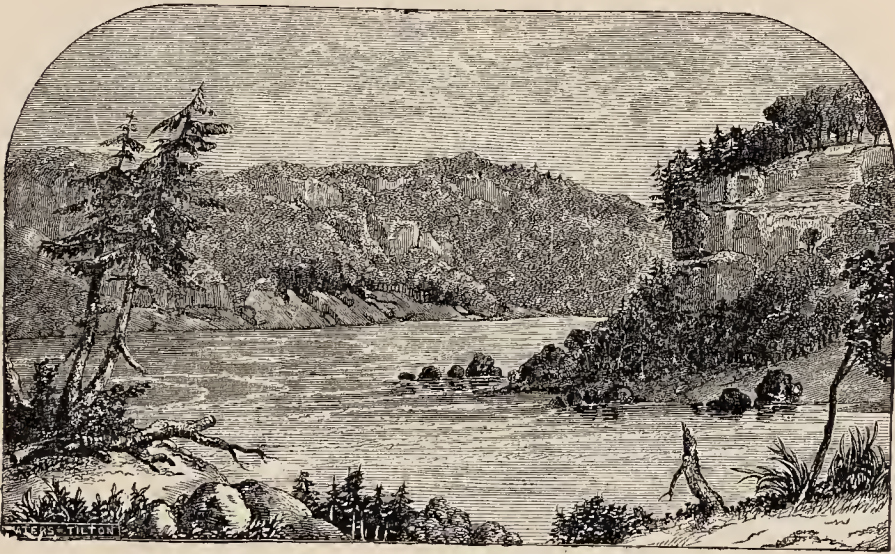
At its narrowest part, two miles below the Falls, it is spanned by the fairy-like railway suspension bridge—a life-artery along



THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS.

which throbs a ceaseless pulse of commerce between the Dominion of Canada and the United States of America—the two fairest and noblest daughters of grand Old England, the great

mother of nations. Unhappily, a deep and gloomy chasm has too long yawned between these neighbouring peoples, through which has raged a brawling torrent of estrangement, bitterness and sometimes even of fratricidal strife. But, as wire by wire that wondrous bridge was woven between the two countries, so social, religious and commercial intercourse has been weaving subtle cords of fellowship between the adjacent communities; and now, let us hope, by the historic Treaty of Washington, a golden bridge of amity and peace has spanned the gulf, and made them one in brotherhood forever. As treason against



THE WHIRLPOOL, NIAGARA RIVER.

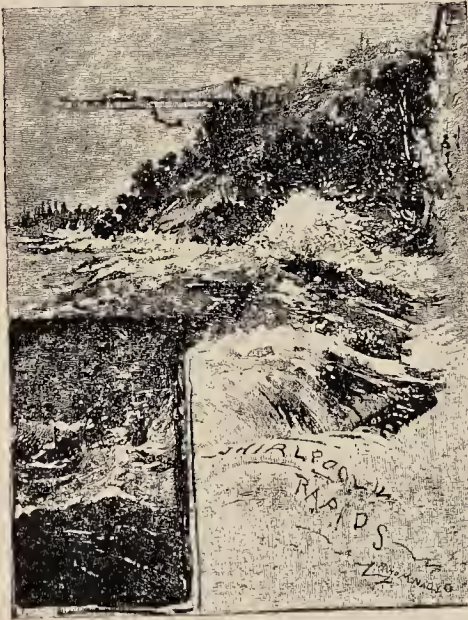
humanity is that spirit to be deprecated that would sever one strand of those ties of friendship, or stir up strife between the two great nations of one blood, one faith, one tongue! May this peaceful arbitration be the inauguration of the happy era foretold by poet and seer—

“When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world!”

While I was musing on this theme, the following fancies wove themselves into verse, in whose aspiration all true patriots of either land will, doubtless, devoutly join:

As the great bridge which spans Niagara's flood
 Was deftly woven, subtle strand by strand,
 Into a strong and stable iron band,
 Which heaviest stress and strain has long withstood;
 So the bright golden strands of friendship strong,
 Knitting the Mother and the Daughter land
 In bonds of love—as grasp of kindly hand
 May bind together hearts estrangèd long—
 Is deftly woven now, in that firm gage
 Of mutual plight and troth, which, let us pray,
 May still endure unshamed from age to age—
 The pledge of peace and concord true alway:
 Perish the hand and palsied be the arm
 That would one fibre of that fabric harm!

One striking phase of the Niagara River is often overlooked—



THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

the Whirlpool, three miles below the Falls. Its wild and lonely grandeur is wonderfully impressive. The river here turns abruptly to the right, forming an elbow, and as the waters rush up against the opposite banks, a whirlpool is formed, on which logs, and even human bodies, have been known to float many days. The river in the centre is estimated by scientific experts to be eleven feet and a half higher than on each shore.

Through the Whirlpool Rapids the tortured river

chafes and frets between the rocky cliffs, like a huge giant tugging at his chains, till at last it glides out in a broad and placid stream at Queenston Heights, crowned to the left with the lofty monument of Canada's favourite hero, Major-General Sir Isaac Brock.

Through this terrific gorge the little steamer, *Maid of the Mist*, in order to escape legal seizure, ran the gauntlet of the buffeting waves. She was well-nigh knocked to pieces, but got



GRAND RAPIDS OF THE NIAGARA.

safely through. Several foolhardy men have attempted to run these fearful rapids in barrel-shaped boats, and more than one has paid the penalty of his temerity with his life.

THE SOUTH-WEST PENINSULA.

The south-western peninsula of Ontario is the very garden of Canada. Grapes of the finest varieties grow in the open air, and considerable quantities of wine are manufactured. All manner of fruits abound. The finest peaches I ever saw grew in my own garden at Hamilton. The peach orchards below the mountain, all the way to the Niagara River, are of unsurpassed productiveness and quality. During the peach season the wharf at Niagara is laden with this luscious fruit and the air



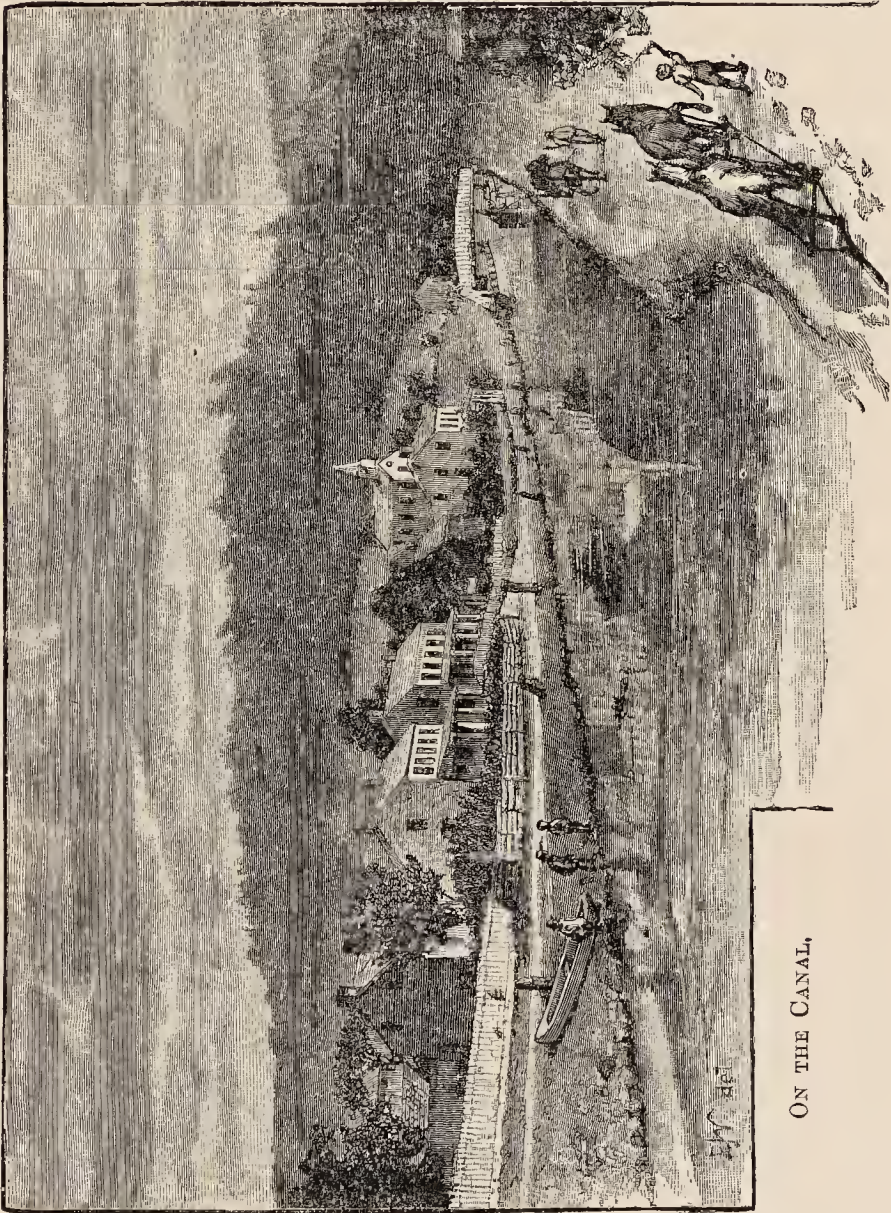
SUNDAY MORNING IN ONTARIO.

is fragrant with its exquisite perfume. Apples, plums, pears, cherries, and even that southern fruit, the pawpaw, reach perfection. But these fruits, with the exception of the latter, abound through all parts of Ontario.

No part of the country is so well supplied with railways as this south-western peninsula. Four trunk lines pass through it from end to end, besides numerous transverse lines. Among the many thriving towns and cities that stud the fair and fertile expanse are Welland, St. Catharines, Cayuga, Brantford, Simcoe, St. Thomas, London, Chatham, Petrolia, Sarnia, Inger-

soll, Woodstock, Paris, and many another, which the space at our command will not allow us to dwell upon.

The intelligence and morality of the people are not surpassed



ON THE CANAL.

in any land beneath the sun; while in the devout observance of the Sabbath our Canadian cities, towns and villages set an example to the whole world.

The Educational system of Ontario is one of the best in the world. It consists of Public Schools, High Schools and the University, an organic whole, each part fused into the other. Of the primary schools there are five thousand three hundred, which are all public with the exception of two hundred Roman Catholic Separate Schools. At these schools there are nearly five hundred thousand children. The cost of these schools is three million and a quarter dollars, supplemented by a quarter of a million from the public treasury of the province. Then follow the High Schools, which are also democratic. There are



OLD GRIST MILL.

five hundred masters of these schools, about ninety per cent. of whom hold degrees from some university in the Dominion. They are attended by fifteen thousand scholars, and cost half a million dollars, one hundred thousand dollars being contributed by the State. There is no obstacle to the poorest boy in the province receiving a good elementary education. There are trained teachers in every school in the province and no experimenting by novices is allowed. There is a training school in every county for third class teachers, and two Normal Schools.

One of the most important engineering enterprises of the country is the Welland Canal, connecting Lake Ontario with

Lake Erie, and overcoming the difference of two hundred and fifty-two feet between them. This system of internal navigation is further supplemented by the St. Lawrence River canals, which overcome a vertical height of two hundred and thirty-two feet from tide water. By means of these canals vessels may pass direct from Liverpool to Chicago without breaking bulk; and by means of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal they can pass direct to Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, nearly midway across the continent. As may well be supposed there are many charming bits of scenery on these canals, especially where the Welland Canal overcomes the mountain between the beautiful city of St. Catharines and the busy manufacturing town of Thorold. The water privileges created by the canal have been very extensively utilized, and numerous mills and manufactories have been established wherever a sufficient head of water could be secured. Near Thorold, at Beaver Dam, occurred one of the most dramatic episodes of the war of 1812-14.

LAURA SECORD.

Laura Secord, a brave Canadian woman, during that stormy time, walked alone through the wilderness from her home on the Niagara River to a British Post at Beaver Dam, a distance of twenty miles, to give warning of the invasion of an American force. In consequence of this heroic act nearly the whole of the invading party were captured. The Prince of Wales, when in Canada, visited Laura Secord, then a very old lady, and gave her a handsome present. The following stirring poem by Dr. Jakeway records her brave deed:

On the sacred scroll of glory
Let us blazon forth the story
Of a brave Canadian woman, with the fervid pen of fame;
So that all the world may read it,
And that every heart may heed it,
And rehearse it through the ages to the honour of her name.

In the far-off days of battle,
When the muskets' rapid rattle
Far re-echoed through the forest, Laura Secord sped along;
Deep into the woodland mazy,
Over pathway wild and hazy,
With a firm and fearless footstep and a courage staunch and strong.

She had heard the host preparing,
And at once with dauntless daring
Hurried off to give the warning of the fast-advancing foe ;
And she flitted like a shadow
Far away o'er fen and meadow,
Where the wolf was in the wild wood, and the lynx was lying low.

From within the wild recesses
Of the tangled wildernesses,
Fearful sounds came floating outward as she fastly fled ahead ;
And she heard the gutt'ral growling
Of the bears, that, near her prowling, [they fed.
Crushed their way throughout the thickets for the food on which

Far and near the hideous whooping
Of the painted Indians, trooping
For the foray, pealed upon her with a weird, unearthly sound ;
While great snakes were gliding past her,
As she sped on fast and faster,
And disaster on disaster seemed to threaten all around.

Thus for twenty miles she travelled
Over pathways rough and ravelled,
Bearing dangers for her country like the fabled ones of yore ;
Till she reached her destination,
And forewarned the threatened station
Of the wave that was advancing to engulf it deep in gore.

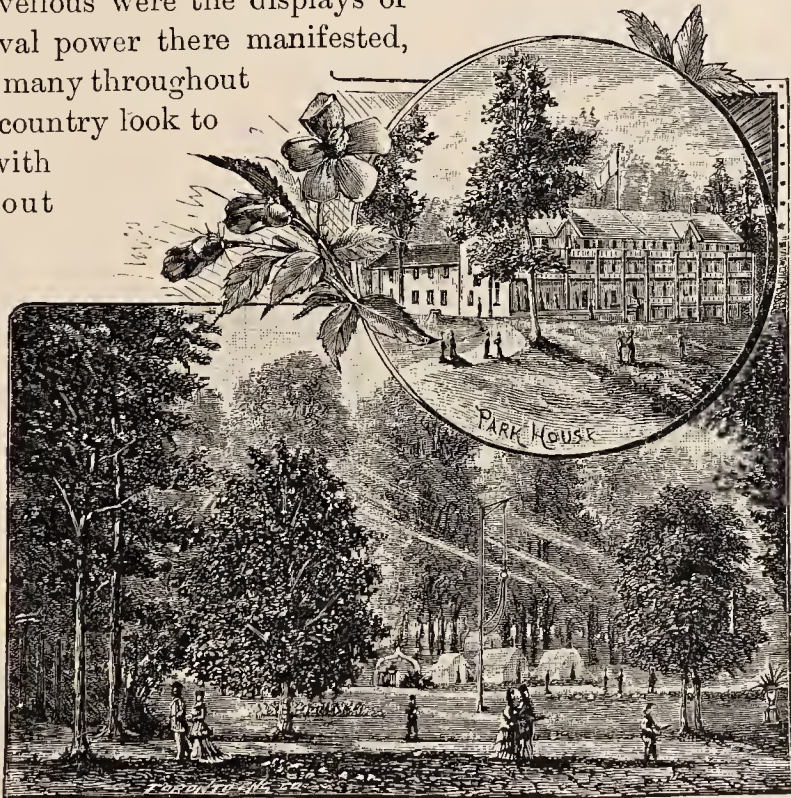
Just in time the welcome warning
Came unto the men, that, scorning
To retire before the foemen, rallied ready for the fray ;
And they gave such gallant greeting,
That the foe was soon retreating
Back in wild dismay and terror on that fearful battle day.

Few returned to tell the story
Of the conflict sharp and gory,
That was won with brilliant glory by that brave Canadian band ;
For the host of prisoners captured
Far outnumbered the enraptured
Little group of gallant soldiers fighting for their native land.

Braver deeds are not recorded
In historic treasures hoarded,
Than the march of Laura Secord through the forest long ago ;
And no nobler deed of daring
Than the cool and crafty snaring
By that band at Beaver Dam of all that well-appointed foe.

Grimbsy Park, comprising one hundred acres, laid out on the west shore of Lake Ontario, on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway, Southern Division, and about midway between Hamilton and the Niagara Falls, is a point of great beauty.

There is probably no other camp-ground in Canada possessing the religious interest of this time-honoured Assembly. Long before the days of modern summer resorts, it was a place of gathering for the tribes of God's spiritual Israel. Many and marvellous were the displays of revival power there manifested, and many throughout the country look to it with devout



GRIMSBY PARK, FOREST VIEW.

gratitude as the place of their spiritual birth into the new life of the Gospel. There, for the first time, I witnessed the interesting ceremony of leave-taking and "breaking up the camp." Every person on the ground, except a few who were detained in the tents by domestic duties, joined in a procession, and walked two and two, headed by the preachers, round and round the inside of the encampment, singing hymns and marching songs.

At length the preachers all took their place in front of the pulpit or preacher's stand, and shook hands with every member of the procession as they passed by. After this the procession continued to melt away, as it were, those walking at the head falling out of rank and forming in single line around the encampment, still shaking hands in succession with those marching, till every person on the ground had shaken hands with everybody else—an evolution difficult to describe intelligently to one who has never witnessed it; yet one that is very easily and very rapidly performed. The greeting was a mutual pledge of brotherhood and Christian fellowship. Warm and



VICTORIA TERRACE.

fervent were the hand-clasps, and touching and tender the farewells. Then the doxology was sung, the benediction pronounced, and the camp-meeting was over.

All this had taken place by noon, or shortly after. Soon a great change passed over the scene. It was like coming down from a Mount of Transfiguration to the every-day duties of life. The last meal in camp was hastily prepared

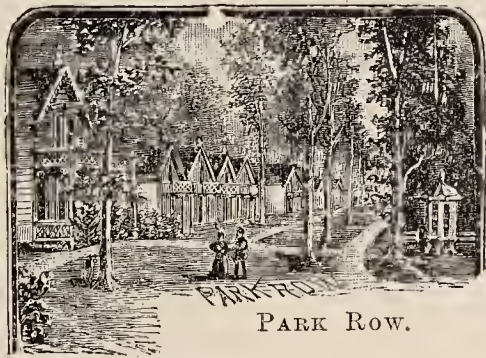
and eaten, somewhat, as we may imagine, was the last meal of the Israelites before the Exodus. The afternoon was full of bustle and activity, breaking up the encampment, loading up teams, and the driving away to their respective homes of the people who, for over a week, had held their Feast of Tabernacles to the Lord.

At length the last waggon had gone, the last loiterer had departed, and the silent camp, but late the scene of so much life, was left to the blue-birds and the squirrels. But in many a distant home, and in many a human heart, the germs of a new life had been planted, to bring forth fruit unto life eternal.

Very different is the appearance of Grimbsy Park to-day. Instead of the rude sheds, dignified with the name of "tents,"

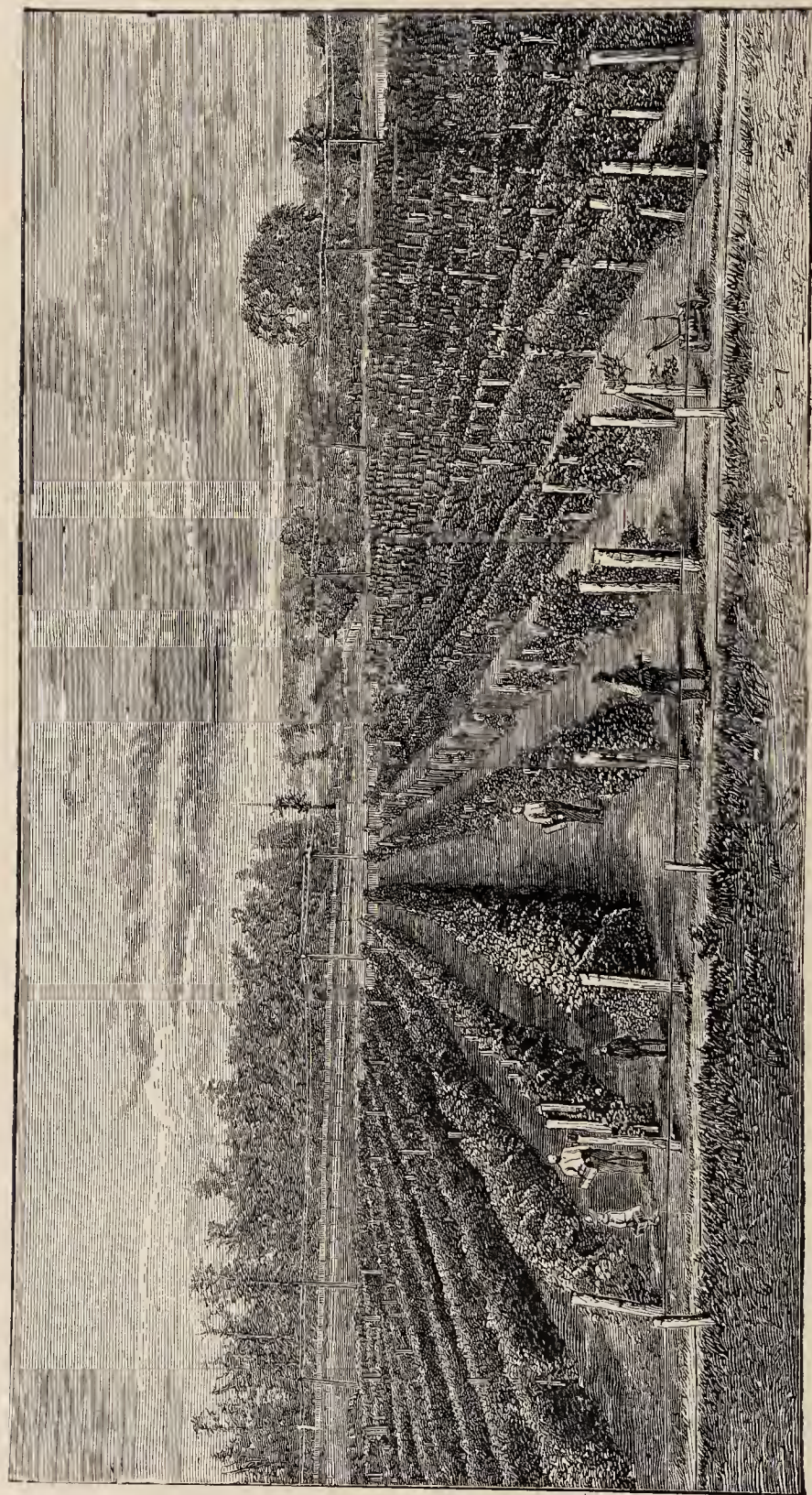
are groups of elegant cottages, of villa-like proportions and ornate character, or rows of graceful canvas structures, almost rivalling them in taste and beauty. A charming park, winding walks, a pond with water plants, and at night the brilliance of the electric lights, all attest the march of improvement in these latter days. There are those who say that in one respect, at least, the former days were better than these—that there were manifestations of divine power such as are not witnessed at the modern assembly. This is possibly true. But we must take into account the different circumstances under which they are held. The old-fashioned camp-meetings were held for only a week and for a sole and definite purpose—the salvation of souls. This was the burden of prayer for weeks before on all the adjacent circuits, and the preachers and the people came up to the Feast of Tabernacles full of holy expectation—and they were not disappointed.

The modern summer assembly lasts for two or three months. Weary toilers from the cities'



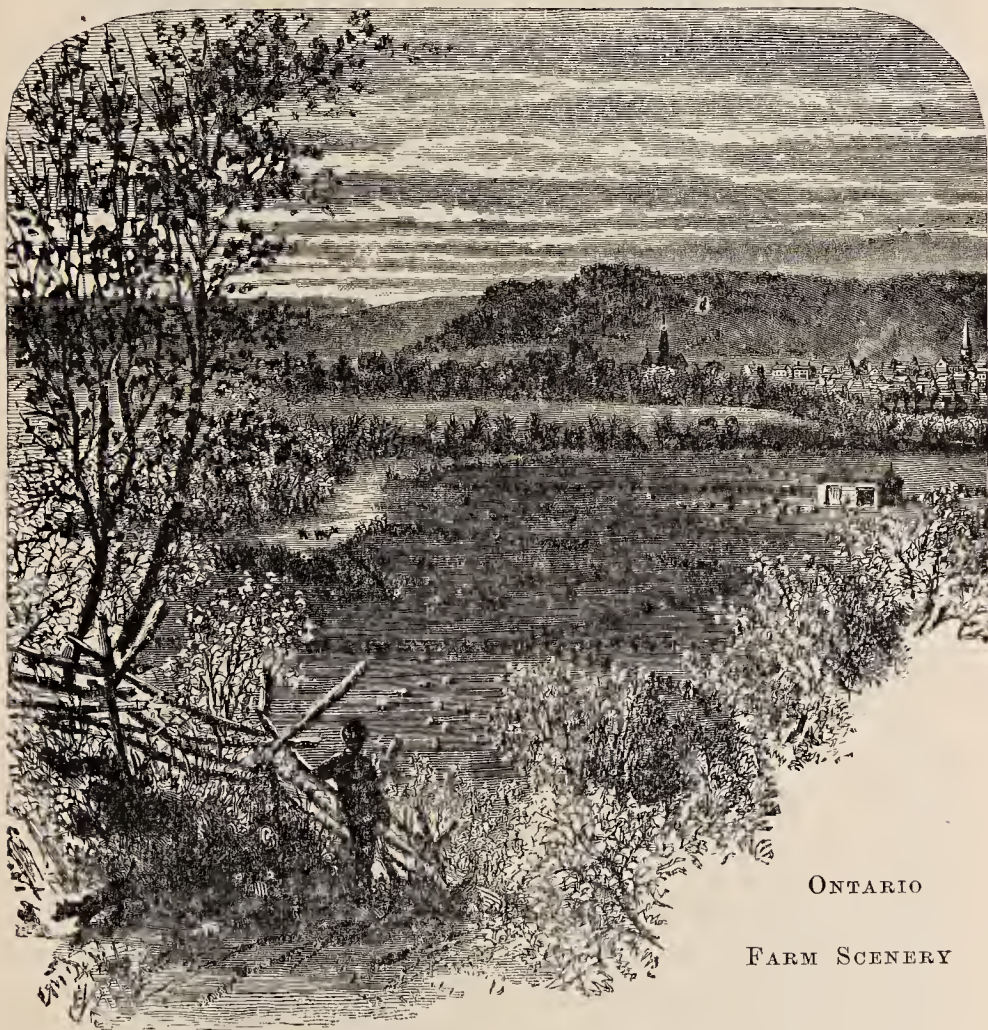
crowded hives come for rest and recuperation of body and mind. The same high-strung spiritual tension cannot be maintained for two or three months that was possible for a week or two. So it is quite probable that intense religious emotions may not be a general characteristic, as during the "old-fashioned camp-meetings."

It has become a necessity of modern life that the o'er-strung bow shall be unbent, that men in business take a brief holiday from toil, that ladies and children find respite from the exactions of society and school. Till recently the chief places of summer resort were scenes of fashionable dissipation and folly, which no Christian could visit without impairment of his spiritual health. Thanks to the management of such assemblies as Grimbsy Park, Wesley Park, the Niagara Assembly, the St. Lawrence Camp-ground, and others of the sort, ample provision



AN ONTARIO VINEYARD AT EAST HAMILTON.

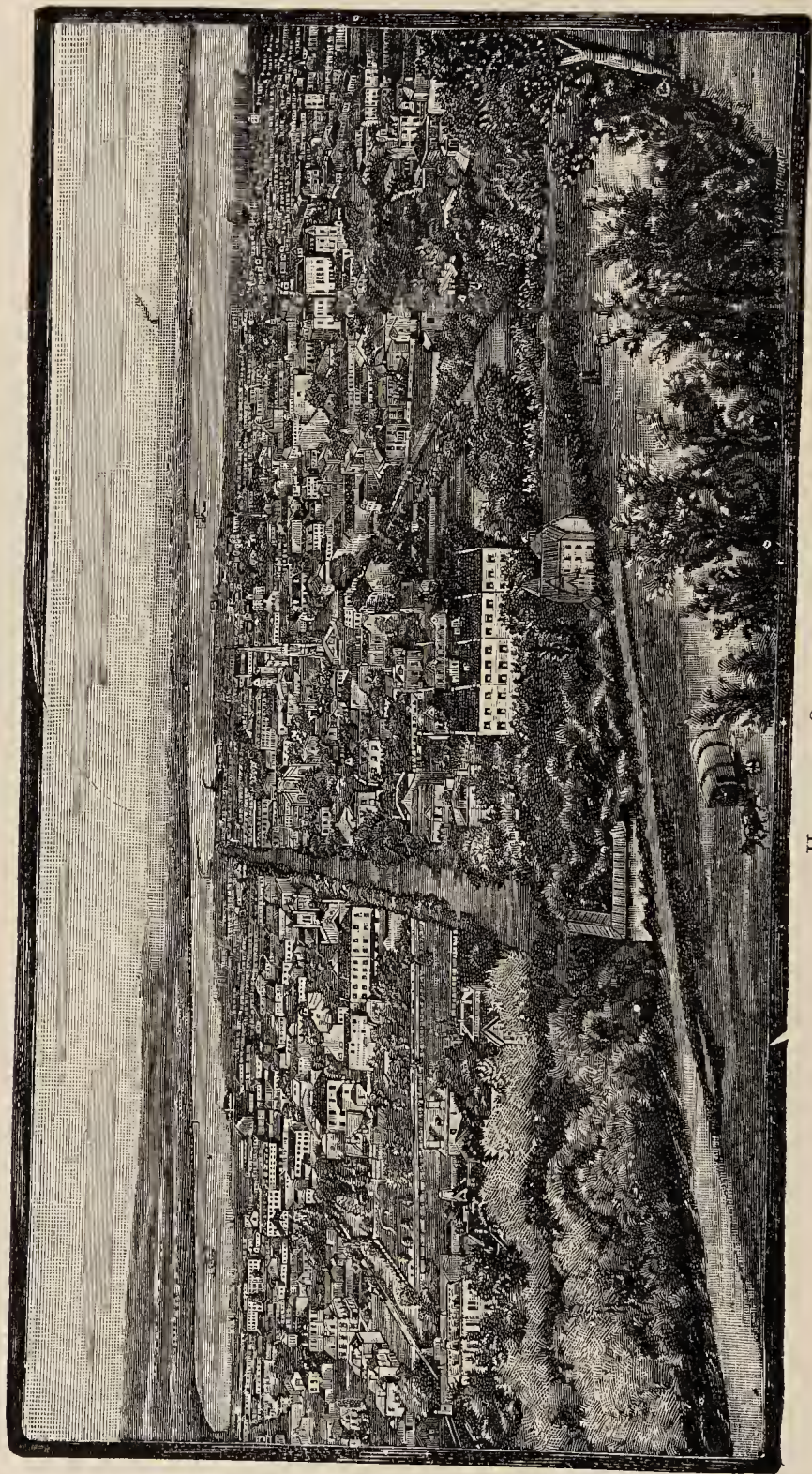
is made for rest and recreation under religious influences, and heads of households may leave their families in such places with the confidence that the moral, social, intellectual and religious influences surrounding them shall be in the highest degree helpful and wholesome.



ONTARIO

FARM SCENERY

Situated on a beautiful and capacious bay at the head of Lake Ontario is the city of Hamilton. It is the seat of large manufacturing industries, and the centre of an important railway system. The mountain slope in the rear furnish numerous picturesque villa sites, of which the wealthy enterprise of the



HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

city has not failed to avail itself. The full-page engraving gives a view of Hamilton from the mountain—one of the most beautiful city views to be had in the Dominion. Beneath lies the garden city, before us the sail-dotted harbour, with the rolling hills beyond; to the right the blue waters of Ontario, and to the left the lovely Dundas Valley, which, seen under a western sun, is a vision of delight. The city was laid out and settled in 1813, by George Hamilton. Its new Court House, Post Office, Ladies' College, and other specimens of civic architecture would do credit to any city on the continent.

On the Grand River, which winds its devious way from the county of Peel to Lake Erie, are the thriving manufacturing towns of Galt, Paris, Caledonia, Cayuga, Dunville, and the important inland city of Brantford, one of the most beautiful and flourishing in the province. Near Brantford is the old Indian settlement to which the Mohawk Indians were removed from their original settlements on the Mohawk River at the time of the Revolutionary War. Here is situated the oldest church in the province. Its history can be traced back to 1784. It is still occupied for public worship. It possesses a handsome communion service of beaten silver, presented by

ON THE GRAND RIVER.



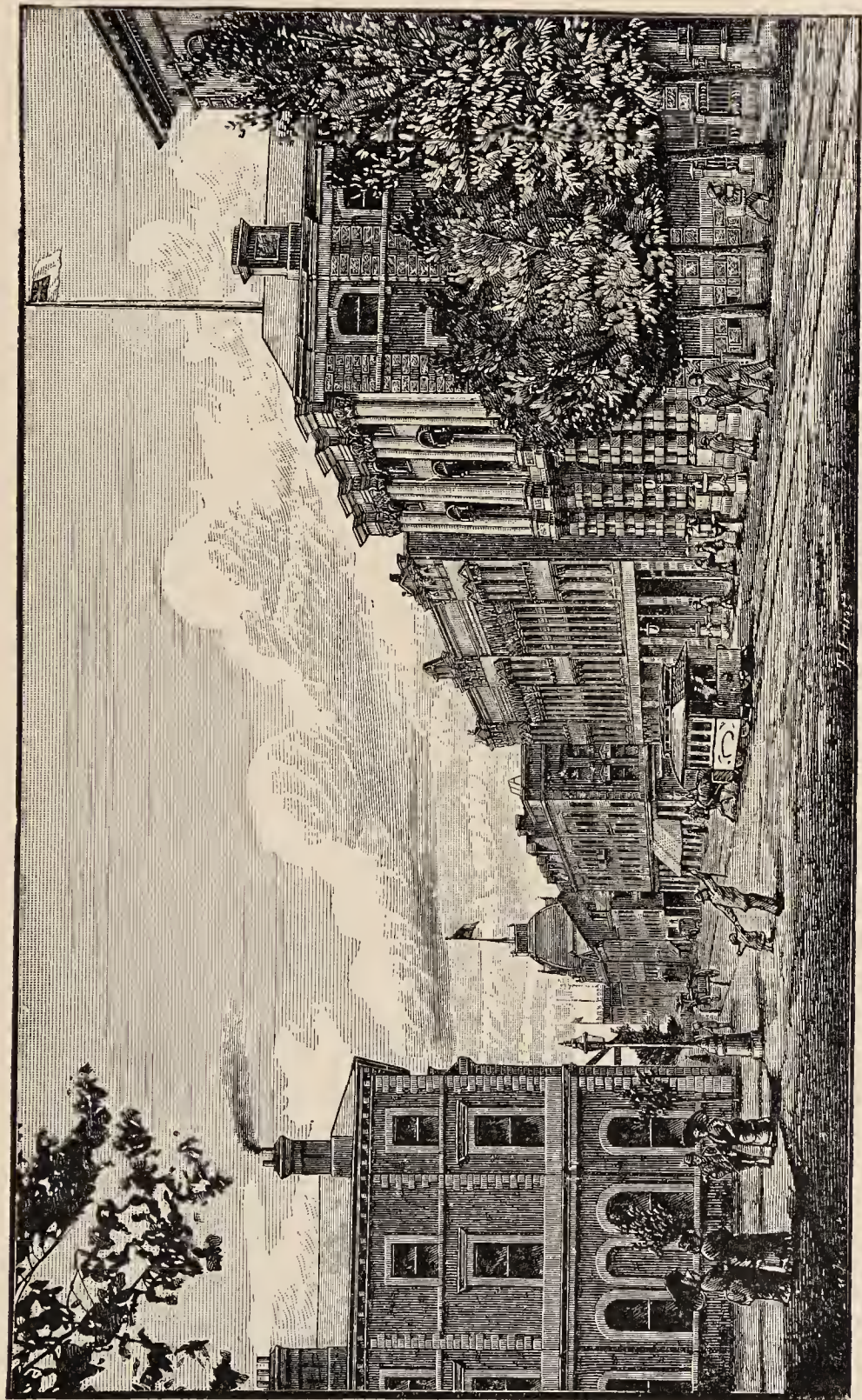
Queen Anne to the Indian chapel on the Mohawk River. Beneath the walls of the humble sanctuary repose the ashes of the Mohawk chief, Thayendinaga — Joseph Brant—who gallantly fought for the British through two bloody wars.

Other Indian reserves have been created at several places, as New Credit, Rice Lake, Rama, Walpole Island and elsewhere. On these reserves the Indians have been trained in the arts of peace, and, to a limited extent, in the practice of agriculture. But they do not exhibit much self-reliance nor aptitude of self-support; and the very assistance given them by the Government



CHRISTIAN INDIAN VILLAGE, PORT CREDIT.

and the missionary societies of the several Churches has, to a large degree, kept them in a state of tutelage and wardship that is unfavourable to the development of hardy energy of character. Yet many have been reclaimed from a life of barbarism and savagery, and elevated to the dignity of men and to the fellowship of saints. Our small cut shows the trim aspect of the Indian village at the Credit River, where the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, when a young man, spent the first year of his Christian ministry. He expresses in his private journal, written about sixty years ago, his trepidation on being called from this ministration to preach to the cultured and intelligent people of the town of York.



A VIEW IN THE CITY OF LONDON—*Richmond Street, looking South.*

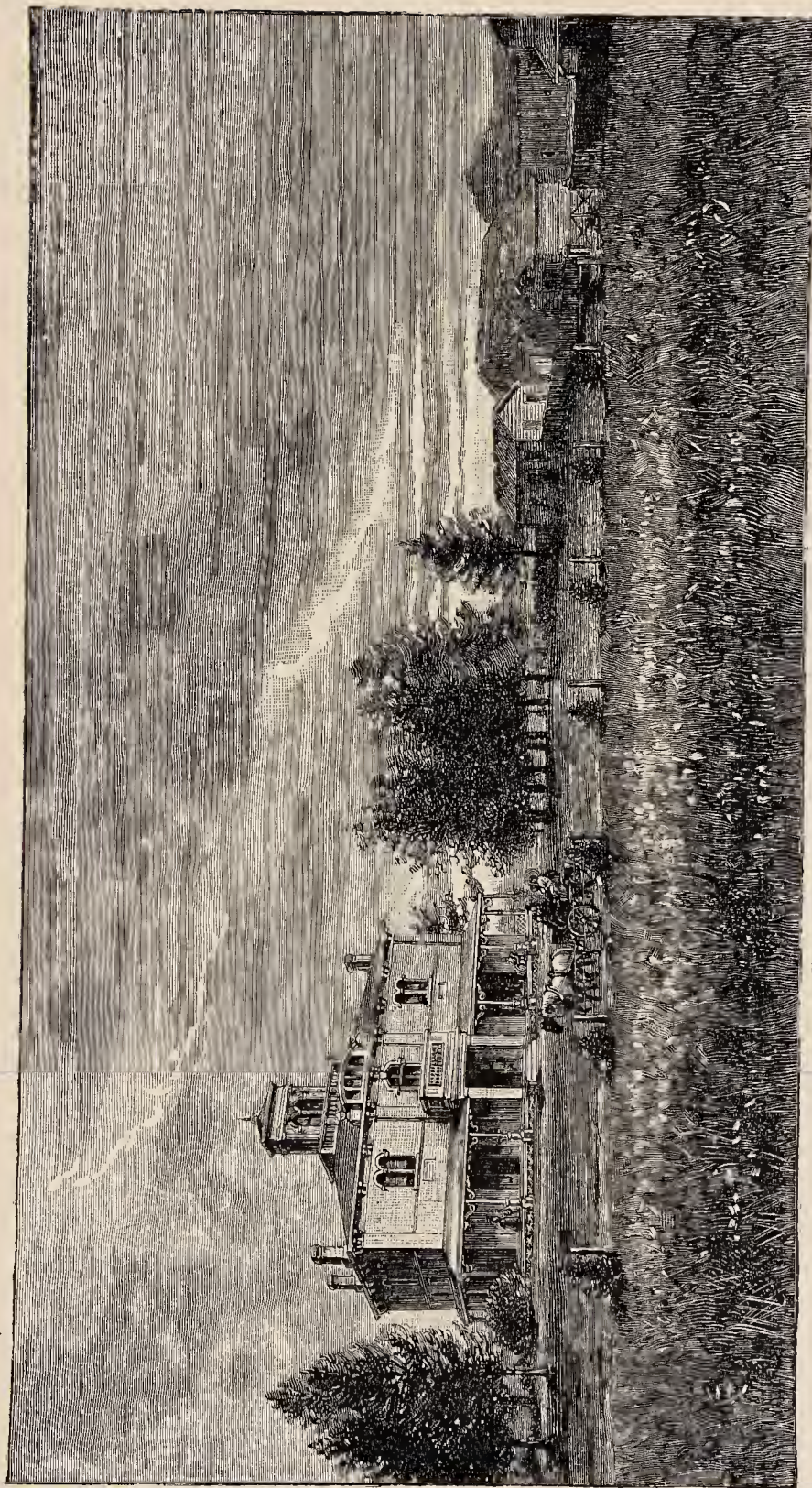
London, another important city in the Western Peninsula, is situated in the midst of a fertile agricultural country and is an important railway centre and commercial and manufacturing *entrepôt*. Its broad streets, beautiful parks, substantial and elegant buildings, and the picturesqueness of the winding river Thames make it a very desirable place of residence. It is also the seat of a successful ladies' college, and of the Western University.

Nineteen miles south of London is the rapidly growing town of St. Thomas, also an important railway centre and distributing point. Alma College, one of the most successful of the institutions of the province for the higher education of women, is situated here. Ten miles further south is Port Stanley, on Lake Erie—a charming summer resort and a place of considerable shipping interest.

The most southerly part of Canada is Point Pelee Island, off Point Pelee, in the county of Essex, Ontario. Both of these extend below 42° north latitude, about the latitude of Rome and Barcelona. Grapes flourish in great profusion.

Sixty-seven miles west of London is the town of Chatham, on the Southern Division of the Grand Trunk Railway, and on the river Thames, here navigable for vessels of a considerable size. On the Detroit frontier is the quaint old-fashioned town of Amherstburg—a place of considerable military importance as a garrison town during the troublous times of 1812, and during the Rebellion of 1837, but now living on the memories of its past amid its picturesque Lombardy poplars and pleasant rural surroundings.

Opposite the busy city of Detroit, on the bold banks of the St. Clair, is the handsome and thriving town of Windsor. The proposed construction of a railway bridge or tunnel beneath the river at this point is likely to greatly increase the commercial importance of this town. All along the western frontier there is a considerable survival of the original French population which maintains its language, religion and institutions almost unaffected by its English-speaking environment. It is quite like a bit of Lower Canada transported to the banks of the St. Clair.



A CANADIAN HOMESTEAD, DELAWARE, ONTARIO.

THE OIL WELLS OF CANADA.

We pause here to reproduce the description from the graphic pen of the Rev. David Savage, of an important industry of Canada, which has its chief seat in the western part of this peninsula :

“The oil industry of Canada has come to be no insignificant factor in the commerce of the country, though its historical record is a very brief one. Our oil-producing section lies almost wholly within the limits of the county of Lambton, in the townships of Enniskillen, Moore, and Sarnia. Enniskillen has much the most prolific yield. Within this township are located the villages of Oil Springs, Oil City, and last, but not least, the town of Petrolia, which is the emporium of the oil trade in Canada. It is a strange-looking region this: the flat country covered with a forest of derricks, the surface disfigured by excavations for underground tankage, whose capacity is a matter of astonishment to strangers—underground tankage is preferred, as it keeps the oil at a more equitable temperature, and thus obviates much waste from evaporation. Pipe-lines run in all directions with receiving ‘stations’ at regular and irregular intervals. We have heard an estimate of the pipe-laying used for the conveyance of oil in this section of country as reaching a longitudinal measurement of between thirty and forty miles. Fireproof iron tanks, engine-houses, treating-houses, still-houses, barrel-houses, agitators—all these latter at headquarters—vary, if they do not improve, the local scenery. A visit to the refineries on a dark, and, if possible, a stormy night, is an indispensable part of the programme of sight-seeing for a stranger. The roar and rage of the furnaces, the flare of the lights, the intense fiery glow flung upon all near objects, animate and inanimate, set off the more conspicuously by an inky background of surrounding darkness, all this together makes up a picture which, for weirdness and wildness, may pass for a not very inferior reproduction of some of the scenes of Tartarus of classic story. A burning oil-tank, the representation of which is given on page 367, happily an event of not frequent occurrence, is a scene unique in its horror, and once seen it is remembered forever.

"It is said that the greasy, foul-looking, and foul-smelling fluid known as crude oil used to be collected by the aboriginal



TORPEDOING AN OIL-WELL.

inhabitants of the country as it oozed in small quantities through the surface soil, and was employed by them for medicinal purposes, chiefly, perhaps, as an embrocation. Since the

settlement of the country, the Indians have been known to offer it for sale to the white man with strong commendations of its virtues. In the neighbourhood of Oil Springs are situated the 'gum beds.' These are tracts of about four acres each—there are two of them—covered by a crust varying from two or three inches to about as many feet in thickness; the accumulation, it may be supposed of ages, being a residuum from the oil forced to the surface, the more volatile properties having passed off in evaporation. The 'gum' is a highly combustible substance, and is used on the spot to feed furnaces. As far back as 1853-4, these 'gum beds' attracted sufficient attention to induce an enterprising Canadian to experiment with chemical appliances upon the strange-looking substance found in the locality. It was demonstrated that lubricating and illuminating oil could be manufactured from it, but not in paying quantities. J. M. Williams, Esq., an enterprising projector, still further tested the properties of the 'gum,' introducing and vigorously working on the ground two or three small 'stills.' This was during the years 1857-58, contemporary with the appearance on the market of refined oil from Pennsylvania. As a business venture, however, the prospect was by no means a sanguine one. About this time, as Mr. Williams was putting down a water-well, a depth had been reached of some thirty feet, when on one memorable morning, as the workmen returned to the spot for another day's excavations, the shaft was found nearly full to the surface of water—and oil!

"Pumping was at once commenced. Other wells were also sunk at depths varying from thirty-seven to seventy feet till the rock was reached. This was the infancy of the oil enterprise, and these wells are known in the nomenclature of the trade as 'surface wells.' The yield of these surface wells was sufficiently encouraging to attract business, capital, and skill to the locality. Refineries, too, were started at London, Woodstock and Hamilton. The Sarnia branch of the Great Western Road was now opened, and Wyoming, the nearest station to Oil Springs, became the receiving point for the new staple. For a distance of some thirteen miles the black un-

savory product was drawn with oxen and horses by circuitous routes through the forests and over execrable roads on 'stone boats' or 'mud sleighs.' Two barrels with the driver were considered under these unfavourable circumstances of travel a full load for a team. The pioneers of the oil industry have some laughable tales to tell of the experiences of these early days, with occasionally a touch of the tragic in them, too.

"The next stage in the development of the Canadian oil trade is marked by the arrival on the scene of L. B. Vaughan, Esq., an enterprising oil operator from Pennsylvania, who, bringing his large American experience to bear upon the work undertaken, commenced at once to drill into the rock, 'striking oil' at a depth of eighty-six feet from the surface. This was in November, 1860. The new departure proved an assured success. It is argued in support of the Scriptural averment, 'There is no new thing under the sun,' that the patriarch Job was evidently in advance of the oil-speculators of our day when, among his experiences in that remote age, 'the rock poured him out rivers of oil.' Leaving the exegesis of this passage in other hands, certain it is that the geological formation now reached and pierced in this Canada of ours did illustrate our quotation on a scale that filled the whole land with the bruit of it.

"Soon appeared the remarkable phenomena known as 'flowing wells.' Without any previous notice, when the drilling of what is known as the 'Shaw well' reached a depth of one hundred and fifty-eight feet in the rock, a powerful stream of petroleum rushed to the surface, spouting to a height of some twenty-five feet from the mouth of the bore. The surprise and bewilderment of the workmen may be conceived. It was more than the bargain. The flow from this well was estimated at—for a time—three thousand barrels a day! Indeed, amongst some thirty flowing wells which followed in quick succession, the discharge from one is said to have reached the almost incredible volume of six thousand barrels in twenty-four hours. No such yield was ever known before or since, even in the history of the older and more extensive oil regions of Pennsylvania. We are not surprised at being told that the workmen

were taken from the mouth of this well blinded and overcome by the rush of gas to the surface; the wonder rather is that no lives were lost under such exceptional conditions of exposure. Some of these wells flowed but a week, while others kept up their supply—without the use of pumps—for some twelve months.

“To save the product was of course impossible. Acres of land were covered with it. The native forest had been ‘slashed’ in that particular locality, and workmen passed from point to point by the help of the fallen trees, their trunks and limbs and brush furnishing the only road-bed available for the time. Finding the lower levels, the waterways were soon full of the unwelcome fluid. Bear Creek was transformed into a rushing river of petroleum. Oil could be dipped from the bed of the river in unknown quantities. On it flowed, discharging into the St. Clair, spreading itself over the surface of the lake and tainting the hitherto unsullied waters of the Detroit River. Some millions of barrels are supposed to have run to waste in this way during this phenomenal season. With the enormous over-production, prices of course fell correspondingly. Crude oil would, with difficulty, change hands at ten cents per barrel, while refined was sold at the same rate per gallon. Perhaps no one line of business speculation has been marked by so much uncertainty, such sudden and extreme fluctuations as belong to the oil trade. By 1864 the flowing wells were a thing of the past, and prices rapidly rose until, in the fall of 1865, crude oil stood at ten dollars a barrel. After this, refineries having been established at the village of Oil Springs, and a large amount of capital—much of it American—having being invested in the development of the industry, a point of over-production was again reached, when prices tumbled down once more to forty cents a barrel for crude, and ten cents a gallon for refined. Manufacturers are said to have sold at the latter figure by the car-load.

“During the years 1866-7, some very successful ventures in drilling were realized in a locality to the north of Oil Springs, operations having been in progress there for some time previously. The yield proved to be just then better as to quantity,

and with less admixture of water than on the old ground. Wells were accordingly multiplied, capital flowed in freely, competition was active, and with a rapidity characteristic to the oil industry, its headquarters was suddenly shifted from Oil Springs to what is now the town of Petrolia, a municipality which, with its outlying suburb of Marthaville, sustains a population at this writing of between six and seven thousand inhabitants. According to the figures furnished by the 'Petrolia Crude Oil and Tanking Company,' there were at that time not less than two thousand producing wells in this immediate section.

"Sinking a well in the old days of 1861-2 used to be a serious undertaking, involving an expenditure of much money, time and patience. In the matter of time, about as many months were required at that time as days are now. The work was performed by Amer-



BURNING WELL, BY NIGHT.

icans, who so magnified their office that a long purse was needed to initiate a novice into the respectable craft of oil

producers. Since then Petrolia has come to be so prolific of skilful drillers that wherever difficult and untried fields are to be pierced, its workmen are in active demand. From Cape Breton to Mexico, across to British Columbia, in far-off Burmah and tremulous Java, in Germany, Italy, Austria and Roumania, drillers from Petrolia have successfully operated on the stony casing that contains the oily treasures of the earth.

"Six men make up a 'crew' for drilling. They work in 'shifts,' or as it is called here 'tours,' of twelve hours each, three at a time—engineer, driller, and scaffold-man. The 'rig' consists of engine, boiler, walking-beam actuated by crank and pitman, draw-wheel, spool and derrick. The 'tools' are, beginning at the bottom, a 'bit' some two and a half feet long, having ten or twelve pounds of steel, nearly five inches wide and one and a half inches thick, welded to a piece of two and a half inch square iron, the upper end forming a pin with shoulder below. This pin is threaded and accurately fitted to a socket at the bottom end of the 'sinker.' The 'sinker' is a bar of three and a quarter inch round iron, some thirty feet long, ending at the top in a pin like that upon the bit, and connecting with the 'slips,' which consist of a huge pair of chain links whose most important use is to jar the bit and sinker loose in case the bit gets wedged in the rock, which sometimes happens. With the top of the 'slips' you reach the end of what drillers call the 'tools.' Such a 'heft' of metal with its 'dressed' edge striking the rock at a speed of fully sixty blows a minute, may well be supposed to do very vigorous execution. The connection toward the walking-beam is continued by means of poles of two inch white ash, each pole being made of two pieces, each eighteen feet long, riveted securely in the middle with heavy iron straps, the ends having a pin and socket respectively to connect with other poles. Just in the use of these poles instead of rope lies the superiority of Canadian over Pennsylvanian methods of drilling, the action of poles being more positive than that of rope, and the practicable speed altogether higher.

"The surface of the rock in Petrolia and its neighbourhood is usually reached—except by the water-course, where the dis-

tance is less—at a depth of about one hundred feet. Ninety feet of this distance is mostly compact blue clay, then a few feet of hard sand next the rock. The clay is bored through with an auger of peculiar construction and well suited to its work. Ten hours of boring—by horse-power—and the rock is generally found. To prevent caving, an octagonal tube of rough inch boards is put into the bore. Then begins the drilling. The ‘tools’ are ‘swung,” and from five to six consecutive days of twenty-four hours each the rock is pounded and ground at a rate from two to eight feet of progress per hour. After drilling a few feet the hole is ‘rimmed’ larger for a few inches and the ‘casing’ put in. This casing consists of wrought iron pipe screwed together in sections, has a diameter of about five inches, and protects the bore against flooding. At intervals of from five to ten feet of drilling, the ‘tools’ are drawn up and the ‘cuttings’ ‘sand-pumped.’ The sand-pump is a wrought iron tube about twenty-five or thirty feet long with a valve in the bottom. It is attached to the poles and is filled by dropping it sharply from the height of a few inches upon the mud and ‘cuttings.’

“The first twenty-five feet of the rock consists mostly of limestone, then for a hundred and fifty feet a formation of soapstone. The soapstone seems to be just a solidly-compressed clay, then about twenty-five feet of limestone with occasional layers of shale, then from twelve to twenty-five feet of more soapstone, then limestone again, to a depth of four hundred and fifty feet, when for fifteen or twenty feet layers of porous sandstone may be looked for and usually some oil. Small deposits of oil are frequently found all the way from the surface of the rock down, but the veins that last are rarely reached short of four hundred and fifty feet from the surface. The charge for putting down a well, including boring, drilling, and other work necessary for testing, is \$225.

“Among the modern appliances for developing the yield of a well is the use of the torpedo, which is now generally introduced when the drilling is finished. The well torpedo is simply a tin tube closed at the bottom, five or six feet long, with a diameter of some three inches. Into this tube nitro-glycerine

is poured, the top being left uncovered. To a strip of tin soldered across the upper and open end of the torpedo is fastened a small piece of tin piping in which have been deposited bits of iron wire with gun caps on their ends, the top of the upper piece reaching above the rim of the main tube. The torpedo is lowered through, perhaps, as much as a hundred feet of water which has been poured into the shaft. The explosive is not injured by contact with water, and, having a greater specific gravity, the tube sinks to the bottom of the well. A piece of iron is then dropped on it, when the gun caps usually explode and the nitro-glycerine is set off. Sometimes, however, additional violence has to be employed to compass this end, as by dropping a heavy bar of iron on the tube, or, it may be, sending down a small case containing an extra pint of the explosive with a second supply of gun caps attached.

"When the torpedo 'goes off' water, oil, splinters of rock and whatever else may have found its way into the bore, all are blown with great force from the mouth of the well, forming an oily geyser that rises sometimes a hundred feet in the air, bespattering all and sundry within its reach, particularly on the lee side if the wind should chance to be blowing. Torpedoes are also employed with considerable success in renewing old and failing wells. Nitro-glycerine is generally regarded as a highly dangerous commodity, but in the oil country it seems to be handled without fear. Workmen who have occasion to use the compound carry it along the streets with as little concern as they do their cold tea, and even drive over our rough roads at a smart trot with cans of the terrible stuff under the seats of their buggies."

The following extract from the author's story of "Life in a Parsonage," gives a sketch of a not uncommon incident in an oil region :

"The wells on Oil Creek had been pumping splendidly, and one or two flowing wells that had gone dry began to flow again. Every oil-tank was full—they are enormous iron structures as big as a great gasometer—and millions of gallons were sent by the pipe-lines to the great oil refineries and storage tanks. But every place was full and overflowing with oil. It filled

the tanks, and soaked the ground, and poured into the creek, floating on the top of the water, and shining in the sunlight with a strange iridescence, all the colours of the rainbow. Everything was reeking with the smell of oil.

"The strictest orders were given to observe the utmost precautions against fire, and absolutely prohibiting smoking about the works. But there are men who *will* smoke, even though they were in a powder magazine, or in a mine filled with fire-



BANG ! BANG ! WENT THE CANNON.

damp. There was one such, a stoker in the boiler-house. At the close of one of the dark days of December, just as the men were leaving work, he laid down his pipe, which he had been smoking, near some oil-soaked rags ; and in a moment—almost before the men could get out of the building—the whole place was wrapped in flames. The men had to fly for their lives, almost without attempting to save a thing. In a few minutes the whole valley seemed ablaze. The oil derricks caught fire

one after another, and flamed like great beacons against the dark pines on the hill side, lighting up everything as bright as day. Presently one of the great oil tanks caught fire, no one knew how, and shot up to the sky a great column of flame and lurid smoke. Then the men began to dig trenches from the tanks to the creek, and I heard them shout to bring the cannon, and they dragged the twelve-pounder from the fire-hall up to hill, near the tank. They then began firing round shot against the tank, so as to draw off the oil into the creek, to prevent it exploding and firing the other tanks. Bang! bang! went the cannon. Sometimes the balls missed the tank, sometimes they glanced from the iron sides; but at last two balls, one after another, pierced the tank, and the black streams of oil poured out and flowed into the creek; thousands of dollars' worth going to waste.

"How it was no one knew, but suddenly the oil in the creek caught fire, and, like a flash, the flames ran down the stream—a river of fire licking up everything that could burn. Oh, it was awful—the roar of the flames, the crash of the falling derricks, the rolling clouds of lurid smoke! Then the other tanks of oil, one after another, caught fire, and some of them exploded with a fearful noise, scattering the flames far and wide. In an hour everything was destroyed—only the charred and blackened valley, with here and there a skeleton derrick and the rusty oil tanks were all that remained."

We proceed to enumerate the other principal towns and cities of Ontario.

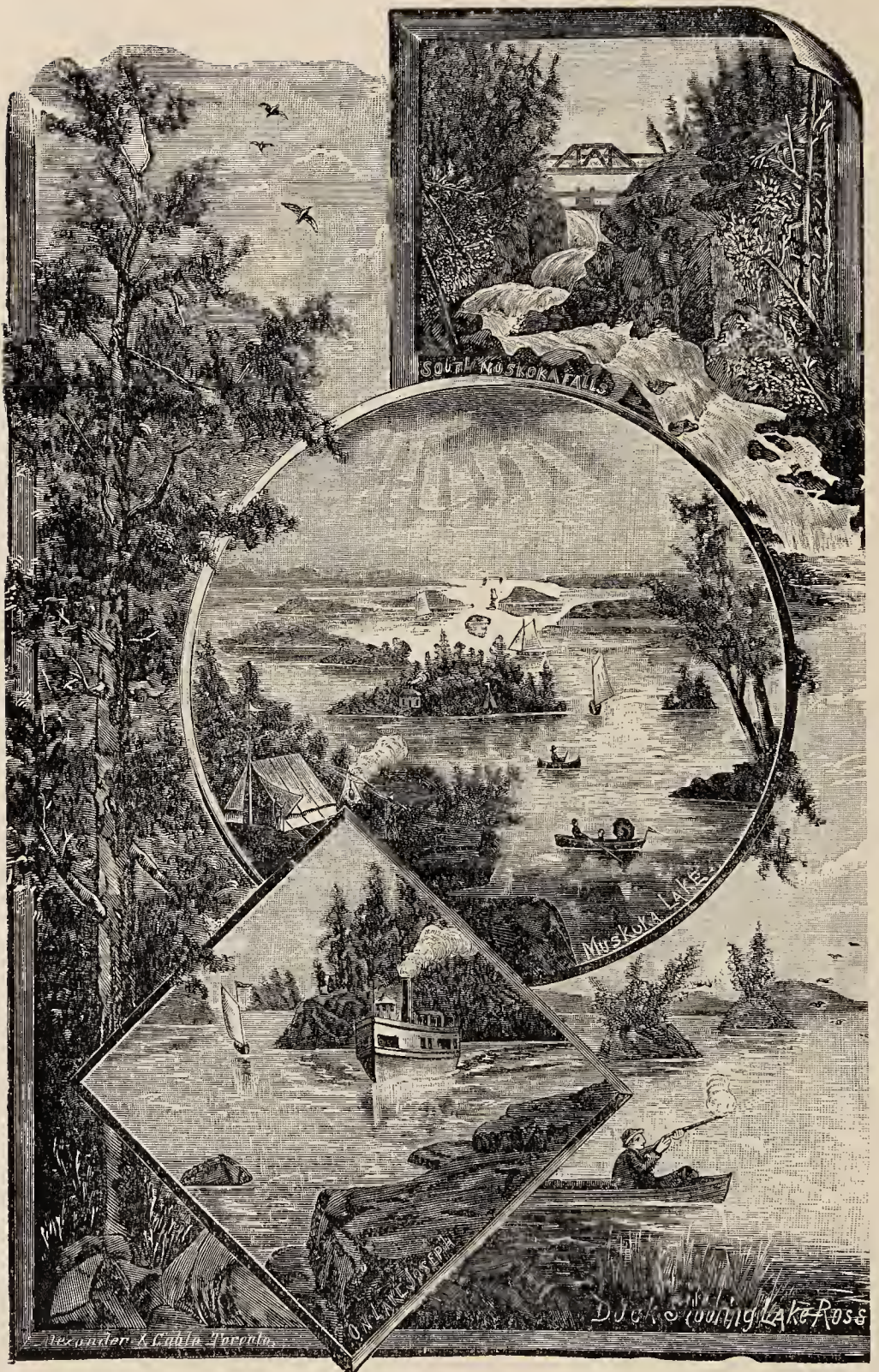
On the railways running west and north-west from Toronto are the important towns and cities of Milton, Galt, Guelph—with the Government Model Farm—Berlin, Stratford, Seaforth, Clinton, and Goderich, the latter on a commanding bluff overlooking Lake Huron, with numerous salt wells in the vicinity. These wells are bored to a great depth till the salt-beds are reached. The strong brine is pumped into vats and is boiled down and evaporated till salt of great purity is obtained. It commands a ready market throughout the Dominion, and contributes not a little to the prosperity of the salt regions of Ontario. Other principal towns north-west of Toronto are

Kincardine, Port Elgin and Walkerton; Wiarton, Owen Sound and Collingwood on Georgian Bay; Fergus and Elora, the latter



A STILL SEQUESTERED NOOK.

surrounded by beautiful scenery, and many a still sequestered nook ; Orangeville, Georgetown, Brampton, and many other centres of trade and manufacturing industry.



BITS IN MUSKOKA.

THE MUSKOKA LAKES.

The Northern Railway, the first iron road constructed in Ontario, opens up a vast extent of rich agricultural country, valuable lumber districts and picturesque lake region. The beautiful, island-studded, forest-bordered Lakes Muskoka, Joseph and Rosseau, furnish one of the most admirable camping, fishing and summer resorts to be found in the province. We borrow the following description from an accomplished writer :

Leaving Toronto by one of the express trains, the passengers will pass through many populous and prosperous towns and villages, and through a rich agricultural country, which is highly picturesque, and illustrates a very high standard of farming and its wealth.

At four miles is Davenport, a hill-side locality fast filling with suburban residences, and whose pretty station with flower-garden and high-gabled roof, conveys reminiscences of English neatness and finish. Between this station and Weston, to the left, is seen the Valley of the Humber, and the Caledon Hills closing in the distant view.

The height of land between Lakes Ontario and Huron is reached at the summit (twenty-six miles from Toronto), which is seven hundred and fifty-five feet above the level of Lake Ontario, and four hundred and fifteen feet above that of Lake Huron. A few miles beyond King the line passes, by not a few curves, through "The Ridges," and then enters the finely-farmed district especially noted for the excellence of its horses and sheep. The village of Aurora lies to the left. Four miles farther on is Newmarket, population 3,000, a place of considerable age and importance, and the headquarters of some energetic manufacturing interests. Near the town of Bradford the line passes over what is known as the Holland River Marsh, a locality celebrated amongst sportsmen for its abundant supply of snipe, wild duck, and for maskinonge and bass fishing. To this point Governor Simcoe constructed the great northern road of the province, Yonge Street. Till the construction of the Northern Railway this was the great artery of commerce. During the war of 1812-14, all the naval and military stores for the naval station at Penetanguishene were conveyed over

this road. At the park at Holland Landing is to be seen a huge anchor designed for a British gunboat on Lake Huron, which was drawn by twenty-four teams of oxen from Toronto to its present position.

Allandale is situate on the shores of Kempenfeldt Bay, one of the arms of Lake Simcoe, and is one of the neatest and most charmingly-situated of railway stations. Having enjoyed this first glimpse of beautiful lake scenery, the train is again taken, and, passing Barrie, the county-town, a prosperous place of 6,000 inhabitants, whose houses, built on a hill-side, facing the

lake, rise picturesquely above one another. A short run follows over a line of exceptional excellence of construction, and through a country of great agricultural promise, as yet but partially under cultivation.



LARGE ANCHOR AT HOLLAND LANDING PARK.

Lake Simcoe is the largest of the inland lakes of Ontario, being thirty miles in length and sixteen in breadth. Its shores are characterized by great sylvan beauty. At Keswick

is seen the charmingly-situated resort of one of the great lumber kings of the country, and many of the other choice spots begin to be occupied with the summer residences of the more wealthy inhabitants. Passing Snake Island, the isolated home of a fast-dwindling Indian tribe, and Lighthouse, and other islands, the open lake is reached.

The steamer then skirts the upper shores of the lake, past deep bays, whose wooded promontories jut out picturesquely into the water, and, sighting Atherley, after an easy run of two hours, passes Grape and other islands closely clustered together,

and enters the "Narrows," the water channel joining Lake Simcoe with Lake Couchiching, of which the first view is here gained.

This lake is the highest in Ontario, being seven hundred and fifty feet above Lake Ontario, four hundred and fifteen feet above Lake Huron, and three hundred and ninety feet above Lake Superior, as is plainly evidenced by the flow of the waters which run northward, and thence by a succession of falls down the Severn River, gain the Georgian Bay, and so by Lakes Huron and Erie, find their way to the "Great Leap" of the

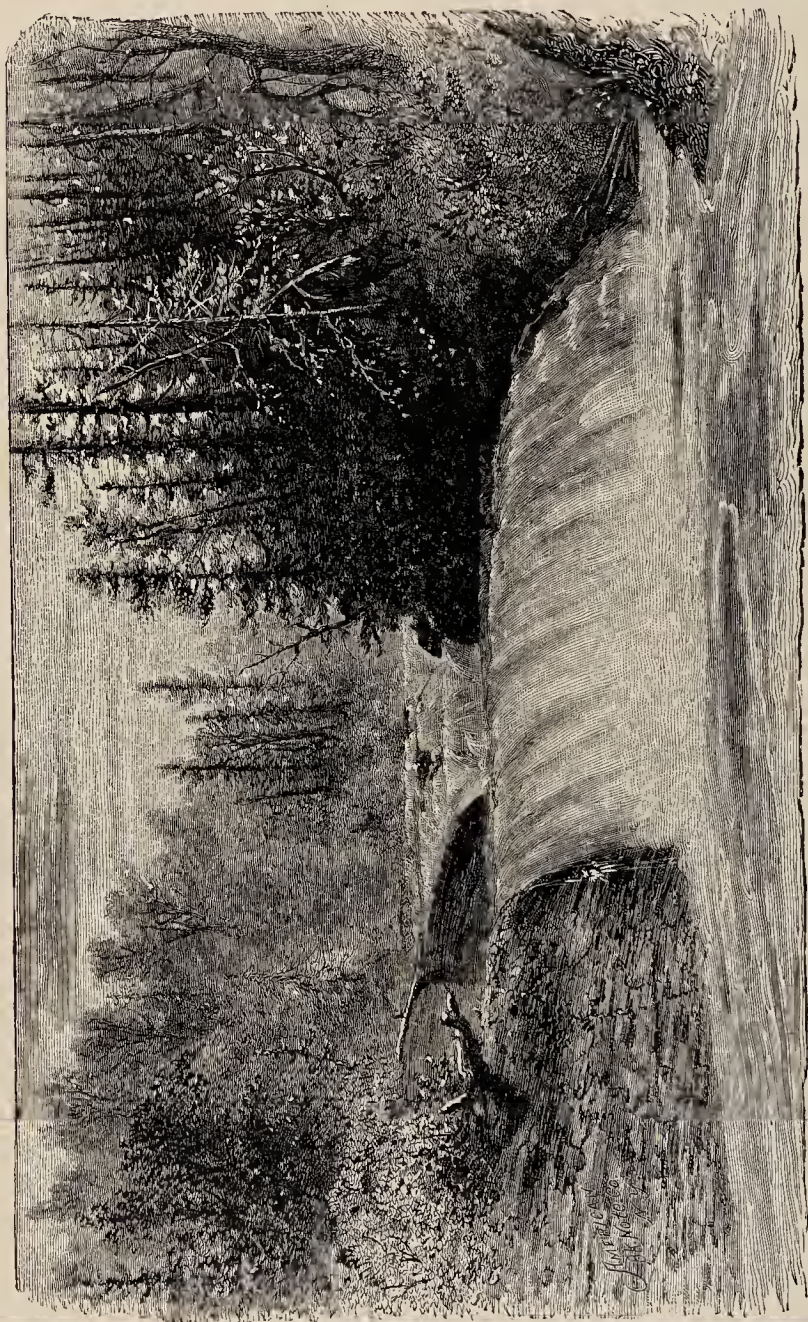


GRAPE ISLAND, LAKE SIMCOE.

height of land separating the Lakes of Muskoka from Lake waters of all Northern America, the Niagara Falls, thus reaching Lake Ontario by a circuit of eight hundred miles to attain a point but forty miles from their original source. The elevation and clearness of the atmosphere, and the cool breezes consequent thereon, would, apart from any other consideration, be sufficient to commend the locality as a favourite summer resort.

After crossing the Narrows' swing bridge, the line passes through forests, through which distant views are obtained of Lake Couchiching to the left and Lake St. John to the right.

Having crossed the Severn upon a lofty bridge, it passes the Couchiching. False impressions of the Free Grant District are



FALLS ON THE SEVERN.

frequently taken from the appearance of the country seen along this part of the trip ; but as, on the south side, there are tracts



ON THE SEVERN—A SUMMER IDYLL.

of fine farming land, so, to the north, this ridge being passed over, lies the wide, arable country which is being so rapidly peopled by thrifty settlers.

The Kasheshebogamog, a small stream with a very long name, being crossed, the granite rocks raise their lofty sides, high bluff cliffs overhang the railway as it curves around their bases, in some places the front portion of the train is lost to



GRANITE NOTCH.

sight from the rear, but finally the "Granite Notch" is reached, and the railway slips through a natural pass, fortunately left for its passage by nature.

At one hundred and fifteen miles is Gravenhurst, a rising town at the foot of the chain of the "Lakes of Muskoka." From its position, is the key to the great Lake District of the Muskoka, Magnetawan, the Nipissing regions, possessing excellent facilities for first-class railway system to the southward, and by steamers on the lakes, and by rail and stages on the

colonization roads, to the northward. The town occupies a most eligible site, crowning elevated but not too hilly ground, and encircling pretty bays in the form of huge amphitheatres. The railway has recently been extended through a rugged country to North Bay, on Lake Nipissing, where a junction is effected with the Canadian Pacific. It is probable that before



HIGH FALLS, NEAR BRACEBRIDGE.

long a further extension will connect the waters of Lake Ontario with those of Hudson Bay.

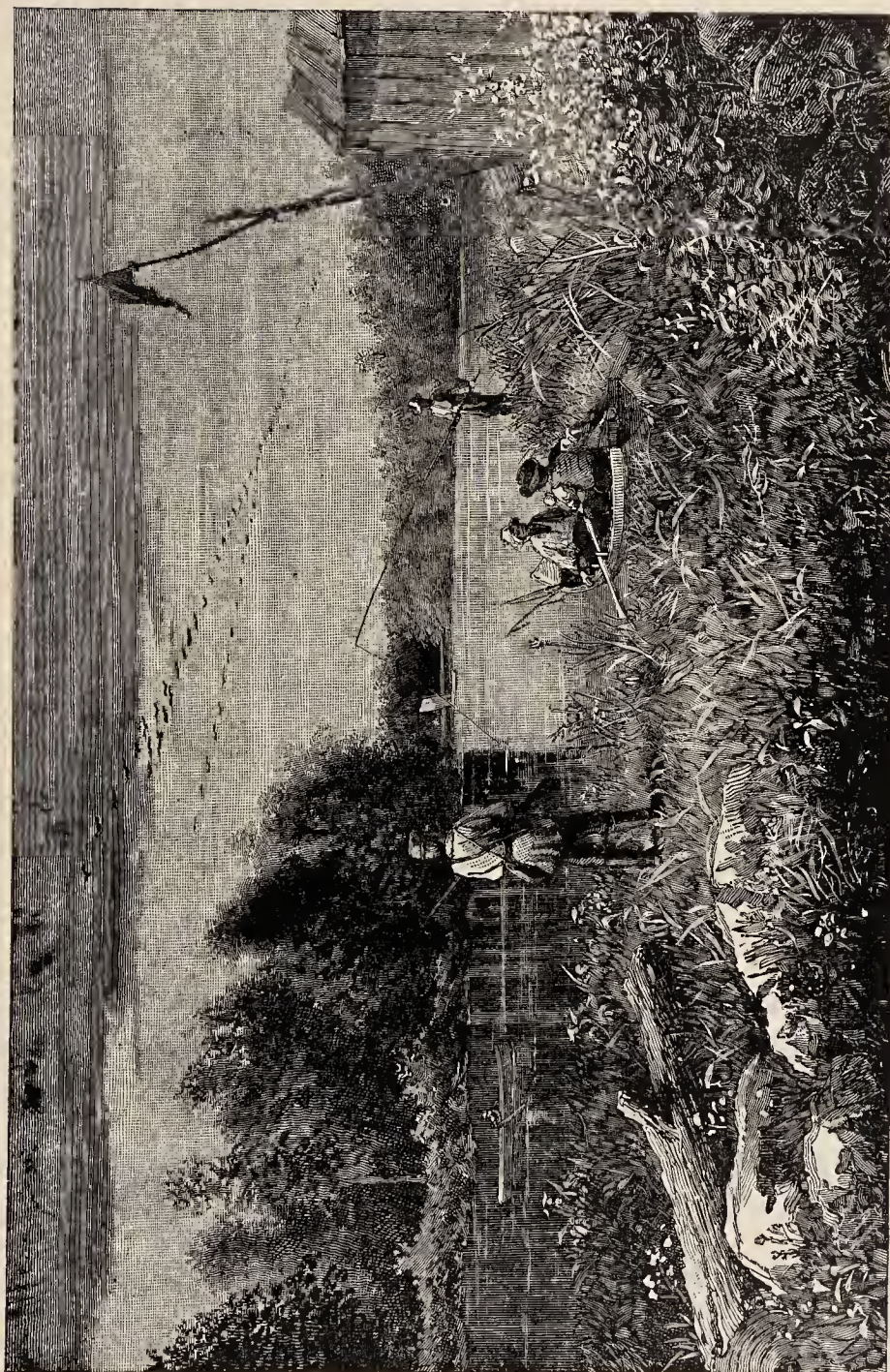
At Gravenhurst the steamer of the Northern Lakes Navigation Company may be taken, and, passing out of the bay, through the "Narrows," after a run of an hour through Lake Muskoka, during which dinner is served, the steamer enters Muskoka River. The river is rapid, deep, and dark in colour, the steep

banks fringed with forest, and the course full of quick, sharp turns. Six miles from the mouth of the river is Bracebridge, the chief village and capital of the District of Muskoka, situated at the head of the Muskoka River navigation. The village is incorporated, and has obtained a position of prominence and importance in advance of all other villages in the Free Grant Lands of Ontario. The site of the town is elevated and well



SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

chosen, commanding magnificent views of the fine valleys which abound in the neighbourhood. The North Falls, a cascade of about sixty feet, is in the centre village, and can be seen from the steamboat landing, but the tourist must stop over to see the grand South Falls of Muskoka, which are some two miles from Bracebridge by road, or three by boat or canoe. The Falls are composed of a series of cascades, and are well worthy of a visit, the total height being one hundred and fifty feet. A good view



DUCK-SHOOTING ON LAKE ROSSEAU.

can be obtained by descending a pathway down the bank; at about half way down, turn to the right, to where a good solid cliff projects, which commands a view of the entire cataract. "Wilson's Falls" and "High Falls" are also within easy reach by carriage or boat.

After returning down the river, and regaining the lake, in one hour we reach Port Carling, on the Indian River, connecting Lake Muskoka with Lake Rosseau, the higher level of the latter being gained at this place by a lock. The village might not inaptly have been called Interlaken, from its position between two lakes.



MAKING A PORTAGE—MUSKOKA RIVER.

At this point Lake Joseph is entered. The waters of all the other lakes of Muskoka are dark in colour, but the waters of this are beautifully clear, deep and soft, experienced tourists speaking highly of their bathing qualities. The islands are numerous, the shores rising into bluff headlands and prominences peculiar to this lake. After a run of sixteen miles is Port Cockburn. This place, better known perhaps as the "Head of Lake Joseph," is pre-eminently well adapted as a quiet, plain, pleasant, and healthful family summer resort. A very good road connects the lake here with the Parry Sound colonization road, a distance of a little less than two miles.

Proceeding from Port Carling direct up Lake Rosseau, the

steamer touches first at Windermere, on the east shore, the outlet of an important settlement, and shortly reaches the head of the lake at Rosseau; the place commands an important commercial position, in addition to its great natural beauties and attraction for tourists and sportsmen.

One of the charms of visiting our beautiful Northern Lakes is their association with the memory of the early French explorers of Canada. At Orillia, for instance, was the great rendezvous of the Indian tribes, whither, by way of the Ottawa, French River and Georgian Bay, came Champlain, who, first of white men, saw these inland waters, two hundred and seventy-



RUNNING A RAPID—MUSKOKA RIVER.

three years ago (1615), and where he dwelt among the Indians one whole winter. The islands that dot the surface of the lake gleam in the golden light like emerald gems upon its bosom. The islands in Lake Joseph are of a more rugged character, rising often abruptly in craggy rocks from the deep pellucid waters. Dark spiry spruces also predominate, keeping, like sentinels, their lonely watch on solitary island or cape.

The greatest fascination of this northern wilderness of lake and stream is the numerous rapids and waterfalls with which they abound. Many of these are of exquisite beauty. To those who are fond of fishing, which, we confess, we are not, these streams furnish great sport. But nothing, in its way, is

more delightful than gliding, almost like a bird, over the transparent waters of these crystal lakes; or darting, almost like a fish, down the arrowy rapids in the Indian's light canoe. It is the very poetry of motion, and the canoe is, in skilful hands the very embodiment of grace and beauty.

All the forest's life is in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the brightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
As it floats upon the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

The special advantage of the birch canoe is that its lightness permits its being borne, as shown on page 380, over the numerous portages by which the falls and rapids of these northern streams are surmounted. The whole region for hunting and fishing is a very sportsman's paradise.

LAKES HURON AND SUPERIOR.

The natural features of our great northern lakes, Huron and Superior, are on a vaster scale than in the smaller lakes. The shores are much bolder and of a sterner character. The scenery is more sublime, but less beautiful. The sail on these lakes may be begun at Midland, Collingwood, Owen Sound or Sarnia. From the two former, one may take the inside channel through the countless islands of Georgian Bay to Parry Sound, Byng Inlet and French River—romantic regions with fine scenery, good fishing and hunting, and extensive lumbering establishments. The most attractive route to Sault Ste. Marie is that between Manitoulin Island and the mainland. The entire north coast of Lake Huron is indented with a thousand inlets, separated by rocky capes. The La Cloche Mountains, rising two thousand feet above the sea, stretch along its entire length. They are, for the most part, gray, barren rocks of the Huronian formation, with highly tilted strata, and without timber enough to carry a fire over them. They stretch, like a billowy sea, wave beyond wave, as far as the eye can reach—a scene of stern and savage grandeur, almost appalling in its desolation. On a

narrow passage, between Manitoulin Island and the mainland, is the little fishing hamlet of Killarney, from which comes much of the fish for the Toronto market. The entrance is highly picturesque and very intricate, whence the Indian name, Shebawenahning—"Here we have a channel."

A little further west the celebrated Symes' Channel begins a mazy passage

among the thousands of islands that border on the North Shore.

The most impressive characteristic of this part of the route is the immense number of islands through which the channel lies, and which give evidence of tremendous geological convulsions. They are of all sizes and of every conceivable shape, from the Grand Manitoulin, containing thousands of square miles, to the single barren rock just above the surface. Some are bare and sterile, others clothed

in deep green foliage of the pines, relieved by the brighter tints of the maple and white-skinned birches, which lave their tresses in the water like naiads of the wave, and gaze at their bright reflection on its surface, as though charmed with their own loveliness. Now they seem completely to block up the pathway, and, like wardens of these northern solitudes, to challenge our right to approach their lone domain; and now they open



NATURAL BRIDGE, MACKINAC.

out into majestic vistas of fairy beauty as though inviting our advance. Here they rise in lofty wood-crowned heights, and there they merely lift their rounded backs, like leviathans, above the water. In the distance they seem like a group of Tritons sporting on the waves. In other places the steamer passes through channels so narrowed that one might almost leap ashore—in one the trees nearly brush the deck. At one spot forty of these islands are in sight at once. Captain Bayfield set down on his magnificent charts of these regions, thirty-six thousand separate islands, on twenty thousand of which he had himself set foot. In Lake Superior, according to Agassiz, there are



SAULT STE. MARIE FALLS.

nearly as many. They are all, with slight exceptions, on the north shore. In the clear air and bright sunlight of these regions some of the finest atmospheric effects are produced. The red and purple and cool grays of the lichens, and the deep rusty blue of the metallic oxides, produce rich bits of colour such as artists love. Before reaching the Sault, the steamer sometimes calls at Mackinac, at the entrance to Lake Michigan. This is a place of much historic interest and scenic attraction. The remarkable natural bridge in our cut is much visited.

At the Sault Ste. Marie, the St. Mary's River, giving outlet to the mighty waters of Lake Superior, rushes like a race-horse

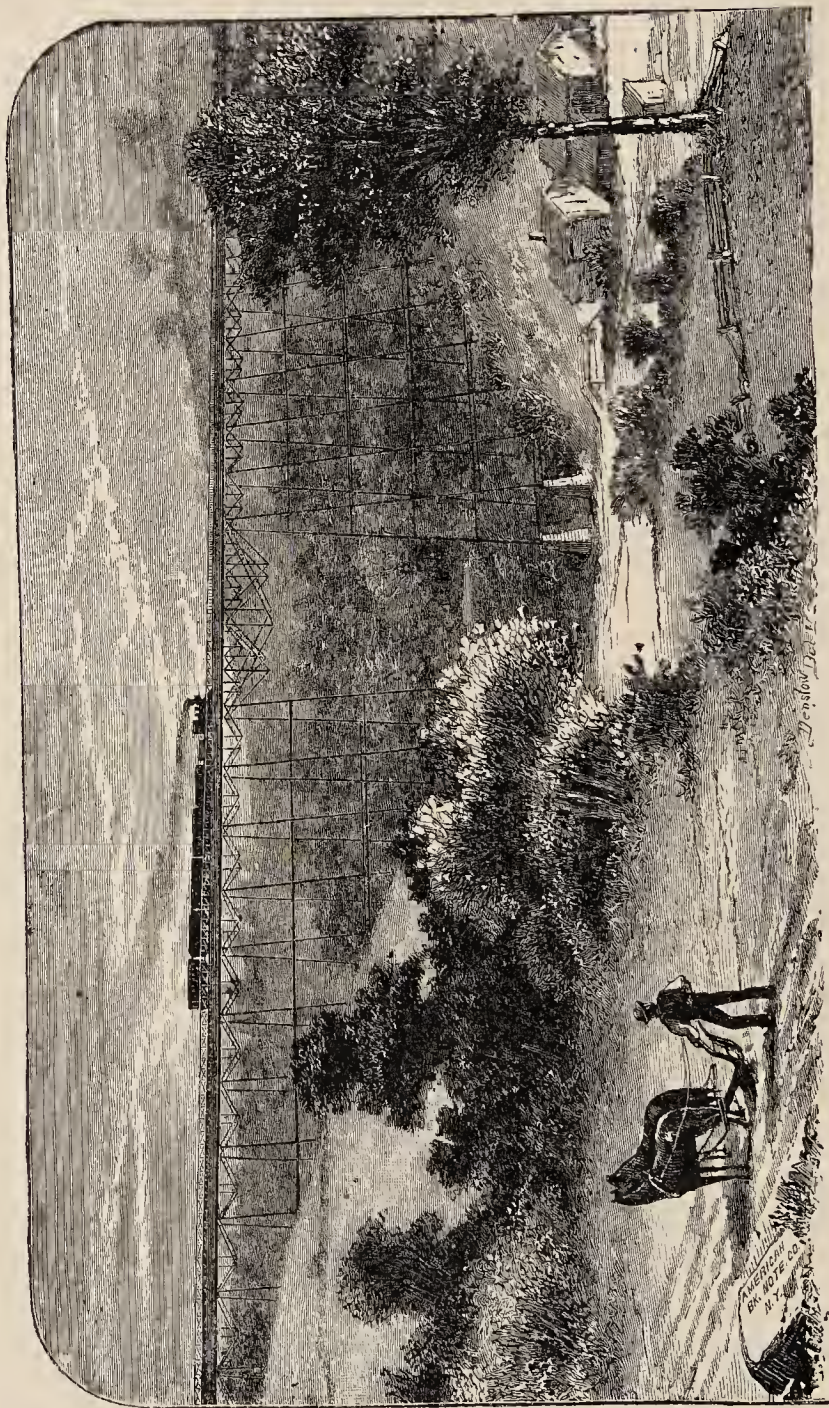
down its rocky channel, flecked with snowy foam as it leaps from ledge to ledge. A short distance below, the buoy, struggling like a drowning man with the waves, shows the strength of the current. The Indians catch splendid fish in the rapids with a scoop net, urging their frail canoes into the seething vortex of the waves.

In 1671, Father Allouez planted a cedar cross and graved the lilies of France, and, in the presence of a conclave of Indian chiefs from the Red River, the Mississippi, and the St. Lawrence, chanted, in the depths of the forest and beside the snowy waters of St. Mary's Falls, the Mediæval Latin hymn,—

“Vexilla Regis prodeunt
Fulget crucis mysterium.”

Thus was the sovereignty of the whole country assumed in the name of His Most Christian Majesty Louis XIV. The traces of that sovereignty may be found from the island of St. Pierre to the Rocky Mountains, from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, in many of the names, and frequently in the prevalence of the language and religion of La Belle France. The early French explorers, with a wonderful prescience, followed the great natural routes of travel, seized the keys of commerce, and left their impress on the broad features of nature in the names they gave to many of the mountains, lakes and rivers of the continent. To-day the red Indian on the Qu'Appelle presents his offering at the shrine of the Virgin on his return from the hunt, and the *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* of the Upper Ottawa and the great North-West chant the wanton chansons sung by the courtiers of Versailles under the old régime.

Passing through the lofty headlands of Gros Cap and Point Iroquois, the northern Pillars of Hercules, some five or six miles apart, we enter the broad expanse of this mighty island lake, the “Big Sea Water” of the Indians. It is surrounded by an almost unbroken rocky rim, from three or four hundred to thirteen or fourteen hundred feet high, rising almost abruptly from the shores. Over this the rivers fall in successive cascades, frequently of five or six hundred feet in a few miles. In con-



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE DON VALLEY, NEAR TORONTO.

sequence of its depth, the waters are extremely cold, varying little from 40° Fah. They are also remarkably clear. Dilke, in his "Greater Britain," says, "clearer than those of Ceylon," which are famed for their transparency. The North Shore of this great "unsalted sea" will be described later on.

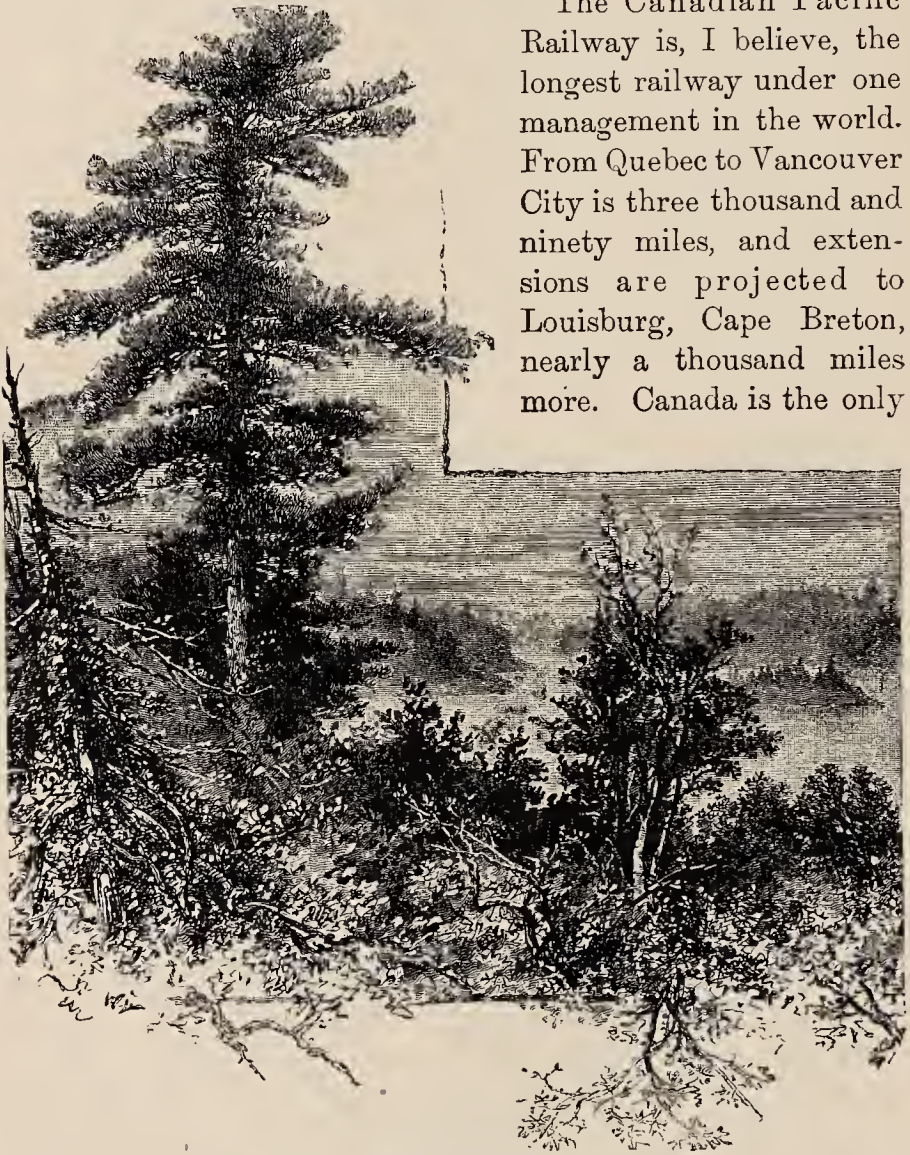
OVER THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The following pages will give an account of a trip across the continent by our new national highway, the Canadian Pacific Railway. I enjoyed the company, as far as Winnipeg, of that genial travelling companion, the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, LL.D., fraternal delegate from the British to the Canadian Methodist Conference, who was also on a journey to the Pacific Coast. Dr. Stephenson has been quite a "globe-trotter," and I think enjoys the distinction of having seen more of Methodism throughout the world than probably any man living. He has also visited, I think, every considerable town and city in the Dominion, from Halifax to Victoria, B.C. In his journey round the world he has found no place offering the conditions of prosperity to the young people trained in the various branches of "the Children's Home" in England, like our beloved Canada.

We left the Union Station, Toronto, at five p.m., on September 22nd, 1886. As we skirted the northern front of the city, fine views were obtained of its many towers and spires and of the elegant villas on the neighbouring heights. A fine outlook is obtained over the beautiful valley of the Don, from the graceful bridge, combining both strength and beauty, which spans that stream, of the picturesque hamlets of Todmorden and Agincourt, and of the rich farmsteads of Markham and Pickering. In about three hours we reach the thriving town of Peterborough with nine thousand inhabitants, on the Otonabee, in a beautiful environment of hill and dale. Charbot Lake is a charming sheet of water with bold, rocky shores, and dotted with numerous verdure-clad islands. Perth and Smith's Falls are thriving towns and important distributing centres for a flourishing agricultural district. But of these we see nothing during this trip, for we have not long, after leaving Toronto, turned from the gathering darkness without to the warmth and

cheer within, and devoted ourselves to tea and talk, and then to our comfortable beds—for, on the modern railway, one may carry with him all the comforts of home.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is, I believe, the longest railway under one management in the world. From Quebec to Vancouver City is three thousand and ninety miles, and extensions are projected to Louisburg, Cape Breton, nearly a thousand miles more. Canada is the only



ON CHARBOT LAKE.

country in the world, except Russia in Europe and in Asia combined, in which a continuous road of four thousand miles through a territory under one government is possible. The main line begins at Montreal, from which place the through

trains for the Pacific Coast start, passing through Ottawa. The Canadian Pacific Railway has now a direct line from Toronto to Montreal and the St. Lawrence seaboard, crossing the St. Lawrence near Lachine, on the fine iron bridge shown in cut.

The train on which I left Toronto, however, did not run through to Ottawa City, but switched off in the night, at Carleton Junction, upon the main line to the West, passing the somewhat important towns of Almonte, Arnprior, Renfrew and Pembroke, the latter situated on Allumette Lake, a beautiful expansion of the Ottawa.



ST. LAWRENCE BRIDGE, NEAR LACHINE.

When I awoke early in the morning we were gliding up the valley of the Ottawa. The train swept along on a high bench above the winding stream, here dimpled with smiles, there seeming almost black by contrast with the snowy foam of the frequent rapids. Across the stream great uplands sweep to the sky-line. We passed many saw-mills and lumber villages with their great rafts of timber—many of these with a rustic Roman Catholic log church, surmounted by a huge wooden cross, for many of the settlers, perhaps a majority, are French *habitants*. The dense forests of pine climbed the steep slopes and stood in serried ranks at the tops, like sentinels against the sky. The

sombre blues and purples were relieved by the brighter tints of the yellow larches and white-skinned birches and shivering aspens. The uptilted strata of the ancient Laurentian rock attested the volcanic energy of long by-past ages, and the huge travelled boulders illustrated the phenomena of the drift period, when great glaciers ploughed and ground and moulded the whole northern part of the continent.



FRENCH CANADIAN VILLAGE,
ON THE OTTAWA.

LUMBERING.

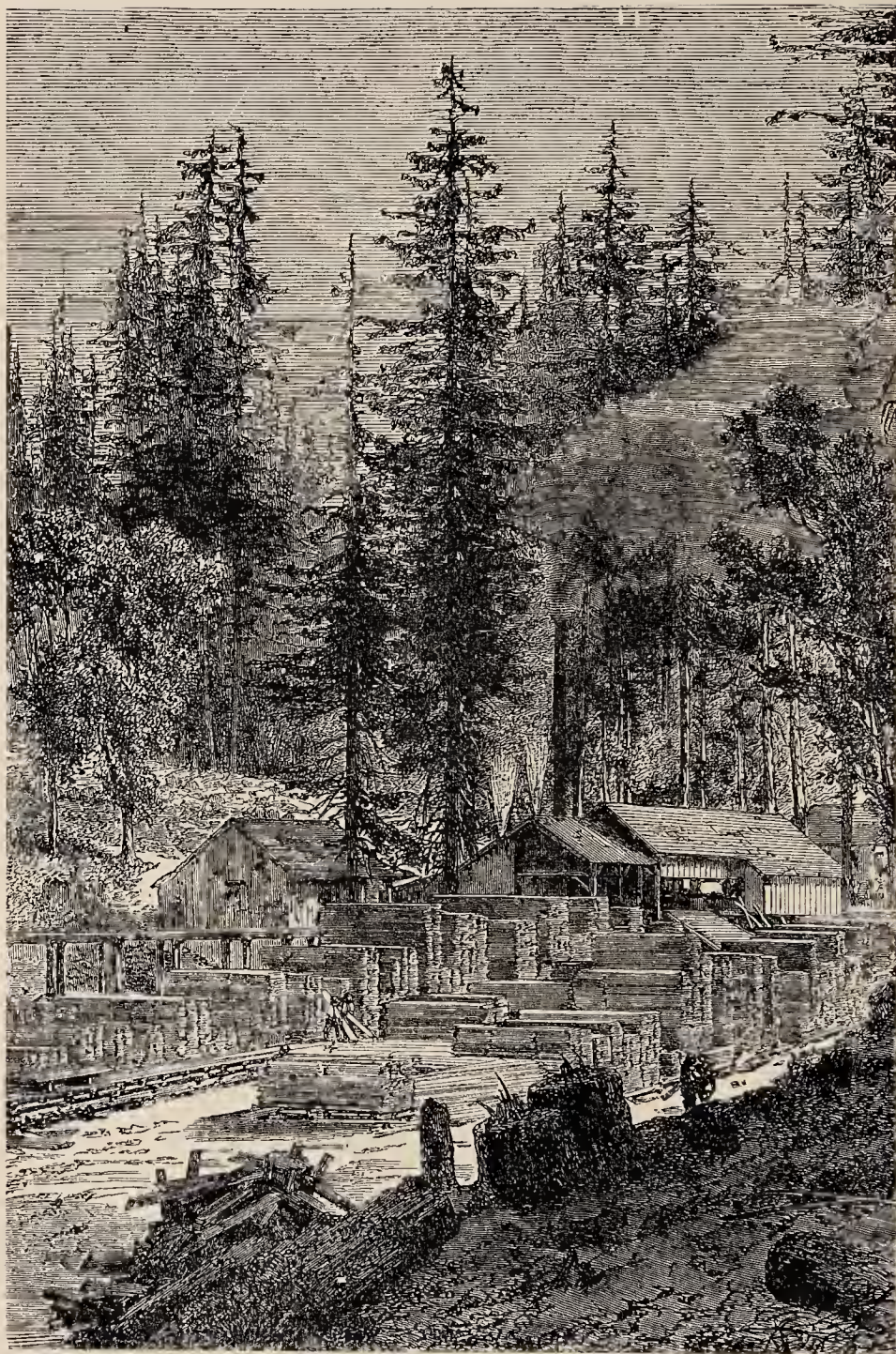
The great river Ottawa, with its confluent streams, the Rouge, Lièvre, Gatineau, Bonnechere, Madawaska, Petewawa, Coulonge, Noire, Moine, and many another, is the chief seat of one of Canada's most important industries—the lumbering interest. It will, therefore, be a convenient place here to give a brief account of some aspects of this great industry.

There are many saw-mills on the Ottawa and its tributaries at which the logs are sawn into lumber. The largest of these are situated at Chaudière Falls, where the immense water-power is employed to run great gangs of saws, which will cut up a huge log in a marvellously short time. These, in the busy season, run day and night; and the scene when the glittering



ON THE HEAD WATERS OF THE OTTAWA.

saws and wet and glistening logs are brilliantly illuminated by the electric light, and are reflected in the flashing waters, is a very remarkable one. But very many of the mills are much smaller, and are situated near the source of supply of timber, presenting the appearance shown in cut on next page. In course of time all the available timber is used up, when the mill is dismantled and the machinery moved to a new source of supply. The great bulk of the lumbering, however, is done in remote



SAW-MILL IN THE WOODS.

pine forests or timber limits leased by "lumber kings" who employ large gangs of lumbermen in getting out the logs at remote lumber camps. Often roads have to be made many miles through the forest for the convenience of transporting supplies for the large force of men and forage for the great number of teams employed. Where it is possible, the mill is built by a stream, as in cut on this page, for facility in floating the logs and for the purpose of utilizing any water-power avail-



TYPICAL SAW-MILL.

able. But very often steam-power is used, either exclusively or as auxiliary.

The following sketch of life in a lumber camp is abridged from the writer's story of "Lawrence Temple," which devotes much space to this subject:

A lumber camp consists generally of a group of buildings forming three sides of a hollow square, the fourth side being open, with a warm, sunny exposure, toward the south. One of these

buildings is a strong storehouse for keeping the flour, pork, tea, sugar, and other supplies required for one or two hundred men for half a year. There is also ample stabling for the numerous teams of horses employed. The most important building is the "shanty" or boarding-house for the men. Instead of being, as

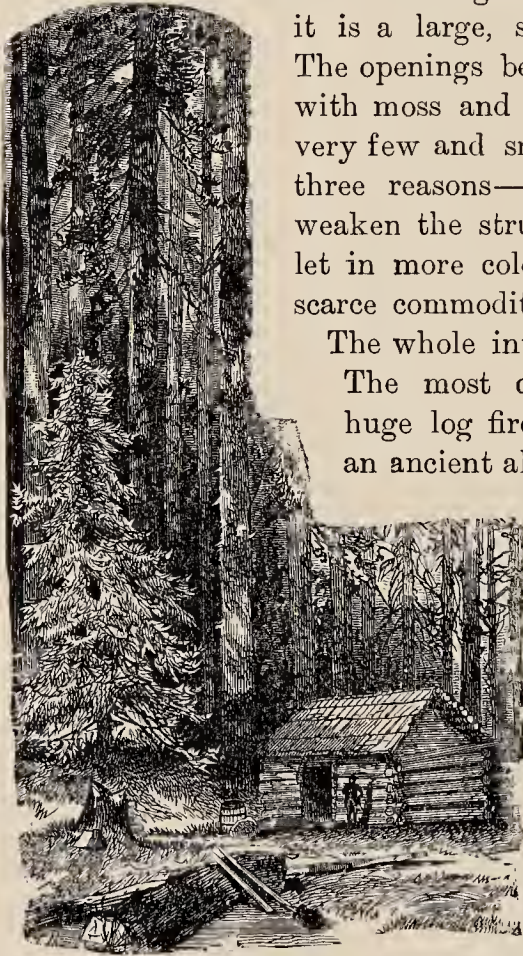
its name might imply, a frail structure, it is a large, strongly-built log-house. The openings between the logs are filled with moss and clay. The windows are very few and small. For this there are three reasons—larger openings would weaken the structure of the house, and let in more cold, and glass is a rather scarce commodity on the Upper Ottawa.

The whole interior is one large room.

The most conspicuous object is a huge log fire-place or platform, like an ancient altar, in the centre of the

floor. It is covered with earth and blackened embers, and is often surrounded by a protecting border of cobble stones. Immediately over it an opening in the roof gives vent to the smoke, although in the dull weather much of it lingers among the rafters, which fact gives them a rather sombre appearance. Around

the wall are rude "bunks" or berths like those in a ship, for the accommodation of the shantymen. A few exceedingly solid-looking benches, tables and shelves, made with backwoodsman skill, with no other instrument than an axe and auger, are all the furniture visible. Some wooden pegs are driven in the wall to support the guns, powder-horns, shot-pouches, and extra



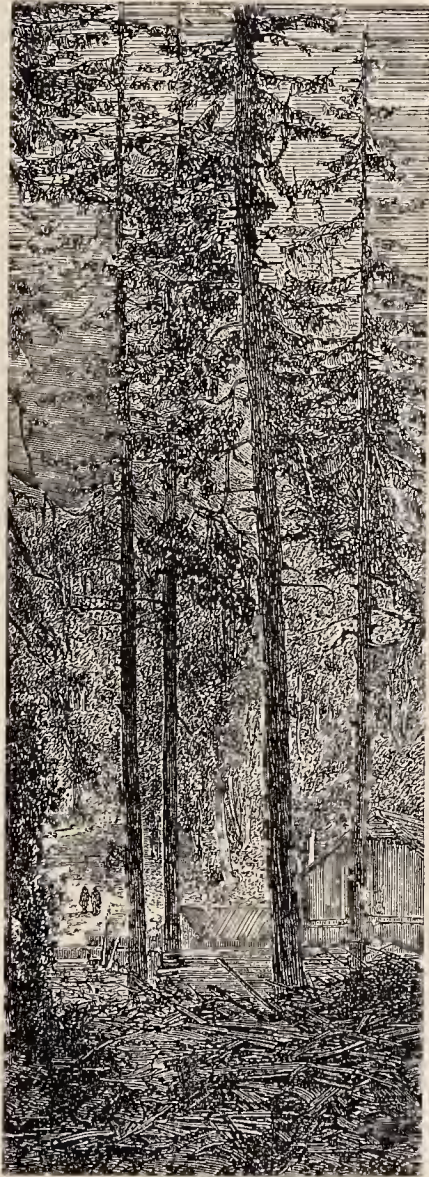
PART OF LOGGING CAMP.

clothing of the men. Over the doorway is, perhaps, fastened a large deer's head with branching antlers. The house is warm and comfortable, but with nothing like privacy for the men.

The other buildings are similarly constructed and roofed with logs split and partially hollowed out. During the fine weather the cooking is done at a camp-fire in the court-yard, but in winter at the huge hearth in the shanty. A large log hollowed into a trough catches rain water, while for culinary purposes a spring near at hand suffices.

On the walls of the stable one will see, perchance, stretched out, dried by the sun, stained by the weather and torn by the wind, the skins of several pole-cats, weasels, and other vermin—evidence of the prowess of the stable boys and a warning of the fate which awaits all similar depredators—just as the Danish pirates, when captured by the Saxons, were flayed and their skin nailed to the church doors, as a symbol of the stern justice meted out in the days of the Heptarchy.

The camp is soon a scene of activity. The stores are safely housed and padlocked. Each workman stores away his "kit" under his berth or on a shelf or peg above it. Axes are sharpened on a large grindstone, and when necessary fitted with new helves, and everyone is prepared for a winter



IN THE PINE FOREST.

campaign against the serried array of forest veterans. Such are the general arrangements adopted for carrying out the great national industry of Canada—an industry in which more capital is employed than in any other branch of business, and from which a greater annual revenue is derived.

The stately trunks rise like a pillared colonnade, "each fit to be the mast of some high admiral." The pine needles make an elastic carpet under foot, and the bright sunlight streams down through the openings of the forest, flecking the ground with



LOADING LOGS.

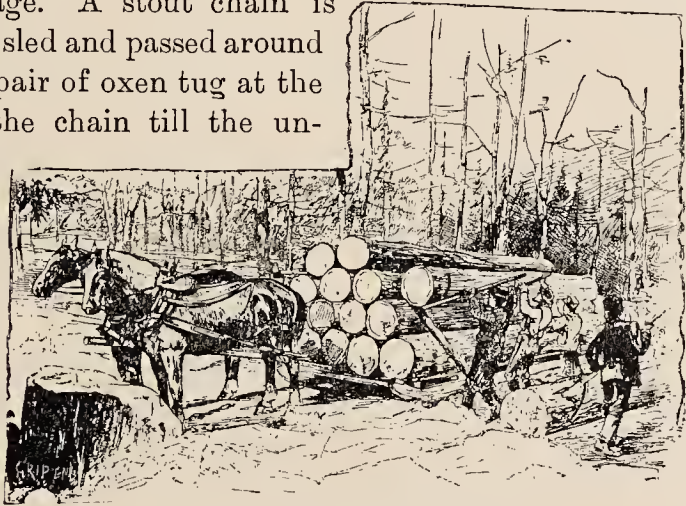
patches of gold. The stalwart axemen select each his antagonist in this life-and-death duel with the ancient monarchs of the forest. The scanty brushwood is cleared. The axes gleam brightly in the air. The measured strokes fall thick and fast, awaking strange echoes in the dim and distant forest aisles. The white chips fly through the air, and ghastly wounds gape in the trunks of the ancient pines. Now a venerable forest chief shivers through all his branches, sways for a moment in incertitude, like blind Ajax fighting with his unseen foe, then,

with a shuddering groan, totters and reels crashing down, shaking the earth and air in his fall. As he lies there, a prostrate giant that had wrestled with the storms of a hundred winters, felled by the hand of man in a single hour, the act seems a sort of tree murder.

The fallen trees are cut into logs of suitable length by huge saws worked by couples of brawny sawyers. When the snow falls these are drawn to the river side by sturdy teams of oxen. The logs are loaded on the sleds by being rolled up an inclined plane formed by a pair of "skids," as shown in the engraving on opposite page. A stout chain is attached to the sled and passed around the log, and a pair of oxen tug at the other end of the chain till the unwieldy mass,

sometimes it weighs nearly a ton, is hauled on to the sled. This heavy work, as may be supposed, is not without danger; and now

and then serious accidents occur, when only the rude surgery of the foreman or "boss" is available. Lighter logs are rolled up with cant-hooks, as shown in the smaller engraving on this page.



LOADING LOGS WITH CANT-HOOKS.

AUTUMN IN CANADA.

That beautiful season, the Canadian autumn, passes rapidly by. The air is warm and sunny and exhilarating by day though cool by night. The fringe of hardwood trees along the river's bank, touched by the early frost as if by an enchanter's wand, is changed to golden and scarlet and crimson of countless shades, and, in the transmitted sunlight, gleams with hues of vivid brilliancy. The forest looks like Joseph in his coat of

many colours, or like a mediæval herald, the vaunt-courier of the winter, with his tabard emblazoned with gules and gold.

Then the autumnal gusts career like wild bandits through the woods, and wrestle with the gorgeous-foliaged trees, and despoil them of their gold, and leave them stripped naked and bare, to shiver in the wintry blast. In their wild and prodigal glee they whirl the stolen gold in lavish largess through the air, and toss it contemptuously aside to accumulate in drifts in the forest aisles, and in dark eddies by the river side. Then the gloomy sky lowers, and the sad rains weep, and the winds, as if stricken with remorse, wail a requiem for the dead and perished flowers.

But there comes a short season of reprieve before stern winter asserts his sway. A soft golden haze, like the aureole round the head of a saint in Tintoretto's pictures, fills the air. The sun swings lower and lower in the sky and views the earth with a pallid gleam. But the glory of the sunsets increase, and the delicate intricacy of the leafless trees is relieved against the glowing western sky, like a coral grove bathing its branches in a crimson sea.

Clouds of wild pigeons wing their way in wheeling squadrons through the air, at times almost darkening the sun. The wedge-shaped fleets of wild geese steer ever southward, and their strange wild clang falls from the clouds by night like the voice of spirits from the sky. The melancholy cry of the loons and solitary divers is heard, and long whirring flights of wild ducks rise from the water in the dim and misty dawn to continue their journey from the lonely Northern lakes and far-off shores of Hudson's Bay to the genial Southern marshes and meres—piloted by that unerring Guide who feedeth the young ravens when they cry and giveth to the beasts of the earth their portion of meat in due season.

The squirrels have laid up their winter store of acorns and beech-nuts and may be seen whisking their bushy tails around the bare trunks of the trees. The partridges drum in the woods and the quails pipe in the open glades. The profusion of feathered game gives quite a flavour of luxury to the meals of the lumbermen.



CANADIAN AUTUMN.

A charming American poet has given us an exquisite picture of this beautiful season :

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary
 In the soft light of an Autumnal day,
 When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
 And like the dream of beauty glides away.

How in each loved, familiar path she lingers,
 Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
 Tinting the wild-grape with her dewy fingers,
 Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning,
 Beneath soft clouds along the horizon rolled,
 Till the slant sunbeams thro' their fringes raining,
 Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The little birds upon the hill-side lonely
 Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray ;
 Silent as a sweet wandering thought, that only
 Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers in the warm sunlight dreaming,
 Forget to breathe their fulness of delight,
 And through the tranced woods soft airs are streaming,
 Still as the dew-fall of the summer night.

The writer has endeavoured imperfectly to depict the exquisite loveliness of our Canadian autumn in the following lines :

Still stand the trees in the soft hazy light,
 Bathing their branches in the ambient air ;
 The hush of beauty breatheth everywhere :
 In crimson robes the forests all are dight.
 Autumn flings forth his banner in the field,
 Blazoned with heraldry of gules and gold ;
 In dyes of blood his garments all are rolled,
 The gory stains of war are on his shield.
 Like some frail, fading girl, her death anear,
 On whose fair cheek blooms bright the hectic rose,
 So burns the wan cheek of the dying year,
 With beauty brighter than the summer knows ;
 And, like a martyr, 'mid ensanguined fires,
 Enwrapped in robes of flame he now expires.

Like gallant courtiers, the forest trees
 Flaunt in their crimson robes with 'broidered gold ;
 And, like a king in royal purple's fold,
 The oak flings largess to the beggar breeze.
 Forever burning, ever unconsumed,
 Like the strange portent of the prophet's bush,
 The autumn flames amid a sacred hush ;
 The forest glory never brighter bloomed.
 Upon the lulled and drowsy atmosphere
 Falls faint and low the far-off muffled stroke
 Of woodman's axe, the school-boy's ringing cheer,
 The watch-dog's bay, and crash of falling oak ;
 And gleam the apples through the orchard trees,
 Like golden fruit of the Hesperides.

But one morning, perchance, late in November, a strange stillness seems to have fallen on the camp. Not a sound floats to the ear. A deep muffled silence broods over all things. The outer world seems transfigured. The whole earth is clothed in robes of spotless white, "so as no fuller on earth can white them," like a bride adorned for her husband. Each twig and tree is wreathed with "ermine too dear for an earl." The stables and sheds are roofed as with marble of finest Carrara, carved into curving drifts with fine sharp ridges by the delicate chiselling of the wind. A spell seems brooding over all,

Silence, silence everywhere—
 On the earth and on the air ;

and out of the infinite bosom of the sky the feathery silence continues to float down.

The lumbering operations are carried on with increased vigour during the winter season. War is waged with redoubled zeal upon the forest veterans, which, wrapping their dark secrets in their breasts and hoary with their covering of snow, look venerable as Angelo's marble-limbed Hebrew seer. When beneath repeated blows of the axe, like giants stung to death by gnats, they totter and fall, the feathery flakes fly high in air, and the huge trunks are half buried in the drifts. Then, sawn into logs or trimmed into spars, they are dragged with much shouting and commotion by the straining teams to the

river brink, or out on its frozen surface, as shown in the engraving on this page, to be carried down by the spring freshets toward their distant destination.



DRAWING LOGS ON THE ICE.

AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

The following winter adventure in a lumberman's life, several years ago, is also quoted from the author's "Lawrence Temple:"

In the month of March, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, a messenger was despatched by the "boss" lumberman to Ottawa, a distance of some two hundred miles, to report to the agent of the Company the quantity of timber that had been got out and to bring back from the bank a sum of money to pay off a number of the lumbermen. Owing to a prejudice on the part of the men against paper money, he was directed to procure gold and silver. He was to ride as far as the town of

Pembroke, about half way, and leaving his horse there to rest, was to go on to Ottawa in the stage. He selected for the journey the best animal in the stable—a tall, gaunt, sinewy mare of rather ungainly figure, but with an immense amount of *go* in her.

Having drawn the money from the bank, chiefly in English sovereigns and Mexican dollars, he set out on his return journey. At Pembroke he mounted again his faithful steed for his ride of over a hundred miles to the camp. The silver he carried in two leathern bags in the holsters of the saddle, and the gold in a belt around his waist. He also carried for defence a heavy Colt's revolver. Toward the close of the second day he was approaching the end of his journey. The moon was near the full, but partially obscured by light and fleecy clouds.

He was approaching a slight clearing when he observed two long, lithe animals spring out of the woods towards his horse. He thought they were a couple of those large shaggy deer-hounds which are sometimes employed near the lumber camps for hunting cariboo—great powerful animals with immense length of limb and depth of chest—and looked around for the appearance of the hunter, who, he thought, could not be far off. He was surprised, however, not to hear the deep-mouthed bay characteristic of these hounds, but instead a guttural snarl which, nevertheless, appeared to affect the mare in a most unaccountable manner. A shiver seemed to convulse her frame, and shaking herself together she started off on a long swinging trot, which soon broke into a gallop that got over the ground amazingly fast. But her best speed could not outstrip that of the creatures which bounded in long leaps by her side, occasionally springing at her haunches, their white teeth glistening in the moonlight, and snapping when they closed like a steel trap.

When he caught the first glimpse of the fiery flashing of their eyes there came the blood-curdling revelation that these were no hounds but hungry wolves that bore him such sinister company. All the dread hunters' tales of lone trappers lost in the woods and their gnawed bones discovered in the spring beside their steel traps, flashed through his mind like a thought of horror. His only safety he knew was in the speed of his

mare, and she was handicapped in this race for life with about five-and-twenty pounds of silver in each holster. Seeing that she was evidently flagging under the tremendous pace, he resolved to abandon the money. "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life;" so he dropped both bags on the road. To his surprise the animals stopped as if they had been only highwaymen seeking merely his money and not his life. He could hear them snarling over the stout leather bags, but lightened of her load the mare sprang forward in a splendid hand gallop that covered the ground in gallant style.

He was beginning to hope that he had fairly distanced the brutes, when their horrid yelp and melancholy long-drawn howl grew stronger on the wind, and soon they were again abreast of the mare. He now threw down his thick leather gauntlets with the hope of delaying them, but it only caused a detention of a few minutes while they greedily devoured them. He was rapidly nearing the camp; if he could keep them at bay for twenty or thirty minutes more he would be safe. As a last resort he drew his revolver, scarce hoping in his headlong pace to hit the bounding, leaping objects by his side. Moreover, they had both hitherto kept on the left side of the mare, which lessened his chance as a marksman. The mare, too, who was exceedingly nervous, could never stand fire; and if he should miss, and in the movement be dismounted, he knew that in five minutes the maw of those ravenous beasts would be his grave.

One of the brutes now made a spring for the horse's throat, but failing to grasp it, fell on the right side of the animal. Gathering himself up he bounded in front of her and made a dash at the rider, catching and clinging to the mare's right shoulder. The white foam fell from his mouth and flecked his dark and shaggy breast. The rider could feel his hot breath on his naked hand. The fiendish glare of those eyes he never in all his life forgot. It haunted him for years in midnight slumbers, from which he awoke trembling and bathed in the cold perspiration of terror. He could easily have believed the weird stories of lycanthropy, in which Satanic agency was feigned to have changed men for their crimes into were-wolves.

—ravenous creatures who added human or fiendish passion and malignancy of hate to the bestial appetite for human flesh. If ever there was murder in a glance, it was in that of those demon-eyes, which seemed actually to blaze with a baleful greenish light—a flame of inextinguishable rage.

The supreme moment had come. One or other must die. In five minutes more the man would be safe in the camp or else be a mangled corpse. He lifted up his heart in prayer to God, and then felt strangely calm and collected. The muzzle of his revolver almost touched the brute's nose. He pulled the trigger. A flash, a crash—the green eyes blazed with ten-fold fury, the huge form fell heavily to the ground, and in the same moment the mare reared almost upright, nearly unseating her rider and shaking his pistol from his hand, and then plunging forward, rapidly covered the road in her flight. The other famishing beast remained to devour its fellow. He galloped into the camp, almost fell from his mare, which stood with a look of human gladness in her eyes, and staggered to the rude log shanty, where the blazing fire and song and story beguiled the winter night, scarce able to narrate his peril and escape. After light refreshment, for he had lost all relish for food, he went to bed to start up often in the night under the glare of those terrible eyes, and to renew the horror he had undergone.

In the morning, returning with a number of the men to look for the money, he found the feet, tail, muzzle and scalp of the slain wolf in the midst of a patch of gory snow, also the skull and part of the larger bones, but gnawed and split in order to get at the marrow. And such, thought the messenger, would have been his fate but for the merciful Providence by which he was preserved. They found also, some distance back, the straps and buckles of the money-bags, and the silver coins scattered on the ground and partially covered by the snow.

Such were some of the perils to which the early pioneers of Canada were exposed in their exploration and travel through the well-nigh pathless wilderness. Indeed, for some time after the partial settlement of the country, on lonely post routes the solitary mail-carrier found himself not unfrequently confronted by savage wolf or bear.

A LOG JAM.

At last the spring comes to the lumber camp. The days grow long and bright and warm. The ice on the river becomes sodden and water-logged, or breaks up into great cakes beneath the rising water. The snow on the upland rapidly melts away, and the utmost energy is employed in getting down the logs to the river before it entirely disappears. The harsh voice of the blue jay is heard screaming in the forest, and its bright form is seen flitting about in the sunlight. The blithe note of the robin rings through the air. A green flush creeps over the trees, and then suddenly they burgeon out into tender leafage. The catkins of the birch and maple shower down upon the ground. A warm south wind blows, bringing on its wings a copious rain. The rivers rise several feet in a single night. Perchance a timber boom breaks with the strain upon it, and thousands of logs go racing and rushing, like maddened herds of sea-horses, down the stream. Generally the heavy boom below holds firm, and they are all retained. Occasionally a log jam occurs, such as is described as follows:

It is a grand and exciting sight to see the logs shooting the rapids. As they glide out of the placid water above, they are drawn gradually into the swifter rush of the river. They approach a ledge where, in unbroken glassy current, the stream pours over the rock. On they rush, and, tilting quickly up on end, make a plunge like a diver into the seething gulf below. After what seems to the spectator several minutes' submergence, they rise with a bound partially above the surges, struggling "like a strong swimmer in his agony" with the stormy waves. Now they rush full tilt against an iron rock that, mid-stream, challenges their right to pass, and are hurled aside, shuddering, bruised, and shattered from the encounter. Some are broken in twain. Others are shivered into splinters. Others glide by unscathed. Now one lodges in a narrow channel. Another strikes and throws it athwart the stream. Then another and another, and still others in quick succession lodge, and a formidable "jam" is formed. Now a huge log careers along like a bolt from a catapult. It will surely sweep away the obstacle. With a tremendous thud, like the blow of a battering-ram, it

strikes the mass, which quivers, grinds, groans, and apparently yields a moment, but is faster jammed than ever. The water rapidly rises and boils and eddies with ten-fold rage. In a short time hundreds of the logs are piled up in inextricable confusion.

The "drivers" above have managed to throw a log across the entrance to the rapid to prevent a further run, and now set deliberately about loosening the "jam." With cant-hooks, pike-poles, levers, axes and ropes, they try to roll, pry, chop, or haul out of the way the logs which are jammed together in a seemingly inextricable mass. The work has a terribly perilous look. The jam may at any moment give way, carrying everything before it with resistless force. Yet these men, who appear almost like midgets as compared with its immense mass, swarm over it, pulling, tugging, shoving and shouting with the utmost coolness and daring. Like amphibious animals, they wade into the rushing ice-cold water, and clamber over the slippery logs.



A LOG JAM.

Now an obstructive "stick," as these huge logs are called, is set free. The jam creaks and groans and gives a shove, and the men scamper to the shore. But no; it again lodges apparently as fast as ever. At work the men go again, when, lo! a single well-directed blow of an axe relieves the whole jam, exerting a pressure of hundreds of tons. It is *Sauve qui peut!* Each man springs to escape. The whole mass goes crashing, grinding, groaning over the ledge.

Is everybody safe? No; one has almost got to the shore when

he is caught, by the heel of his iron-studded boot, between two grinding logs. Another moment and he will be swept or dragged down to destruction. A stalwart raftsman, not without imminent personal risk, springs forward and catches hold of his outstretched hands. Another throws his arms around the body of the second, and bracing himself against a rock they all give a simultaneous pull and the imprisoned foot is relieved. And well it is so, for at that moment the whole wrack goes rushing by. The entire occurrence has taken only a few seconds. These lumbermen need to have a quick eye, firm nerves, and



BREAKING A LOG JAM.

strong thews and sinews, for their lives seem often to hang on a hair.

But what is that lithe and active figure dancing down the rapids on a single log, at the tail of the jam? It is surely no one else than Baptiste la Tour, the French shantyman. How he got there no one knows. He hardly knows himself. But there he is, gliding down with arrowy swiftness on a log that is spinning round under his feet with extraordinary rapidity. With the skill of an acrobat or rope-dancer he preserves his balance, by keeping his feet, arms, legs, and whole body in constant motion, the spikes in his boots preventing his slipping.

So long as the log is in deep water and keeps clear of rocks and other logs he is comparatively safe.

But see! he will surely run on that jutting crag! Nearer and nearer he approaches; now for a crash and a dangerous leap! But no! he veers off, the strong back-wash of the water preventing the collision. Now the log plunges partly beneath the waves, but by vigorous struggles he keeps his place on its slippery surface. Now his log runs full tilt against another. The shock of the collision shakes him from his feet; he staggers and slips into the water, but in a moment he is out and on his unmanageable steed again. As he glides out into the smooth water below the rapids a ringing cheer goes up from his comrades, who have been watching with eager eyes his perilous ride. They had not cheered when the jam gave way, ending their two hours' strenuous effort. But at Baptiste's safety, irrepressibly their shouts burst forth. With the characteristic grace of his countrymen, he returns the cheer by a polite bow, and seizing a floating handspike that had been carried down with the wrack, he paddles toward the shore. As he nears it he springs from log to log till he stands on solid ground. Shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog, he strides up the bank to receive the congratulations of his comrades.

RAFTING.

Each log in these "drives" bears the brand of its owner, and they float on together, to be arrested by the huge boom, and there sorted out to their several owners. The long spars and square timber intended for exportation are made up into "drams," as they are called. These consist of a number of "sticks" of pine, oak, elm, or ash, lashed side by side. They are kept together by means of "traverses" or cross pieces, to which the "sticks" are bound by stout withes of ironwood or hickory, made supple by being first soaked in water and then twisted in a machine and wound around an axle, by which means the fibres are crushed and rendered pliable. The "drams" are made just wide enough to run through the timber slides. On the long, smooth reaches of the river they are fastened together so as to make a large raft, which is impelled on its

way by the force of the current, assisted by huge oars, and, when the wind is favourable, by sails. In running the rapids, or going through the slides, the raft is again separated into its constituent "drams." On the "cabin dram" is built the cook's shanty, with its stores of pork, bread, and biscuit. When all is ready the raft is loosed from its moorings, and with a cheer from the men, glides down the stream. It is steered by huge "sweeps" or oars, about twelve yards long. The crew are, of



DOWN AT THE BOOM.

course, delighted at the prospect of returning to the precincts of civilization, though to many of them that means squandering their hard-earned wages in prodigal dissipation and riot.

The voyage down the river is generally uneventful but not monotonous. The bright sunlight and pure air seem to exhilarate like wine. The raftsmen dance and caper and sing "En roulant ma boule," and

"Ah! que l'hiver est long!
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons!"

Running the rapids is an exciting episode not devoid of a

spice of danger. With the increasing swiftness of the current the water assumes a glazed or oily appearance. Objects on the shore fly backward more rapidly. The oars at bow and stern are more heavily manned. Right ahead are seen the white seething "boilers" of the rapids. With a rush the dram springs forward and plunges into the breakers which roar like



RAFTING ON THE MATTAWA.

sea monsters for their prey. The waves break over in snowy foam. The shock knocks half the men off their feet. They catch hold of the traverse to avoid being washed overboard. The dram shudders throughout all its timbers, and the withes groan and creak as if they would burst asunder under the strain. The brown rocks gleam through the waves as they flash past. Soon the dram glides out into smooth water. The

white-crested billows race behind like horrid monsters of Scylla, gnashing their teeth in rage at the escape of their prey.

The great caldron of the Chaudière, in which the strongest dram would be broken like matchwood, is passed by means of the Government timber slides—long sloping canals, with timber sides and bottoms, down which the drams glide with immense rapidity. Sometimes they jam with a fearful collision. But such accidents are rare.

This is the way Canada's great timber harvest seeks the sea. At Quebec the rafts are broken up and the "sticks" are hauled through timber ports in the bows of the vessels that shall bear it to the markets of the Old World. (See cut of Wolfe's Cove).

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

I must, however, return from this lumber episode to the account of the overland trip to the Pacific. After following for several hours the Upper Ottawa and its important confluent, the Mattawa, at nine o'clock in the morning we reach North Bay, on Lake Nipissing. So calm and bright and beautiful is the outlook that it might be taken for Biloxi Bay, in the Gulf of Mexico, two thousand miles south, if one could substitute the feathery palmettoes for the white-barked birches. Through this very lake, two hundred and fifty years ago, the first Jesuit missionaries made their way, having toiled up the Ottawa and the Mattawa, and made thirty-five portages around the rapids of these rivers. From Lake Nipissing they glided down the French River—whose name still commemorates their exploit—to Lake Huron, and then through Lake Superior to the far west. "Not a river was entered, not a cape was turned," says Bancroft, "but a Jesuit led the way." They have left their footprints, in the names of lake, and stream, and mountains, all over the west and north-west of the continent.

Trains from Toronto now come directly north to Lake Nipissing, through Barrie, Orillia, and Bracebridge, thus saving the long *détour* round by Carleton Junction.

We are here transferred to the magnificent sleeping-car "Yokohama," running through from Montreal to the Pacific Coast. It is the most sumptuous car in which I ever rode.

Its easy cushions and upholstery and bath-room seem to warrant the reported remarks of a Royal Prince and a Duke: "I'm not used to such luxury," said the Prince to the Duke; "No more am I," said the Duke to the Prince. One has need of every comfort he can procure during the long week's journey in which the car becomes his travelling home. Through most of the route an ele-



IN A CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
SLEEPING CAR.

gant dining-car is attached to the train, where one can have all the luxuries of an hotel—soup, fish, three or four courses, entrees and dessert—for seventy-five cents.

At Sudbury Junction a branch road diverges to Algoma on Lake Huron, and is now completed to Sault Ste. Marie and on to St. Paul, thus providing the American Great West with an almost air line to the Atlantic seaboard. This must divert

a large amount of traffic which now goes *via* Chicago and south of the lakes. At Sudbury much business activity was exhibited, on account of the copper mines in its vicinity, said to be unusually rich and easy of access. It is well that there is some wealth beneath the surface, for there is not much above. The country has a dreadfully sterile and stony look. Even the telegraph poles have to be built around with stones to support them. All along the road are abandoned construction-camps, roofless, windowless log-houses, not long since occupied by the brigades of railway navvies who built this highway of civilization through the wilderness. The corduroy construction-roads are in many places still used for local travel.

Yet there are frequently arable tracts in this long sterile stretch, where quite a population is gathering, as also at the divisional stations of the Canadian Pacific Railway, where there must of necessity be a round-house, repairing-shops, and a considerable number of railway employees. The following extracts from an account of this region by the Rev. Silas Huntington, will be read with interest:

"The new field, which is to me an object of great solicitude, embraces a narrow strip of territory lying along the Canadian Pacific Railway from the Sturgeon to the Capasaesing Rivers—a distance of two hundred and thirty-four miles. It is occupied by a mixed adult population, numbering between two thousand five hundred and three thousand souls, who are variously distributed over its entire length, but mainly located in groups around the chief centres of traffic. Some are employed as miners, mill-men and timber-makers, and some of them are connected with the railway as officers, artizans and labourers. Protestants and Roman Catholics are about equal in number. During the time that the railway was under construction, thousands of every nationality and religious persuasion, however piously they may have been taught and trained, cast off all religious restraint and became wholly demoralized. A few godly men and women remained faithful to God and to their own souls, and these still compose the van in the work of evangelism. At Sturgeon Falls, Sudbury, Cartier and Chapleau, they have formed the nuclei of living churches.

“Sturgeon Falls is a thriving village of four hundred inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Sturgeon River, quite near to Lake Nipissing. It is surrounded by excellent farming lands and pine forests. Sudbury possesses, at the present time, four hundred inhabitants, with the prospect of a very numerous population in the near future, owing to the extensive mining industries which are being developed in its vicinity. Cartier is a divisional station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, forty miles west of Sudbury. It possesses only a small resident population of railway officers and employees. Chapleau is a village of five hundred inhabitants, situated one hundred and twenty-five miles west of Cartier. The hospital of the Eastern Division, with its staff of medical men and surgeons, is likewise located here, as is also the headquarters of the Company's staff of engineers and surveyors. The Hudson's Bay Company has an important post established at this point, in connection with which I have found a band of Indians, numbering seventy-two souls, who were converted from paganism at Michipicoton, over twenty years ago, under the labours of the late Rev. George McDougall. They claim to be Methodists, and through all these years, although separated from the body of their tribe, they have kept their faith and maintained their religious worship without the aid of a missionary.

“After leaving Sturgeon Falls, you may journey through the entire length and breadth of the region which I have described, and you will not discover a place of worship belonging to any Protestant denomination, and only one belonging to the Roman Catholics. I have preached in private houses—or, more properly speaking, ‘shanties’—in railway stations, in boarding-houses, in cars, in the jail, and in the open air, but such places are not suitable for our evangelistic work, and often they are not available owing to the crowded state of all habitable buildings. I have tried to supply the want arising from the absence of suitable places of worship, by providing a portable tent large enough to contain eighty or one hundred persons.”*

*Since this was written, by the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Huntington, some five or six churches have been erected in the region above described.

THE NORTH SHORE.

Early in the morning we strike Lake Superior at Heron Bay. For two hundred miles we skirt its shores. Great promontories run out from the mountain background into the lake, which makes striking indentations in the land. At one of these, Jackfish Bay, the opposite sides are within a quarter of a mile, yet the road has to run three miles round to make that distance. So sinuous is it that it runs seven miles to make a mile and a quarter. In marching across the snow and slush of this and other gaps in the road, during the late North-West rebellion, our volunteer troops suffered extreme hardships. The broad views over the steel blue lake remind me of those over the Gulf of Genoa from the famous *Corniche* road. One gets an almost bird's-eye view of the winding shore and many islands of the lake. These are chiefly of basaltic origin, and rise at their western ends in steep escarpments from the water. So close are some of these cliffs that their columnar structure, like gigantic castle walls built by Titan hands, painted with bright lichen, and stained and weathered with the storms of ten thousand winters, is clearly discernible. The grandest example of this structure is Thunder Cape, rising nearly one thousand four hundred feet above the lake.

The entire north shore of Lake Superior gives evidence of energetic geological convulsions. The convulsions seem to have been greatest in the neighbourhood of Nipigon and Thunder Bays. Here the scenery, therefore, is of the most magnificent description, and of a stern and savage grandeur not elsewhere found. Nipigon Bay extends for nearly a hundred miles between a high barrier of rocky islands and the mainland. I was a passenger, nearly twenty years ago, on the first Canadian steamer—the old *Algoma*—that ever entered the River Nipigon. A sense of utter loneliness brooded over these then solitary waters. In all these hundred miles I saw not a single human habitation nor a human being save three squalid Indians in a bark canoe. At the western entrance of the channel rises Fluor Island, to the height of a thousand feet, like the Genius of the rocky pass arising from the sullen deep. At the mouth of the Nipigon River the mountains gather around on every

side in a vast amphitheatre, like ancient Titans sitting in solemn conclave on their solitary thrones. For from their rocky pulpits, more solemnly than any human voice, they proclaim man's insignificance and changefulness amid the calm and quiet changelessness of nature.

When the sun goes down in golden splendour, and the deepening shadows of the mountains creep across the glowing waves, in the long purple twilight of these northern regions a tender pensiveness falls upon the spirit. The charm of solitude is over all, and the coyness of primeval nature is felt. It seems, as Milton remarks, like treason against her gentle sovereignty not to seek out those lovely scenes.

The captain of the steamer determined to give us a good view of the famous Red Rock near the mouth of the Nipigon, and sailed close beneath it. But he sailed so close that we ran hard upon a sand-bar, and had ample opportunity all day long to study its lichen-painted front. The sailors made strenuous efforts to float the steamer by shifting the cargo and using long spars to pry her off the bar, but all in vain. Towards evening the wind veered round and blew up the river, raising the level of its waters sufficiently to float the steamer, and we went on our way rejoicing. The soundings are now well known, and no such danger need be feared.

At Thunder Bay we reach the rival towns of Port Arthur and Fort William, with their gigantic elevators and great docks and breakwater, both destined doubtless to become part of one great city. On the occasion of my first visit there was not even a wharf, and passengers had to get ashore in boats and the freight was landed by means of rafts. Now there are streets of good stores and handsome houses and the auguries of great growth and prosperity.

Thunder Bay is a grand expanse of water, twenty-five miles in length, fifteen to twenty-five in width, in shape almost circular, and hemmed in on all sides by mountains, bluff headlands, and island peaks. On entering, to the right is Thunder Cape, a remarkable and bold highland, standing out into the lake; the sheer cliff rises perpendicularly 1,350 feet above the water, the formation having in many places a basaltic appear-

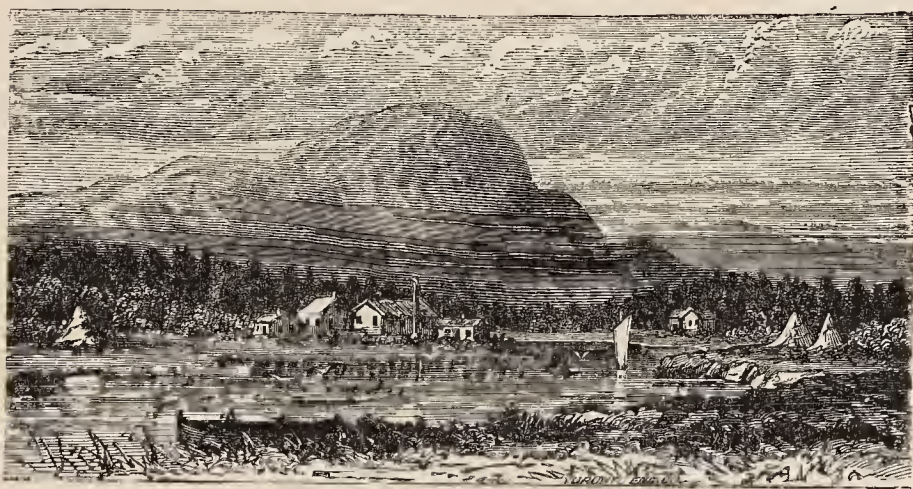
ance. Above it almost always hovers a cloud, and in times of storms the cape appears to be the centre of the full fury of the thunder and lightning, hence the great awe in which it is held by the Indians, and the name they have given it.



THUNDER CAPE.

To the south-west is seen McKay's Mountain, above Fort William, and further to the left is the peculiarly shaped Pie Island, resembling a gigantic pork pie, about eight hundred feet in height, and of similar basaltic formation to that of Thunder Cape, on the other side of the entrance.

Fort William, at the time when I first saw it, was about as unmilitary-looking a place as it is possible to conceive. Instead of bristling with ramparts and cannon, and frowning defiance at the world, it quietly nestled, like a child in its mother's lap, at the foot of McKay's Mountain, which loomed up grandly behind it. A picket fence surrounded eight or ten acres of land, within which were a large stone store-house, the residence of the chief factor, and several dwelling-houses for the employees. At a little distance was the Indian mission of the Jesuit fathers. A couple of rusty cannon were the only war-like indications visible. Yet the aspect of the place was not



McKAY'S MOUNTAIN.

always so peaceful. A strong stockade once surrounded the post, and stone block-houses furnished protection to its defenders. It was long the stronghold of the North-West Company, whence they waged vigorous war against the rival Hudson's Bay Company. In its grand banquet chamber the annual feasts and councils of the chief factors were held, and alliances formed with the Indian tribes. Thence were issued the decrees of the giant monopoly which exercised a sort of feudal sovereignty from Labrador to Charlotte's Sound, from the United States boundary to Russian America. Thither came the plumed and painted sons of the forest to barter their furs for the knives and guns of Sheffield and Birmingham and

the gay fabrics of Manchester and Leeds, and to smoke the pipe of peace with their white allies. Those days have passed away. Paint and plumes are seen only in the far interior, and the furs are mostly collected far from the forts by agents of the Company.

About thirty miles up the Kamanistiquia are the Kakabeka Falls. The river here, one hundred and fifty yards wide, plunges sheer down one hundred and thirty feet. The scenery is of majestic grandeur, which, when better known, will make



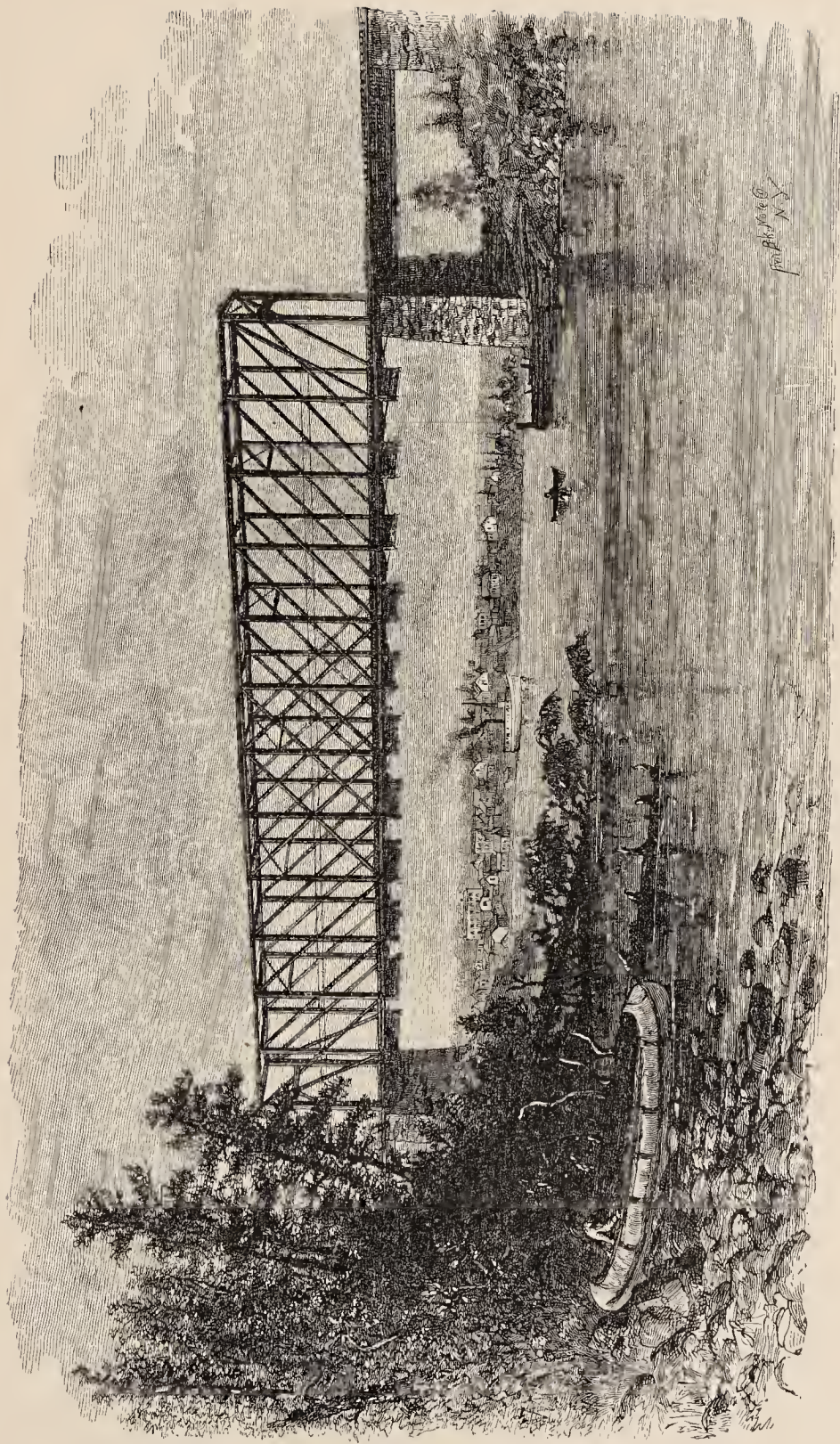
KAKABEKA FALLS.

this spot a favourite resort of the tourist and the lover of the picturesque.

The four hundred and thirty miles' journey between Thunder Bay and Winnipeg lies chiefly through a very broken country, full of connected lakes and rivers, picturesque with every combination of rocks, tumbling waters and quaking "muskeg."

Through this wild region Dr. Schultz, now the popular Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, after escaping from imprisonment by Riel during the first North-West Rebellion, made his way on foot, and amid incredible hardships which seriously undermined his health. What an irony of fate that the usurper now lies in an unknown grave, while his *quondam* victim occupies the highest position in the land.

Here are, explorers say, much good land and valuable timber limits and rich mineral deposits. At Rat Portage the scenery



RAT PORTAGE.

is of remarkable beauty, as it is said to be all through the region of the Lake of the Woods and other parts of what was till lately known as "the disputed territory." Our engraving will in-



ON LAKE OF THE WOODS.

dicat in part the varied beauty of the landscape. This region, now comparatively unknown, is destined to be a favourite resort of sportsmen and summer tourists. Rat Portage has grown to be a place of considerable importance.

MANITOBA.

BEFORE we enter the great Province of Manitoba and the Canadian North-West it will be well to summarize their general character. Many of the following statements are abridged from reliable information furnished by the Canadian Government, and are in large part quoted *verbatim*.

The Province of Manitoba is situated in the very centre of the continent, being midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans on the east and west, and the Arctic Ocean and Gulf of Mexico on the north and south.

The southern frontier of Manitoba is a little to the south of Paris, and the line being continued would pass through the south of Germany. Manitoba has the same summer suns as that favoured portion of Europe. The contiguous territory, including the great Saskatchewan and Peace River regions, is the equivalent of both the empires of Russia and Germany on the continent of Europe. To use the eloquent words of Lord Dufferin: "Manitoba may be regarded as the keystone of that mighty arch of sister provinces which spans the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Canada, the owner of half a continent, in the magnitude of her possessions, in the wealth of her resources, in the sinews of her material might, is peer of any power on the earth."

The summer mean temperature of Manitoba is 67° to 76°, which is about the same as the State of New York. But in winter the thermometer sinks to 30° and 40° and sometimes 50° below zero. The atmosphere, however, is very bright and dry, and the sensation of cold is not so unpleasant as that of a temperature at the freezing point in a humid atmosphere.

Manitoba and the North-West Territory of Canada are among the absolutely healthiest countries on the globe, and most pleasant to live in. There is no malaria, and there are no

diseases arising out of, or peculiar to, either the province or the climate.

The climatic drawbacks are occasional storms and "blizzards," and there are sometimes summer frosts. But the liability to these is not greater than in many parts of Canada or the United States as far south as New York. Indeed, these blizzards have been far more severe in Dakota, far to the south of Manitoba, than they have ever been known in the province.

Very little snow falls on the prairies, the average depth being about eighteen inches, and buffaloes and the native horses graze out of doors all winter. The snow disappears and ploughing



AN IMMIGRANT TRAIN.

begins from the first to the latter end of April, a fortnight earlier than in the Ottawa region.

The soil is a rich, deep, black argillaceous mould or loam, resting on a deep and very tenacious clay subsoil. It is among the richest soils in the world, if not the richest, and is especially adapted to the growth of wheat. Analyses by chemists in Scotland and Germany have established this fact. The soil is so rich that it does not require the addition of manure for years after the first breaking of the prairie, and in particular places where the black loam is very deep it is practically inexhaustible.

All the cereals grow and ripen in great abundance. Wheat

is especially adapted both to the soil and climate. The wheat grown is very heavy, being from sixty-two to sixty-six pounds per bushel; the average yield, with fair farming, being twenty-five bushels to the acre. There are much larger yields reported, but there are also smaller, the latter being due to defective farming.

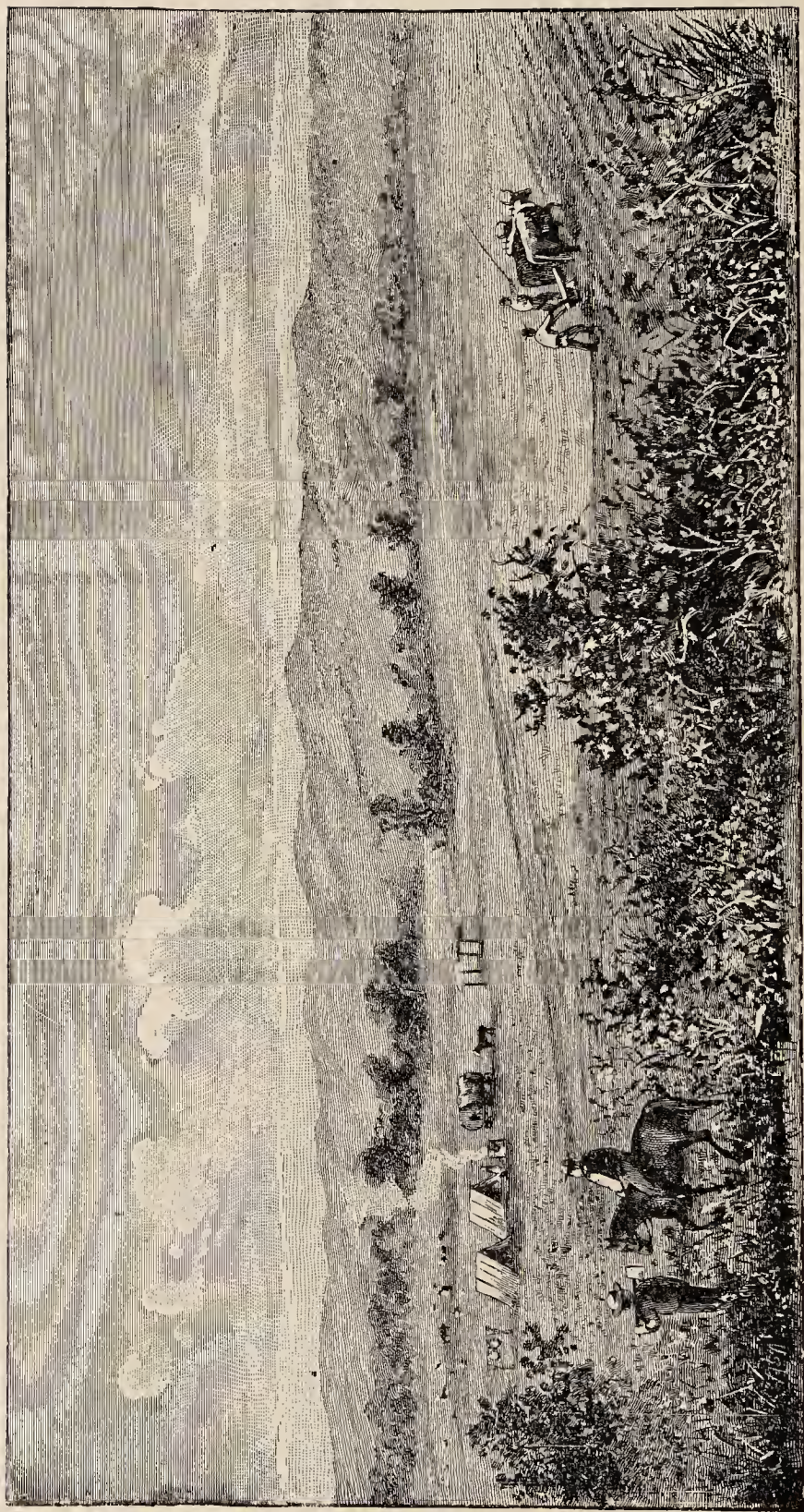
Potatoes and all kinds of field and garden roots grow to large size and in great abundance. Tomatoes and melons ripen in the open air. Hops and flax are at home on the prairies. All the small fruits, such as currants, strawberries, raspberries, etc., are found in abundance. But it is not yet established that the country is adapted for the apple or pear. These fruits, however, grow at St. Paul; and many think they will in Manitoba.

For grazing and cattle raising the facilities are unbounded. The prairie grasses are nutritious and of illimitable abundance. Hay is cheaply and easily made. Trees are found along the rivers and streams, and they will grow anywhere very rapidly, if protected from prairie fires. Wood for fuel has not been very expensive, and preparations have been made for bringing coal into market. Of this important mineral there are vast beds farther west, which have been extensively brought into use. The whole of the vast territory from the boundary to the Peace River, about two hundred miles wide from the Rocky Mountains, is a coal field.

Water is found by digging wells of moderate depth on the prairie. The rivers and "coolies" are also available for water supply. Rain generally falls freely during the spring, while the summer and autumn are generally dry.

The drawbacks to production are occasional visitations of grasshoppers, but Senator Sutherland testified before a Parliamentary Committee that he had known immunity from them for forty years. This evil is not much feared; but still it might come.

Manitoba has already communication by railway with both the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard and with all parts of the continent; that is to say, a railway train may start from Halifax or Quebec, after connection with the ocean steamship,



BREAKING UP A PRAIRIE FARM.

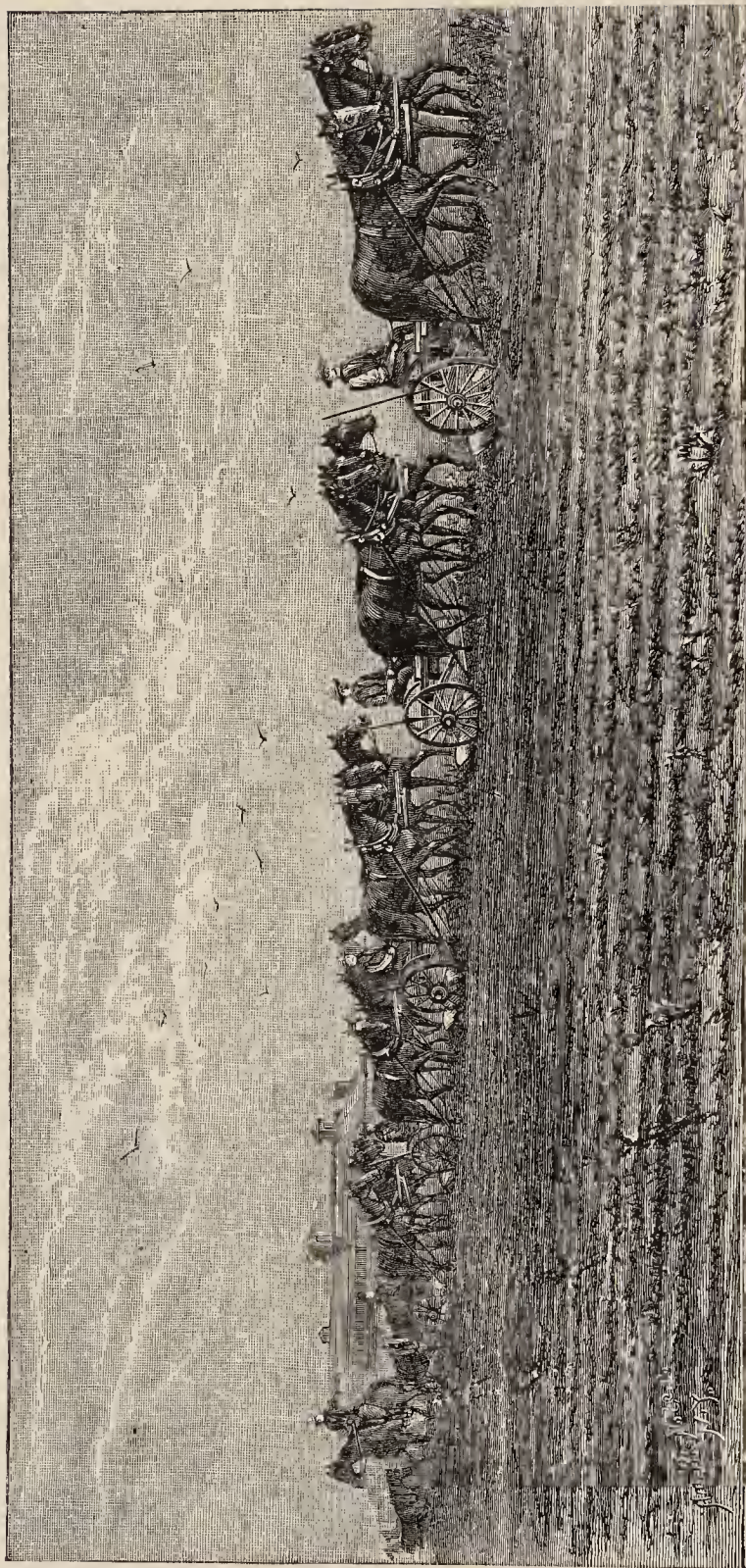
and run continuously on to Winnipeg and through the Rockies to Vancouver on the Pacific. Numerous other railways are chartered in the North-West, and it is believed will soon be constructed, and a considerable extent has already been opened.

The Canadian Pacific Railway places the cereals and other produce of Manitoba in connection with the ports of Montreal and Quebec, as well as with the markets of the other provinces and with those of the United States. It is by far the shortest line, with the easiest gradients, and the fewest and easiest curves, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and constitutes the shortest and best line for travel and commerce between Great Britain and China and Japan. This line of railway, passing through the fertile, instead of the desert, portion of the continent of America, constitutes one of the most important of the highways of the world.

The river system of Manitoba and the North-West is a striking feature of the country. A steamer can leave Winnipeg and proceed *via* the Saskatchewan to Edmonton, near the base of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of one thousand five hundred miles; and steamers are now plying for a distance of more than three hundred and twenty miles on the Assiniboine, an affluent of the Red River, which it joins at the city of Winnipeg.

The Red River is navigable for steamers from Moorhead, in the United States, where it is crossed by the Northern Pacific Railway, to Lake Winnipeg, a distance of over four hundred miles. Lake Winnipeg is about two hundred and eighty miles in length, affording an important navigation. The Saskatchewan, which takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, enters this lake at the northern end, and has a steamboat navigation, as above mentioned, as far as Fort Edmonton, affording vast commercial facilities for those great areas of fertile lands.

The settler from older countries should be careful to adapt himself to those methods which experience of the country has proved to be wise, rather than try to employ in a new country those practices to which he has been accustomed at home. For instance, with respect to ploughing, or, as it is frequently called, "breaking" the prairie, the method in Manitoba is quite different from that in the Old Country. The prairie is covered with a



SULKY PLOUGHS ON BELL FARM.

rank vegetable growth, and the question is how to subdue this. It is especially desirable for the farmer who enters early in the spring to put in a crop of oats on the first "breaking." It is found by experience that the sod pulverizes and decomposes under the influence of a growing crop quite as effectually as when simply turned and left by itself for that purpose, if not more so. Large crops of oats are obtained from sowing on the first breaking, and thus not only is the cost defrayed, but there is a profit. It is also of great importance to a settler with limited means to get this crop the first year. One mode of this kind of planting is to scatter the oats on the grass and then turn a thin sod over them. The grain thus buried quickly finds its way through, and in a few weeks the sod is perfectly rotten. Flax is a good crop to put in at the first breaking. It yields well, pays well, and rapidly subdues the turned sod.

Before the prairie is broken the sod is very tough, and requires great force to break it; but after it has once been turned the subsequent ploughings are very easy from the friability of the soil, and gang ploughs may be used with ease. On account of the great force required to break the prairie in the first instance, there are many who prefer oxen to horses. A pair of oxen will break an acre and a half a day, with very little or no expense at all for feed. Mules have been found to do very well, and they are considered well adapted for prairie work. On the larger farms steam is beginning to be used.

Tourists may go by way of the Great Lakes to Thunder Bay, where they will take the railway to Winnipeg; or they may take the all-rail route *via* Toronto or Ottawa to North Bay and Winnipeg. The distance by this route is longer, but it is continuous, and there is very little difference in point of time now that the railway is opened from Thunder Bay. Both these routes are wholly within Canadian territory; and the settler who takes either is free from the inconvenience of all customs examinations required on entering the United States, or again on entering Manitoba from the United States.

Manitoba hardships, if they are to be called so, are nothing to be compared with those of regions where the forest must be hewn down before a harvest can be reaped. They are nothing

to those endured by our forefathers, when there was no railway to convey in what was needed, or to carry out the surplus product of the soil.

A rivalry, as keen and uncompromising as the old border feuds which divided the English and the Scots into hostile bodies, excites the citizens of the Canadian Province of Manitoba and the United States Territory of Dakota. Happily, the present contest is bloodless. The relative merit of their respective regions is the subject which is hotly and unscrupulously contested in the columns of newspapers and the circulars of land companies. If the allegations made on the one side are believed, then Dakota is not a fit place for habitation; if credence be given to those on the other, then Manitoba is an arid and Arctic wilderness. It is difficult for the impartial spectator to side with either disputant. When Sir William Hamilton discussed rival systems of philosophy, he expressed the opinion that philosophers were generally right in what they affirm and wrong in what they deny. This philosophical dictum is applicable to the present case. So long as citizens of Manitoba and Dakota eulogize their own province or territory they are perfectly right, but when they proceed to disparage the neighbouring province or territory they are glaringly wrong. For many miles on either side of the boundary line, between this part of the United States and Canada, the soil is identical in character, with no appreciable difference in climate.

We do not hold that Manitoba is absolutely perfect; when describing it in these pages we set forth its drawbacks as well as its attractions. A country may fall far short of the ideal form in dreams, and yet be a pleasant place to live in. It is possible that the "summer isles of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea," imagined by the poet, may be less charming in reality on account of the insects or venomous reptiles which infest all accessible earthly paradises.

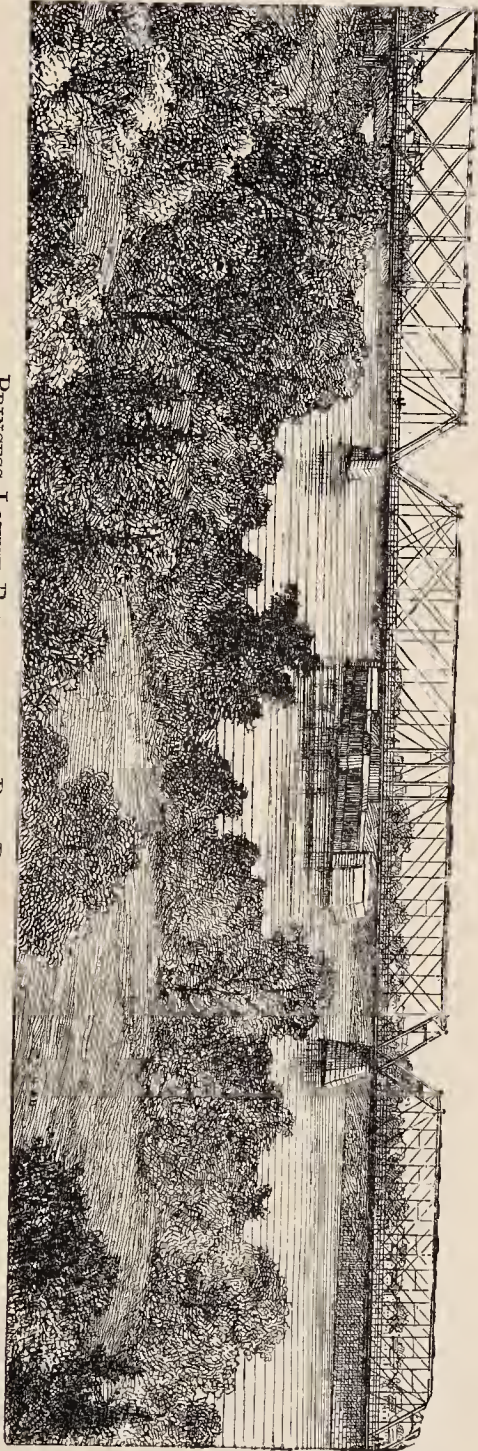
The farmers are as well pleased with the soil as with the climate of Manitoba; they declare that it is a black mould from two feet to four feet in depth, and so rich as to produce, without manure, large crops of vegetables and grain. They state that water is abundant and good, that the finest hay can be

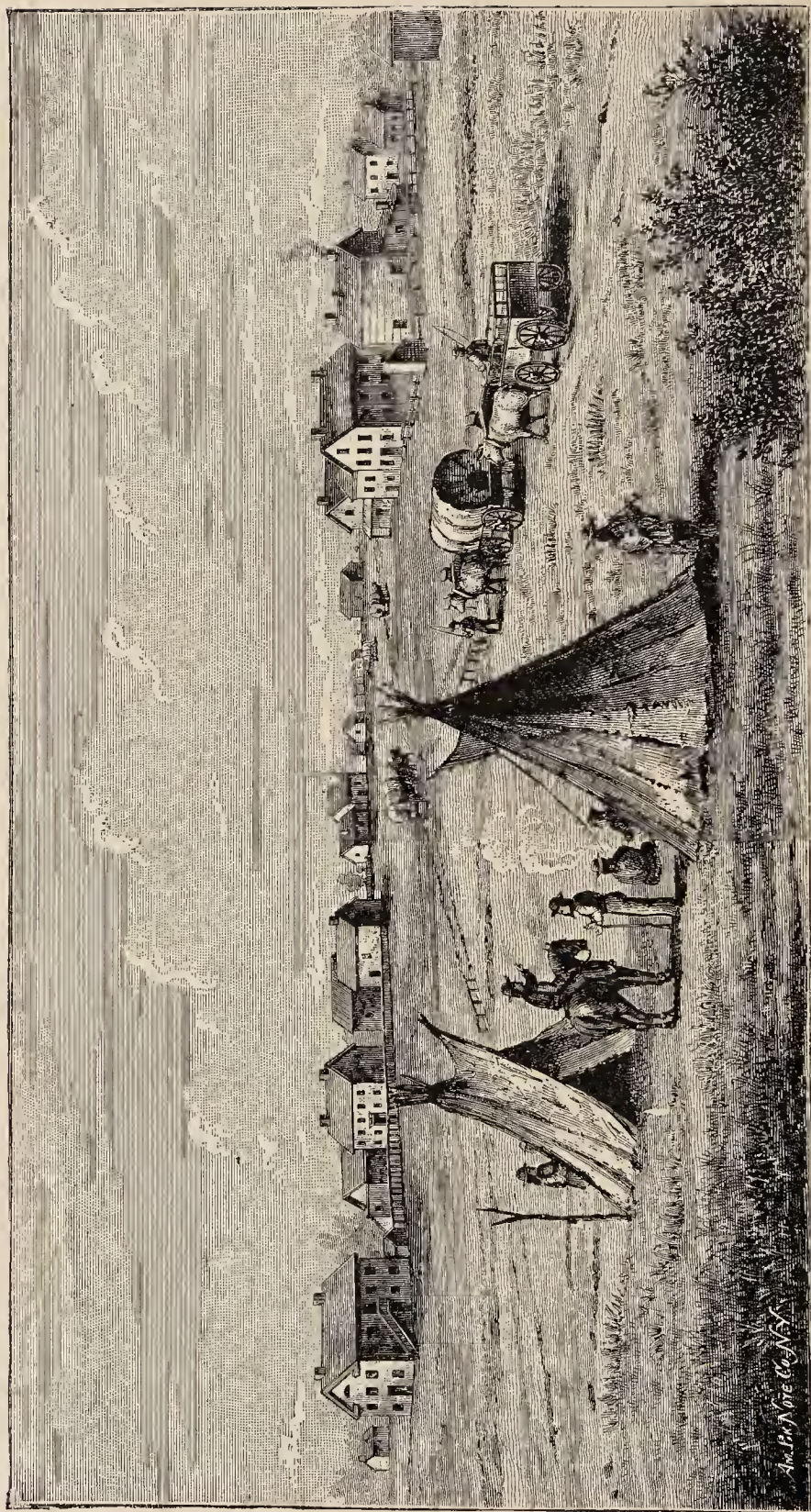
procured with very little trouble at a trifling cost; that there is no lack of timber; that the *minimum* yield of wheat is nine bushels an acre in excess of the average yield in Minnesota, and the weight of each bushel is 1 lb. heavier; that the average yield of oats is 57 bushels an acre; of barley, 40; of peas, 38; of rye, 60; and of potatoes, "mealy to the core," 318 bushels. Some of the potatoes weigh $4\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

I now resume my description of the overland journey.

Early in the morning of the third day from Toronto we look out of the window and find that the entire character of the country has changed. On every side extends the broad, level prairie, not the treeless plain I had been expecting—we will come to that further on—but it is beautifully diversified with clumps of poplar trees, all aflame with autumnal fires. The name of the station which we pass, "Beau Sejour," reminds us that we are passing an old

PRINCESS LOUISE BRIDGE, ACROSS RED RIVER, WINNIPEG.





WINNIPEG IN 1872.

Am. Br. Note Co. N.Y.

French settlement, to which the happy-tempered *courier du bois* gave its pleasant designation in the early dawn of the North-West exploration. Soon we cross the turbid current of the appropriately named Red River, by the picturesque Princess Louise Bridge, and, prompt to the minute, the train draws up at the large and handsome station—worthy of a metropolitan city—of Winnipeg.

WINNIPEG.

The strongest impression made upon the tourist on his first visit to Winnipeg is one of amazement that so young a city should have made such wonderful progress. Its public buildings, and many of its business blocks and private residences, exhibit a solidity and magnificence of which any city in the Dominion might be proud. The engraving facing page 429 gives a view of this now thriving city as it appeared in 1872, while the one facing this page shows the marvellous progress made in twelve years. It is already an important railway centre, from which seven or eight railways issue; and it is evidently destined to be one of the most important distributing points for a vast extent of the most fertile country in the world. Its population in 1888 is given as twenty-five thousand.

The projected Hudson Bay Railway promises to revolutionize the carrying trade of the whole North-West, including Dakota and Minnesota. The distance from Port Nelson, in Hudson's Bay, to Liverpool is 2,966 geographical miles. From Montreal to Liverpool, *via* Cape Race, is 2,990 miles; or *via* Belle Isle, is 2,787 miles. From New York to Liverpool is 3,100 miles. For two hundred and fifty years the Hudson Bay Company has shipped its goods from Port Nelson, and lost, it is said, only a single ship. Hudson's Straits, it is claimed, are open from four to six months of the year, and the cooler summer temperature of this northern route is very favourable to the traffic of grain and cattle. From Winnipeg to Port Nelson is 650 miles—of this forty miles are under contract. Both the Provincial and the Dominion Governments are giving substantial aid to the enterprise. The saving of distance from Winnipeg to Liverpool, *via* Port Nelson, over the Montreal



CITY OF WINNIPEG IN 1884.

route is 775 miles; over the New York route, 1,129 miles; over the Halifax route, 1,618 miles. From Regina the saving over the Montreal route is 1,081; over the New York route, 1,435 miles; over the Halifax route, 1,929 miles.

The broad block-paved Main Street, of Winnipeg, twice as wide as the average street in Toronto, with its bustling business and attractive stores, is a genuine surprise. Its magnificent new City Hall surpasses in the elegance of its architecture any other that I know in Canada. The new Post Office is a very handsome building, and the stately Cauchon Block and Hudson Bay Company's buildings, in architecture and equipment and stock, seem to the visitor to have anticipated the possible wants of the community by a score of years. My genial host and guide, the Rev. A. Langford, took especial pride and pleasure in showing me the sights of this young prairie city. Grace Church is very elegant and commodious within, but without looks like a great wholesale block. It was so constructed that when the permanent church, which it is proposed in time to erect, is built, the old one can be with ease converted into a large wholesale store.

It was with peculiar interest that I wandered over the site of the historic Fort Garry—now almost entirely obliterated. The old gateway and the old Governor's residence—a broad-eaved, solid, comfortable-looking, building—and a few old store-houses, are all that remain of the historic old fort which dominated the mid-continent, and from which issued commands which were obeyed throughout the vast regions reaching to the Rocky Mountains and the shores of Hudson's Bay. It has also its more recent stormy memories. A gentleman pointed out the scene of the dastardly murder of the patriot Scott by the rebel Riel. Around the town may be seen numerous half-breeds and Indians. Of the latter I will give cuts of characteristic types. Crossing the river I visited the old church of St. Boniface, in or near which Riel lies buried. The church, with its gleaming spire and group of ecclesiastical buildings, is a conspicuous object for many miles. It called to my mind the following fine poem by Whittier:

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

“Out and in the river is winding
 The links of its long, red chain
 Through belts of dusky pine-land
 And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
 With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
 The smoke of the hunting-lodges
 Of the wild Assiniboines !

Drearly blows the north wind
 From the land of ice and snow ;
 The eyes that look are weary,
 And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
 And one upon the shore,
 The Angel of Shadow gives warning
 That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese ?
 Is it the Indian's yell,
 That lends to the voice of the north wind
 The tones of a far-off bell ?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
 To the sound that grows apace :
 Well he knoweth the vesper ringing
 Of the bells of St. Boniface,

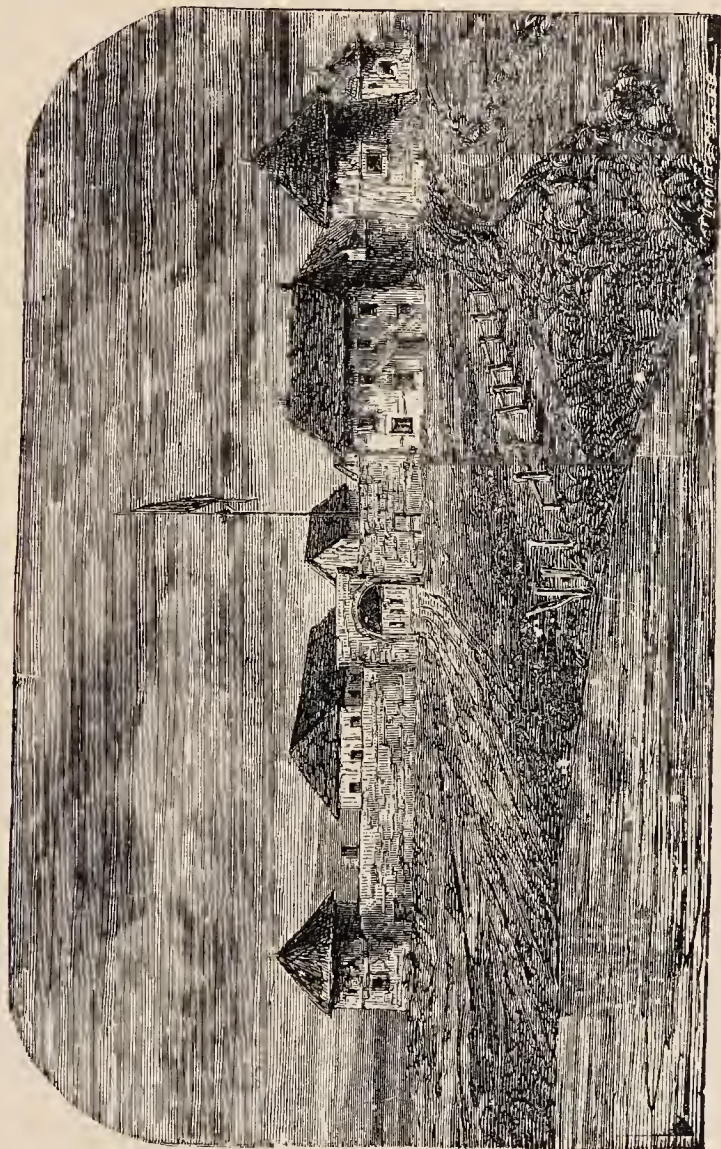
The bells of the Roman Mission,
 That call from their turrets twain,
 To the boatman on the river,
 To the hunter on the plain !

Even so in our mortal journey
 The bitter north winds blow ;
 And thus upon life's Red River
 Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
 Rests his feet on wave and shore,
 And our eyes grow dim with watching,
 And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
 The signal of his release
 In the bells of the Holy City,
 The chimes of eternal peace !”

Instead of "turrets twain," however, the present church has only one. As I approached it the funeral of a little half-breed child issued from the door—a priest in his vestments, some boys bearing candles, the sexton carrying a large cross and a



OLD FORT GARRY.
From a Sketch by Lord Dufferin.

few mourners bearing a little white coffin. The priest repeated a few words over the grave and sprinkled the coffin with an "aspergillum," and turned away. I followed him into the sacristy. He told me he belonged to the order of Oblates, as

did most of the priests in the North-West, and gave me some late autumn flowers from his garden. I visited also the old red-roofed convent, where a number of nuns carry on quite an extensive school for girls. It was the birthday of the Lady Superior, and the novices were celebrating the day by out-of-door games. It was like a scene in Normandy to see those bright-eyed French girls, in their white wimples and dark dresses, playing like children. They were blindfolded in turn, and each, after turning around three times, tried with a stick to touch a bag of candies placed upon the ground. Their merry laugh seemed anything but nun-like. Even the servant-maids, who were digging the crop of potatoes in the garden, wore a sort of conventual dress. Under the mellow autumn light it looked like a picture by Corot. One of the nuns took me through the orphanage where were gathered a number of little waifs—one from Amsterdam, two from Scotland, and others, whites and half-breeds, from far and near. They sang for me very prettily in English and French.

The Sabbath services in Grace Church were occasions of special interest. My travelling companion, Dr. Bowman Stephenson, prefaced his admirable sermon in the morning by the following appropriate remarks:

“No one,” he said, “could occupy the position in which he found himself without having his imagination greatly excited and his heart very deeply stirred. A stranger from the Old World, he found himself in the gateway of a new and great land. He had come to a city which was but of yesterday, and which yet in its size and power and solidity made it difficult to believe that it was only a dozen years old; but still more, as he remembered that, with his face turned toward the western sky, he stood here in the gateway of a new and great region, was he profoundly impressed with the great possibilities of the future. Let any man think what was going to happen between this place and the Rocky Mountains in the next fifty years; what great villages would rise, what homesteads would be planted all over these fertile plains, what great and powerful towns, what mighty cities would be built—who could say what was going to be in the next half century? What awful wrecks



TOWN HALL, WINNIPEG, (p. 438).

there would be—wrecks of happiness and wrecks of character ; and, on the other hand, what splendid success! What wonderful surprises and changes, kaleidoscopic in character, number and variety, in the life of these regions must take place in the next fifty years! No man could come amongst all this as a stranger, and find himself in the position in which the speaker found himself, without feeling himself stirred to the very depths of his nature. Other questions came up to the man who believed that the world was not ruled by chance, but that God was working out His glorious purposes in life. One thing was quite certain : boundless plains of fertile land and almost unlimited possibilities of agricultural and commercial success would not secure the greatness of any people or the happiness of any community. It was not the land, but the men who lived on the land, that determined whether a nation was going to be great or not ; and it was not the capacity for earning money, but the power to live noble lives and do noble deeds, that made men worthy to be accounted the sons of God, and fit to dwell on the land that God has made.”

One of the omens of brightest augury in this new city is that the religious life in all the churches gives evidence of great activity and energy. They are composed largely of the very *élite* of the Eastern communities, whose adventurous spirit has led them to seek their fortunes in the West. Everywhere one meets the stalwart sons and fair daughters of Ontario and of the Eastern Provinces. “Few cities of its size,” says a Winnipeg writer, “have such a variety of races. Here you may find Jew and Iclander, Chinaman and Mennonite, Russian and African, German, Italian, French, Spaniard, Norwegian, Dane, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, English, American, and a host of different sorts and kinds from the East.” In the evening, after preaching, I looked in at a Scandinavian service, where three hundred Icelanders, representing a community of one thousand five hundred of their kinsfolk, were worshipping God in their native tongue.

The breadth of view and enlightened statesmanship of the leaders of public opinion is seen in the collegiate system of the country, with its central examining university, and its



HOMESTEAD FARM AT KILDONAN, NEAR WINNIPEG.

Presbyterian, Anglican and Roman Catholic teaching colleges, soon to be reinforced by a vigorous Methodist college.

A few miles north of Winnipeg is the old Scotch settlement of Kildonan, the headquarters of the loyalists during the first Riel Rebellion, and one of the most flourishing, well cultured, happy and contented settlements to be found anywhere.

Our engraving represents one of the typical Red River carts still in use among the half-breeds throughout the North-West. It is peculiar in being made entirely of wood. There is neither nail nor metal tire. The thing creaks horribly, and when a



RED RIVER CART.

hundred of them or more were out for the fall hunt, the groaning of the caravan was something appalling. The harness, too, is entirely home-made and exceedingly primitive. By means of these carts much of the freighting to the scattered forts of the North-West was done. It used to take ninety days for a brigade to go from the Red River to Fort Edmonton. The adhesive character of Winnipeg mud is indicated, for these "antediluvian" carts are still occasionally seen in the prairie capital. It is a tribute to the strength of the cart that the viscous material does not drag it to pieces. The new arrivals

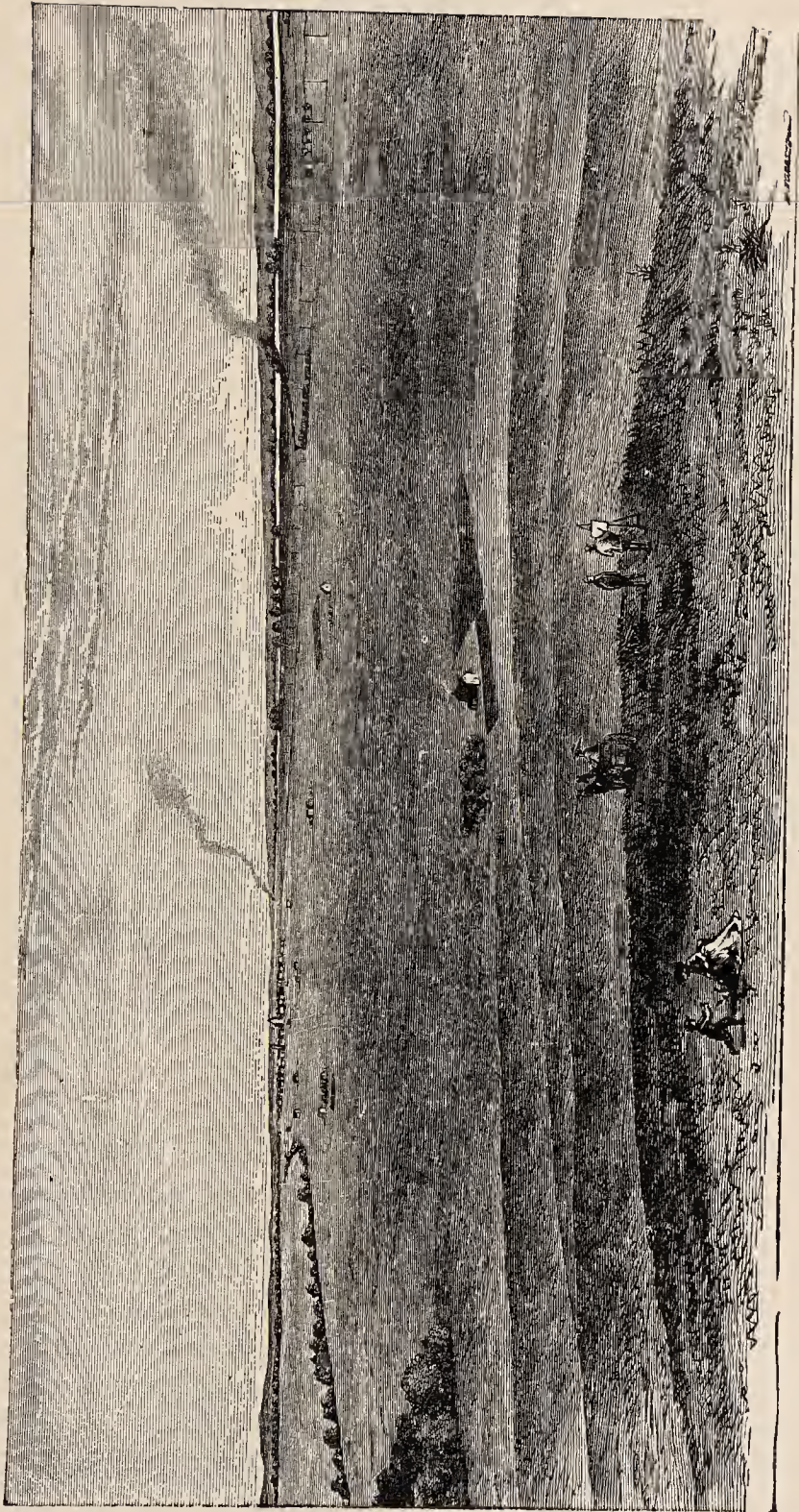
can always be known by the manner in which they slip and slide about on the muddy street crossings.

THE PRAIRIES.

The great material element in the prosperity of this young city is the fertile prairie stretching far and wide around it on every side. The deep black loam, the vast unfenced fields, the mile-long furrows, stretching straight as an arrow in unbroken lines, the huge stacks of grain—I counted twenty in a single view near Brandon—these are the guarantees of the future prosperity of the prairie province, that no collapsed boom can destroy. A pleasant feature in this prairie region was the fringe of poplar trees skirting the banks of the streams—all aflame in their autumnal foliage, and suggestive of blazing hearths on the long winter nights. Till the discovery of coal in the North-West, the subject of winter fuel was one of the most serious questions. But the exhaustless supplies of good coal at Lethbridge and elsewhere have proved the solution of the problem.

The railway stations through the Province of Manitoba give evidence of life and energy. At many of them are two, three, or even four, capacious steam elevators, representing rival wheat-purchasing companies, and frequently a number of mills. At Carberry my genial friend, the Rev. J. W. Bell, introduced me to the proprietors of several well-filled general stores. While not many houses were in sight, he said the country back from the railway had many magnificent farms. Though the country is apparently as level as a billiard table, there is really an ascent of one hundred feet from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie. Beyond Poplar Point almost continuous farms appear. The line of trees not far away on the south marks the course of the Assiniboine River, which the railway follows for one hundred and thirty miles.

Portage la Prairie and Brandon, situated respectively sixty and one hundred and thirty miles west of Winnipeg, are evidently destined to be important centres of local distribution. Unfortunately they are now burdened with municipal debts, incurred during the "boom;" but the public buildings and



ON THE PRAIRIE.

schools, etc., are elements of prosperity that will long survive the collapse of the boom. Portage la Prairie, with a population of three thousand, on the Assiniboine River, is the market town of a rich and populous province. The Manitoba and North-Western Railway extends from here one hundred and eighty miles north-west, towards Prince Albert, with branches to Rapid City and Shell River.

Between Portage la Prairie and Brandon, stations succeed one another at intervals of five or eight miles, and many of



BRANDON, MAN.

them are surrounded by bright and busy towns. The Brandon Hills are seen towards the south-west. Four miles beyond Chater the Assiniboine is crossed by an iron bridge and Brandon is reached. It is the largest grain market in Manitoba, and the distributing market for an extensive and well-settled country. The town is beautifully situated on high ground, and, although only six years old, has well-made streets and, many substantial buildings, with a population of four thousand five hundred. A railway is being built north-westward toward the Saskatchewan country. Our engraving of Brandon will give a good idea

of a "live" railway town, with its elevators, side tracks, etc. Beyond Brandon the railway draws away from the Assiniboine River and rising from its valley to a "rolling" or undulating prairie, well occupied by prosperous farmers, as the thriving villages at frequent intervals bear evidence.

There is a feeling of isolation in traversing the boundless prairie—not absolutely level, but heaving in vast undulations, like the ground-swell of the sea. The settlements are widely scattered, and the settlers' wooden or sod-covered houses look so lonely under the vastness of the brooding sky and of the treeless plain.

The great natural features of this magnificent territory are often of surpassing beauty, and sometimes of grand sublimity. The prairies spreading like a shoreless ocean, and starred with vari-coloured flowers—flashing dew-crowned in the rosy light of dawn, sleeping beneath the fervid blaze of noon, or crimson-dyed in the ruddy glow of sunset—are exquisitely beautiful. At night, when the rolling waves of grass gleam in the pallid moonlight, like foam-crests on the sea, or when the far horizon flares with lurid flames, and dun-rolling smoke-clouds mount the sky, they become sublime. So pure and dry and bracing is the atmosphere, that the range of vision is vastly increased, all the senses seem exalted, and new life is poured through every vein.

As we sweep on and on, all day long and all night, and all next day and half the night, a sense of the vastness of this great prairie region—like the vastness of the sea—grows upon one with overwhelming force. The following lines of Bryant's well describe some of the associations of a first view of the prairies:—

"These are the gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo ! they lie
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed

And motionless forever.—Motionless?—
 No—they are all unchained again. The clouds
 Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
 The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye.
 Man hath no part in all this glorious work :
 The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
 And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
 With herbage. . . . The great heavens
 Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,—
 A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
 Than that which bends above the eastern hills. . . .
 In these plains the bison feeds no more, where once he shook
 The earth with thundering steps—yet here I meet
 His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

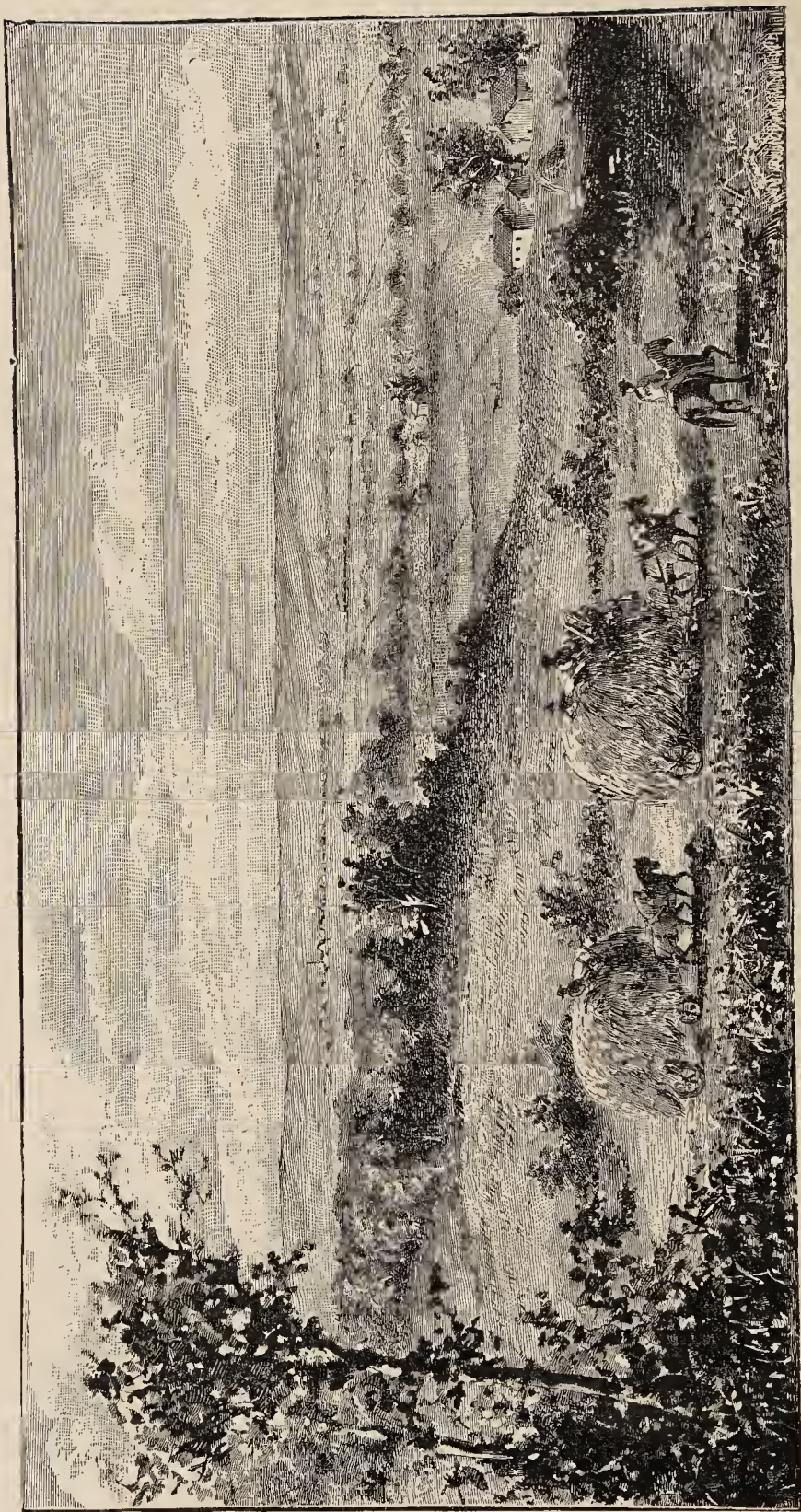
Still this great solitude is quick with life.
 Myriads of insects gaudy, as the flowers
 They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
 And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man,
 Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
 Startlingly beautiful. . . . The bee,
 A more adventurous colonist than man,
 With whom he came across the eastern deep,
 Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
 And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
 Within the hollow oak. I listen long
 To his domestic hum, and think I hear
 The sound of that advancing multitude
 Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
 Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
 Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
 Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
 Bends with the rustling of the heavy grain
 Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
 A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
 And I am in the wilderness alone."

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

OUTSIDE of the Province of Manitoba extends the North-West Territory of Canada. It is bounded on the south by the 49th parallel, which divides it from the United States. It follows this line west to the base of the Rocky Mountains, which it touches at very nearly the 111th degree of west longitude, and takes a north-west trend to the base of the Rocky Mountains, until it comes in contact with the territory of Alaska, and proceeds thence due north to the Arctic Ocean. On the eastern side it is bounded by the Province of Manitoba.

This vast region has been provisionally organized by the Dominion Government for purposes of administration into four districts, named respectively Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Athabasca. I condense from the Guide Book to the Dominion, issued by the Department of Agriculture, the following information about these great territorial divisions.

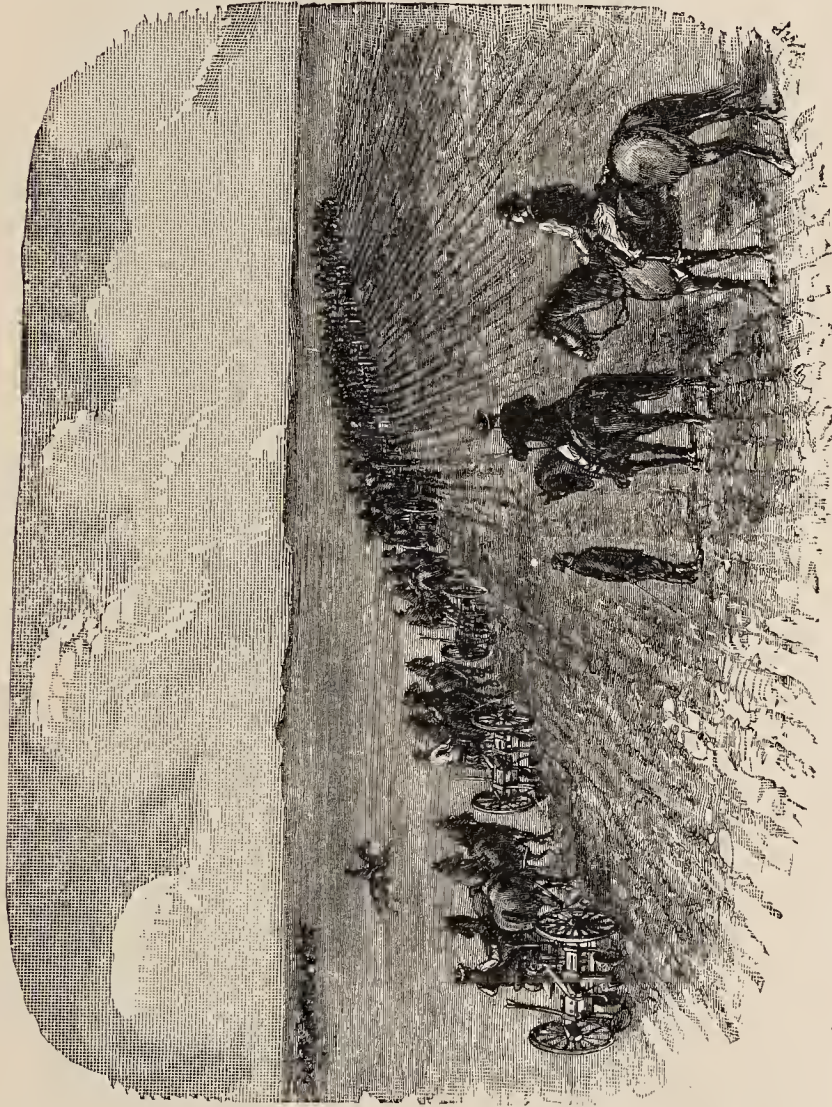
The district of Assiniboia comprises an area of about ninety-five thousand square miles, and lies immediately west of Manitoba. The valley of the Qu'Appelle is in Assiniboia. The view over the broad Qu'Appelle valley, with its winding river, is one of the finest in the North-West; comfortable farmsteads, with huge stacks of grain, greet the eye for many a mile. This district has been selected for the large farming experiment known as the "Bell Farm." The experiment embraces a scheme for a wheat-farm of a hundred square miles or sixty-four thousand acres. From Indian Head, near the centre of the farm, the headquarters buildings may be seen on the right. The neat square cottages of the farm labourers dot the plain as far as the eye can reach. The furrows on this farm are usually ploughed four miles long, and to plough one furrow outward and another returning is a half day's work for a man and team.



THE QU'APPELLE VALLEY.

"The work is done with an almost military organization, ploughing by brigades and reaping by divisions."

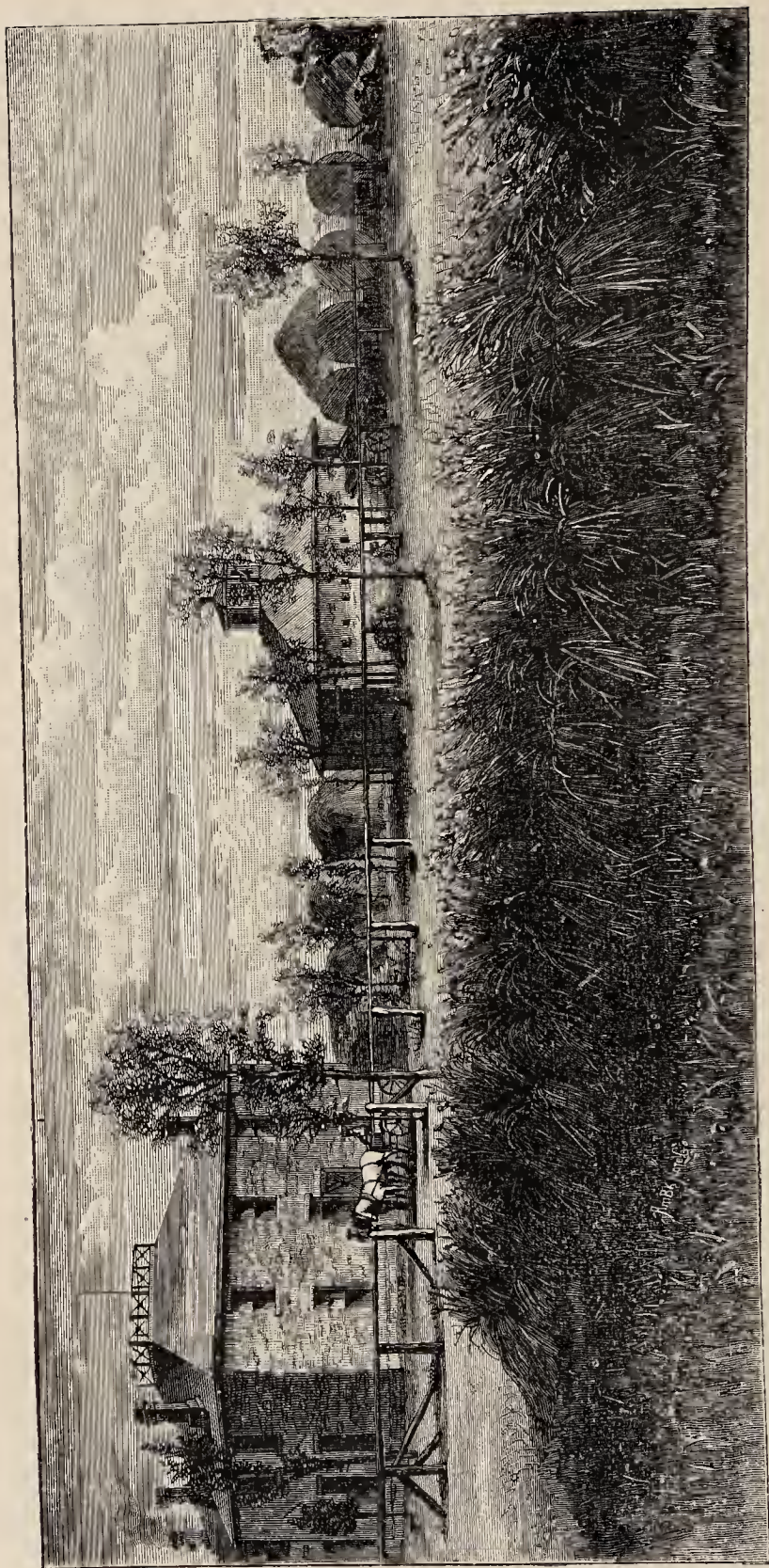
Many towns and villages have sprung up with surprising rapidity on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the



PRAIRIE PLOUGHING AT BELL FARM.

district of Assiniboia. Among these may be mentioned Broadview, Indian Head, Qu'Appelle, Regina (the capital), Moose Jaw, Swift Current and Medicine Hat.

The district of Alberta comprises an area of about one hundred thousand square miles, and lies between Assiniboia and the



BELL FARM, INDIAN HEAD STATION.

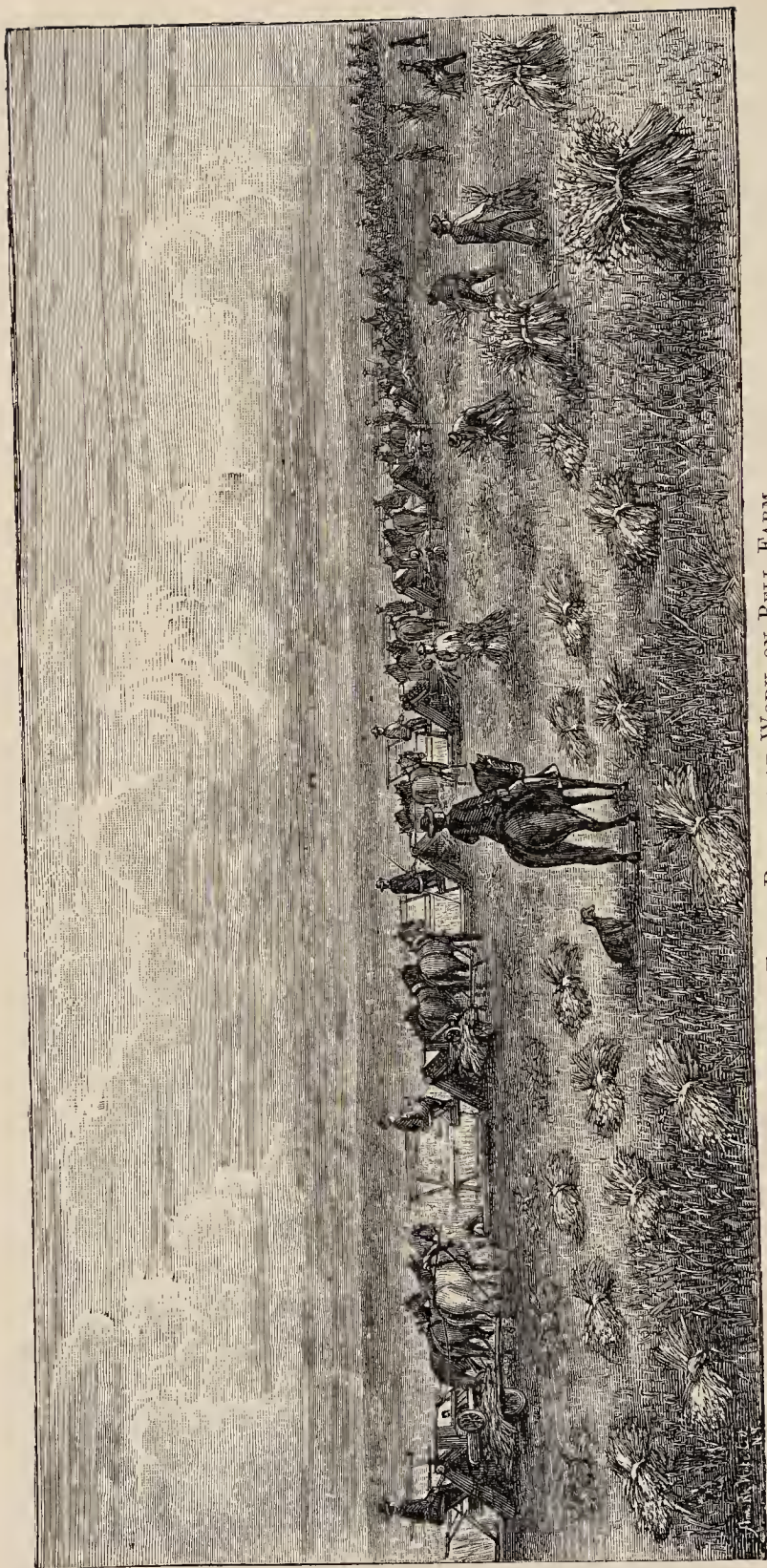
Province of British Columbia at the base of the Rocky Mountains. A great portion of this district being immediately under the mountains, has scenery of magnificent beauty. Its cold, clear streams and rich and luxuriant grasses make it a very paradise for cattle. Numerous ranches have been started, and the number of neat cattle on these was, during the summer of 1886, close on one hundred thousand, between thirty thousand and forty thousand sheep, and about ten thousand horses. Experience has already proved that with good management the cattle thrive well in the winter, the percentage of loss being much less than that estimated for when these ranches were undertaken.

With respect to those portions of these North-West plains of Canada in which alkali is found, Prof. Macoun declares that these will become the most valuable of the wheat lands as settlement progresses, the alkali being converted into a valuable fertilizer by the admixture of barn-yard manure. The professor further contends that these alkaline plains will become the great wheat fields of the American continent long after the now fertile prairies and fields to the east shall have become exhausted.

It is not, however, only in agricultural resources that the district of Alberta is rich. There are in it the greatest extent of coal-fields known in the world. Large petroleum deposits are known to exist. Immense supplies of timber are also among the riches of Alberta. These are found in such positions as to be easily workable in the valleys along the numerous streams flowing through the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains into the great Saskatchewan. It is needless to say that resources such as these in North America, now that they are pierced by the Canadian Transcontinental Railway, will not remain long without development.

Calgary is the chief town in Alberta. It is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Bow and the Elbow rivers. It is very thriving, and already does a large business. It commands a beautiful view of the Rocky Mountains, and is undoubtedly destined to become a large city.

The district of Saskatchewan comprises about one hundred



TWENTY-THREE REAPERS AT WORK ON BELL FARM.

and fourteen thousand square miles. It lies north of Manitoba. This district, owing to the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway being taken south through the districts of Assiniboia and Alberta, has, of course, not so rapidly settled as these. It yet, however, contains the flourishing settlements of Prince Albert, Battleford, and others. It is a region of immense resources, the two branches of the great river Saskatchewan passing through a large part of it. It has several projected railway lines, which, it is expected, will be immediately proceeded with.

The district of Athabasca comprises an area of about one hundred and twenty-two thousand square miles. It lies north of the district of Alberta, and includes the immense and fertile valley of the Peace River, whose extent and fertility are as yet only partially known. This district has also vast resources, but as yet, from its northern position, is out of the range of immediate settlement.

This vast territory contains great lakes and great rivers. The Mackenzie is one of the largest rivers in the world, and empties into the Arctic Ocean. Its estimated length is two thousand five hundred miles, including the Slave River, which is a part of its system. This river is generally navigable, except at the base of the Rocky Mountains, where it is interrupted by cascades. The country through which it runs is rich in mineral deposits, including coal. The Peace, another great river of the North-West, has an estimated course of one thousand one hundred miles, draining a country containing very great agricultural and mineral resources.

Another great river which takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, is the Saskatchewan, which empties into Lake Winnipeg, having a total length of about one thousand five hundred miles. The river is navigable from the lake to Fort Edmonton, and it drains an immense agricultural region. There are numerous other rivers in this territory, such as the Nelson, the Churchill, the Winnipeg and the Assiniboine.

The lakes are the Great Bear Lake, the Great Slave Lake, the Athabasca, Lake Winnipeg, and others. The Great Bear Lake contains an area of fourteen thousand square miles. The Great Slave Lake has a length, from east to west, of three

hundred miles; its greatest breadth being fifty miles. The Athabasca Lake has a length of two hundred and thirty miles; averaging fourteen miles in width, having, however, a very much greater width in some places. Lake Winnipeg has a length of two hundred and eighty miles, with a breadth of fifty-five miles. There are numerous other lakes of large size in the North-West.

The Nelson River drains the waters of Lake Winnipeg into Hudson's Bay; and the extent of its discharge may be imagined

from the fact that this lake receives the waters of the Red River of the north, as well as of the River Winnipeg, the Saskatchewan, and others.



INDIAN MEDICINE MAN.

A remarkable feature of this great extent of territory is its division along lines running generally north-west and south-east, into three distinct prairie steppes, or plateaux, as they are generally called. The first of these is known as the Red River Valley and Lake Winnipeg plateau. The width of the boundary line is about fifty-two miles, and the average height about eight hundred

feet above the sea. At the boundary line it is about one thousand feet. The first plateau lies entirely within the Province of Manitoba, and is estimated to contain about seven thousand square miles of the best wheat-growing land on the continent, or in the world.

The second plateau or steppe has an altitude of one thousand six hundred feet, having a width of about two hundred and fifty miles on the national boundary line, and an area of about one hundred and five thousand square miles. The rich, undu-

lating, park-like country lies in this region. This section is specially favourable for settlement, and includes the Assiniboine and Qu'Appelle districts.



ASSINIBOINE INDIAN.

most favourable for agriculture, and the third for grazing. Settlement is proceeding in the first two at a very rapid rate; and in the third plateau numerous and prosperous cattle ranches have been established.

The prairie section of the Canadian North-West, extending westward from the neighbourhood of Winnipeg to the base of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of over eight hundred miles, contains large tracts of the finest agricultural lands in the world.

The prairie is generally rolling or undulating, with large

The third plateau or steppe begins on the boundary line at the 104th meridian, where it has an elevation of about two thousand feet, and extends west for four hundred and sixty-five miles to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, where it has an altitude of about four thousand two hundred feet, making an average height above the sea of about three thousand feet. Generally speaking, the first two steppes are those which are



HALF-BREED.



SQUAW, WITH PAPOOSE.

theory that the great fertility of the land in the North-West is due generally to three causes:—First, the droppings of birds and animals on the plains; second, the ashes left by the annual prairie fires; and third, the constant accumulation of decayed vegetable matter, and the fertilizing agency of the bones of the innumerable denizens of these vast plains; and when the fact is considered that great herds of buffalo and other game have roamed for generations over the prairies; that wild fowl are found in vast numbers everywhere; and that prairie fires have raged yearly for generations in the North-West, there is doubtless sound reason for this theory.

clumps of woods and lines of forests here and there. It abounds with lakes, lakelets and running streams, in the neighbourhood of which the scenery has been described as the finest park scenery in the world.

The richness of the soil, and the salubrity of the climate, which is peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of grain and raising of stock, will assuredly cause this vast tract of country to become, in the near future, the home of millions of happy and prosperous people.

There is a generally accepted



INDIAN LAD.

Whatever may have been the cause of the extreme richness of the land, however, there is one feature which is of great importance, and that is the depth of good soil in the prairie country. It has been frequently stated that the depth of black loam in the North-West will range from one to four feet, and, in some instances, even deeper, but the statement, though received with a great deal of doubt, has, in many cases, been verified.

A supply of good water is an indispensable necessity to the



A CAMPING SCENE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

farmer, not only for household purposes, but also for stock. The Canadian North-West has not only numerous rivers and creeks, but also a very large number of lakes and lakelets throughout the whole country, and it has now been ascertained definitely that good water can be obtained almost anywhere by means of wells; in addition to which there are numerous, clear-running, never-failing springs to be found. There need, therefore, be no apprehension of serious drought.

The North-West is destined to become one of the finest stock-raising countries in the world. Its boundless prairies,

covered with luxuriant grasses—the usual yield of which, when cut into hay, being from three to four tons per acre—and the cool nights for which Manitoba is famous, are most beneficial features in regard to stock; and the remarkable dryness and healthfulness of the winter tend to make cattle fat and well-conditioned. The easy access to fine water, which exists in nearly every part of the Province, is another advantage in stock-raising. The abundance of hay everywhere makes it an easy matter for farmers to winter their stock; and, in addition, there is, and always will be, a ready home market for beef.

The cattle ranches established at the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains have proved wonderfully successful, some of them having as many as twenty thousand head of stock. Cattle winter well in the Canadian North-West, and, if properly stabled at night and carefully attended to, will come out fat in the spring.

Apiculture is successfully carried on in the North-West, as bees require a clear, dry atmosphere, and a rich harvest of flowers; if the air is damp, or the weather cloudy, they will not work so well. Another reason why they work less in a warm climate is, that the honey gathered remains fluid for sealing a longer time, and, if gathered faster, then it thickens, it sours and spoils. The clear, bright skies, dry air, and rich flora of the North-West are well adapted to the bee culture.

New centres of trade are continually springing into existence wherever settlements take place, and these contain generally one or more stores where farmers can find a ready market for their produce. The stations along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway are not more than eight or ten miles apart, and as it is the policy of the Company to facilitate the erection of elevators for the storage of wheat, etc., farmers will be enabled to dispose of their grain at good prices almost at their doors. The very large influx of people, and the prosecution of railways and public works will, however, cause a great home demand for some years, and for a time limit the quantity for export.

This will be as convenient a place as any to give an account of the fur trade of the great North-West, and a sketch of mission work among the Indian tribes.

THE FUR TRADE.

Few of the dainty dames of London or Paris, or even of Toronto or Montreal, have any conception of the vicissitudes of peril and hardship encountered in procuring the costly ermines and sables in which they defy the winter's cold. About the month of August, the Indians of the great North-West procure a supply of pork, flour and ammunition, generally on trust, at the Hudson's Bay posts, and thread their way up the lonely rivers and over many a portage, far into the



HALF-BREED AND "HUSKIE" DOG.

interior. There they build their bark lodges, generally each family by itself, or sometimes a single individual alone, scores of miles from his nearest neighbour. They carry a supply of steel traps, which they carefully set and bait, concealing all appearance of design. The hunter makes the round of his traps, often many miles apart, returning to the camp, as by an unerring instinct, through the pathless wilderness. The skins, which are generally those of the otter, beaver, marten, mink and sable, and occasionally of an arctic fox or bear, are stretched

and dried in the smoke of the wigwams. The trappers live chiefly on rabbits, muskrats, fish, and sometimes on cariboo, which they hunt on snow-shoes. The loneliness of such a life

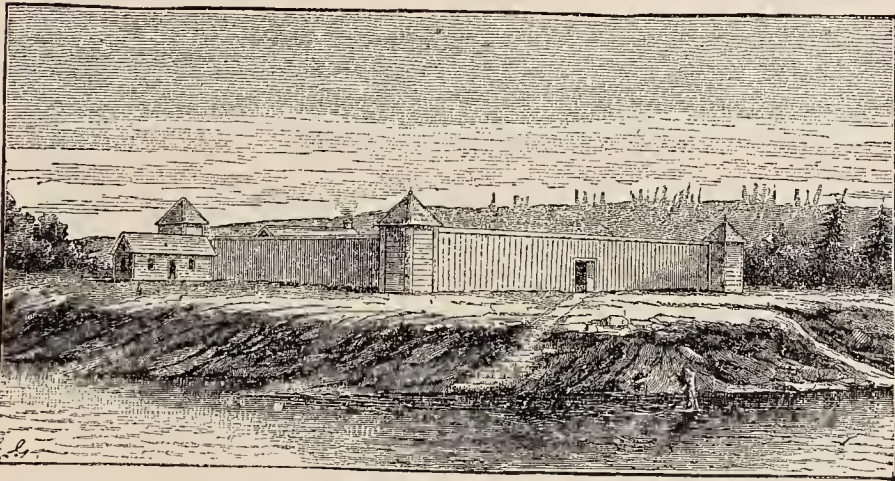


OLD TIME TRADING POST.

is appalling. On every side stretches for hundreds of leagues the forest primeval.

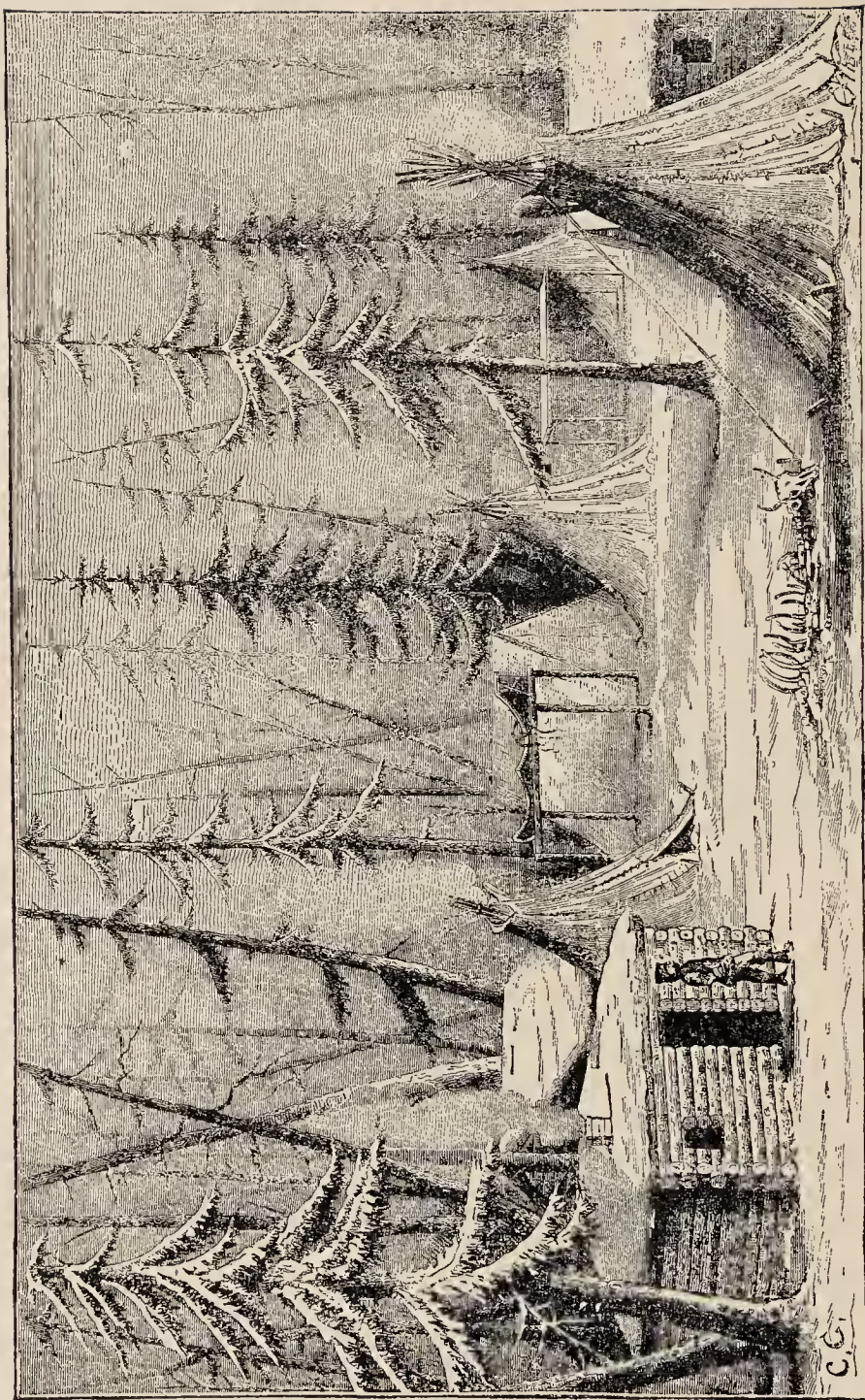
Yet to many there is a fascination in these solitudes. Lord

Milton and Dr. Cheadle spent the winter of 1863-64 in a trapper's camp with great apparent enjoyment. Their provisions becoming exhausted, they had to send six hundred miles to Fort Garry, by a dog team, for four bags of flour and a few pounds of tea. The lonely trapper, however, must depend on his own resources. In the spring he returns to the trading-posts, shooting the rapids of the swollen streams, frequently with bales of furs worth several hundreds of dollars. A sable skin which may be held in the folded hand is worth in the markets of Europe \$30 or \$35, or of the finest quality \$75. The Indians of the interior are models of honesty. They will



HUDSON'S BAY POST.

not trespass on each other's streams or hunting-grounds, and always punctually repay the debt they have incurred at the trading-post. A Hudson's Bay store contains a miscellaneous assortment of goods, comprising such diverse articles as snow-shoes and cheap jewellery, canned fruit and blankets, gun-powder and tobacco, fish-hooks and scalping-knives, vermilion for war-paint, and beads for embroidery. Thither come the plumed and painted sons of the forest to barter their peltries for the knives and guns of Sheffield and Birmingham, the gay fabrics of Manchester and Leeds, and other luxuries of savage life, and to smoke the pipe of peace with their white allies. Many thousand dollars' worth of valuable furs are often collected at these posts. They are generally deposited in a huge log



HUNTERS' WINTER CAMP.

storehouse, and defended by a stockade, sometimes loopholed for musketry, or mounting a few small cannon. On the flag-staff is generally displayed the flag of the Company with the strange motto, "*Pro pelle cutem*,"—Skin for skin. These posts are sparsely scattered over this vast territory. They are like oases in the wilderness, generally having a patch of cultivated ground, a garden of European plants and flowers, and all the material comforts of civilization. Their social isolation is the most objectionable feature. At one which I visited the chief factor had just sent one hundred and thirty miles in an open boat for the nearest physician. Yet many of the factors are well educated men, who have changed the busy din of Glasgow or Edinburgh for the solitude of these far-off posts. And for love's sweet sake, refined and well-born women will abandon the luxuries of civilization to share the loneliness of the wilderness with their bosom's lord. One of the Hudson's Bay factors on Rupert's River wooed and won a fair Canadian girl, and took her back in triumph to his home. She was carried like an Indian princess over the portages and through the forests in a canoe, supported by cushions, wrapped in richest furs, and attended ever by a love that would not

"Beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly."

There, in the heart of the wilderness, she kept her state and wore her jewels as if a queen of society. In still more remote regions temporary hunting-camps, like that shown in cut, are established.

Almost the sole method of exploring the great northern fur regions is by means of the bark canoe in summer, or the dog-sledge or on snow-shoes in winter.

CANOE LIFE.

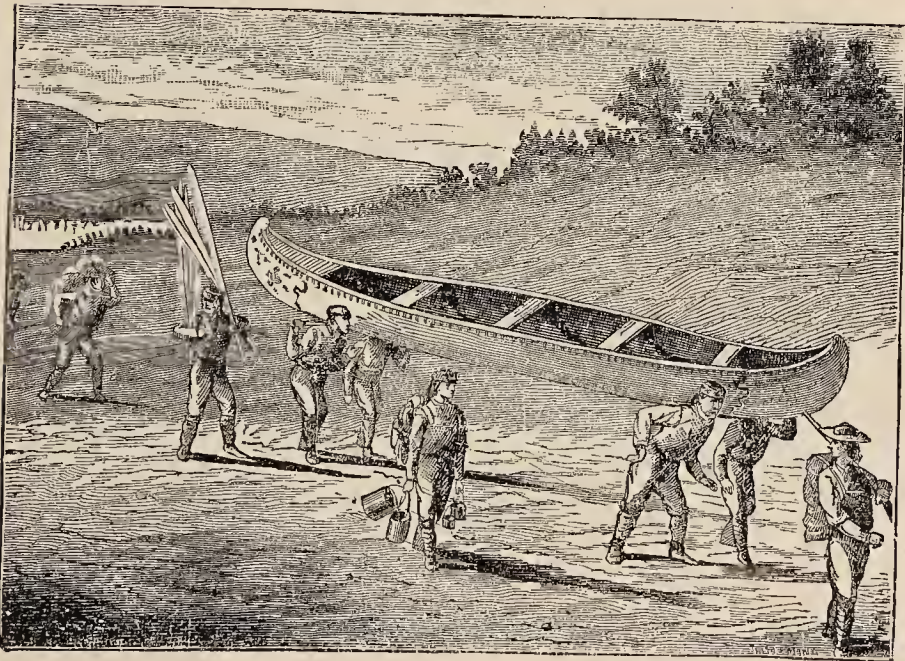
"The canoe," says Mr. H. M. Robinson, "is part of the savage. After generations of use, it has grown into the economy of his life. What the horse is to the Arab, the camel to the desert traveller, or the dog to the Esquimaux, the birch-bark canoe is to the Indian. The forests along the river shores yield all the



SHOOTING A RAPID.

materials requisite for its construction; cedar for its ribs; birch-bark for its outer covering; the thews of the juniper to sew together the separate pieces; red pine to give resin for the seams and crevices.

“All the forest life is in it—
All its mystery and magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews,
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.”



MAKING A PORTAGE.

“During the summer season the canoe is the home of the red man. It is not only a boat, but a house; he turns it over him as a protection when he camps; he carries it long distances overland from lake to lake. Frail beyond words, yet he loads it down to the water's edge. In it he steers boldly out into the broadest lake, or paddles through wood and swamp and reedy shallow. Sitting in it he gathers his harvest of wild rice, or catches fish, or steals upon his game; dashes down the wildest

rapid, braves the foaming torrent, or lies like a wild bird on the placid waters. While the trees are green, while the waters dance and sparkle, and the wild duck dwells in the sedgy ponds, the birch-bark canoe is the red man's home.

"And how well he knows the moods of the river! To guide his canoe through some whirling eddy, to shoot some roaring waterfall, to launch it by the edge of some fiercely-rushing torrent, or dash down a foaming rapid, is to be a brave and skilful Indian. The man who does all this and does it well, must possess a rapidity of glance, a power in the sweep of his



TRACKING A CANOE.

paddle, and a quiet consciousness of skill, not obtained save by long years of practice.

"An exceedingly light and graceful craft is the birch-bark canoe; a type of speed and beauty. So light that one man can easily carry it on his shoulders overland where a waterfall obstructs his progress; and as it only sinks five or six inches in the water, few places are too shallow to float it. In this frail bark, which measures anywhere from twelve to forty feet long, and from two to five feet broad in the middle, the Indian and his family travel over the innumerable lakes and rivers, and the fur-hunters pursue their lonely calling.

"Frequently the ascent of the streams is not made without mishap. Sometimes the canoe runs against a stone, and tears a small hole in the bottom. This obliges the voyagers to put ashore immediately and repair the damage. They do it swiftly and with admirable dexterity. Into the hole is fitted a piece of bark; the fibrous roots of the pine tree sew it in its place, and the place pitched so as to be water-tight, all within an hour. Again, the current is too strong to admit of the use of paddles, and recourse is had to poling, if the stream be shallow, or tracking if the depth of water forbid the use of poles. The latter is an extremely toilsome process, and detracts much from



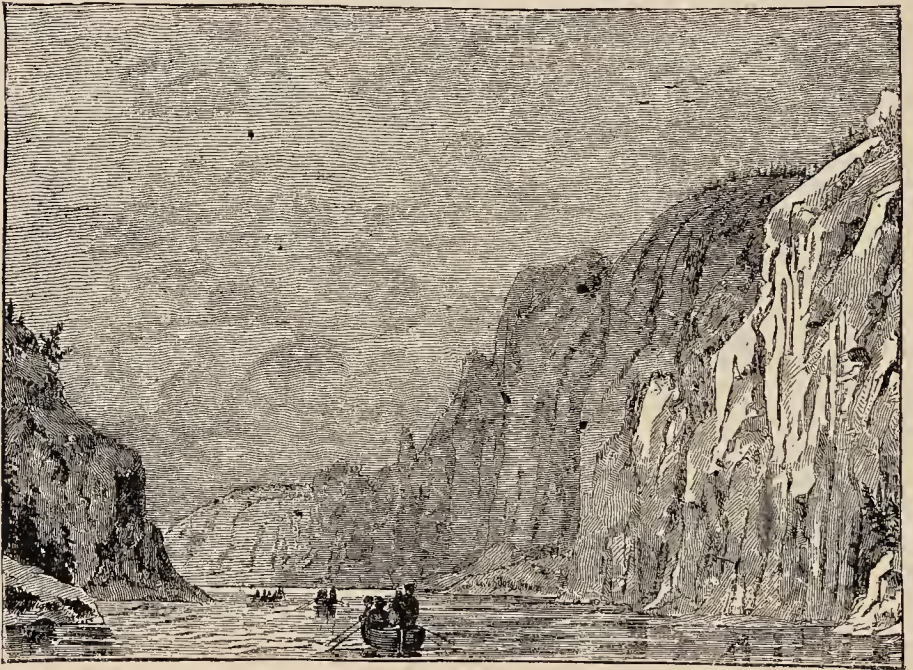
PORTAGE LANDING.

the romance of canoe-life in the wilderness. Tracking, as it is called, is dreadfully harassing work. Half the crew go ashore and drag the boat slowly along while the other half go asleep. After an hour's walk the others take their turn, and so on, alternately, during the entire day.

"But if the rushing or breasting up a rapid is exciting, the operation of shooting them in a birch-bark canoe is doubly so. True, all the perpendicular falls have to be "portaged," and in a day's journey of forty miles, from twelve to fifteen portages have to be made. But the rapids are as smooth water to the hardy voyagers, who, in anything less than a perpendicular

fall, seldom lift the canoe from the water. As the frail birch-bark nears the rapid from above, all is quiet. The most skilful voyager sits on his heels in the bow of the canoe, the next best oarsman similarly placed in the stern. The hand of the bowsman becomes a living intelligence as, extended behind him, it motions the steersman where to turn the craft. The latter never takes his eye off that hand for an instant. Its varied expression becomes the life of the canoe.

“The bowsman peers straight ahead with a glance like that



A NORTHERN RIVER.

of an eagle. The canoe, seeming like a cockle-shell in its frailty, silently approaches the rim where the waters disappear from view. On the very edge of the slope the bowsman suddenly stands up, and bending forward his head, peers eagerly down the eddying rush, then falls upon his knees again. Without turning his head for an instant, the sentient hand behind him signals its warning to the steersman. Now there is no time for thought; no eye is quick enough to take in the rushing scene. There are strange currents, unexpected whirls, and backward eddies and rocks—rocks rough and

jagged, smooth, slippery, and polished—and through all this the canoe glances like an arrow, dips like a wild bird down the wing of the storm. All this time not a word is spoken; but every now and again there is a quick twist of the bow paddle to edge far off some rock, to put her full through some boiling billow, to hold her steady down the slope of some thundering chute.

“But the old canoe-life of the Fur Land is rapidly passing away. In many a once well-beaten pathway, naught save narrow trails over the portages, and rough wooden crosses over the graves of travellers who perished by the way, remains to mark the roll of the passing years.”



FISHING THROUGH THE ICE, LAKE WINNIPEG.

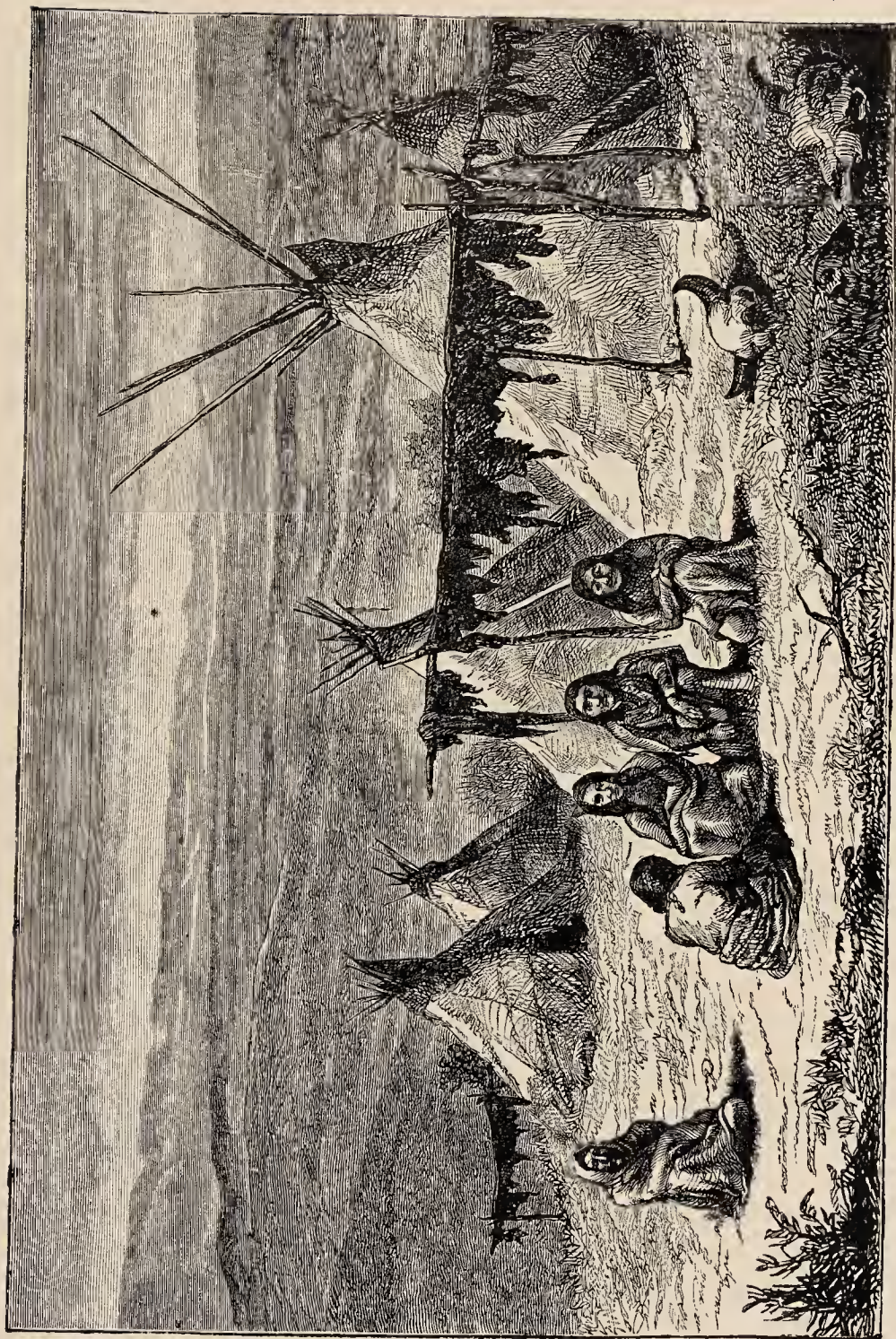
The Indians near the frontier settlements, who hang upon the skirts of civilization, are not favourable specimens of their race. They acquire the white man's vices rather than his virtues. They are a squalid, miserable set; their bark wigwams are filthy, comfortless structures. The older women are horribly withered, bleared, and smoke-dried creatures, extremely suggestive of the witches in "Macbeth." The younger squaws are very fond of supplementing their savage costume with gay ribbons, beads, and other civilized finery; and in one wigwam I saw a crinoline skirt hanging up. The men are often idle, hulking fellows. They keep a great number of dogs—vile curs of low degree; and in one camp which I visited was an exceed-

ingly tame raven. Neither sex commonly wears any head-dress in summer, save the coarse hair hanging in a tangled mass over the eyes. The food supply is often extremely precarious. Anything more wretched than the dependence for subsistence on the fish caught through the ice on the lakes and streams in winter is hard to conceive. In the days when buffalo were plenty the great fall hunt was a time of reckless feasting on buffalo's tongue. The tenderest portions were dried in the air and often manufactured into pemmican, that is, the dried flesh was broken into fine pieces and pressed into a skin bag, and over it was poured melted tallow. This extremely strong and wholesome food was long a staple at all the Hudson Bay Company forts. The group of Indians in our cut seem to be sitting for their photographs in a very stolid manner.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

In the far interior, where the Indians are removed from the baleful influence of the white man's fire-water, a finer type exists. The Hudson's Bay Company has always sedulously excluded that bane of the red race wherever their jurisdiction extends. Among the protégés of the Company, therefore, Christian missions have had their greatest successes, although their nomad life almost negatives every attempt to civilize them. Near many of the posts is a Jesuit mission, frequently a heritage from the times of French supremacy. There are a number of Church of England missions, generally near the settlements, and some very successful Presbyterian missions. The Indian missions of the Methodist Church are, however, more numerous than those of any other body, and have been attended with very great success. There are in the Dominion, chiefly in Hudson's Bay Territory, forty-seven Indian missions, 4,437 communicants, and probably 14,000 members of congregation. Many of these, once pagan savages, now adorn with their lives their profession of the gospel.

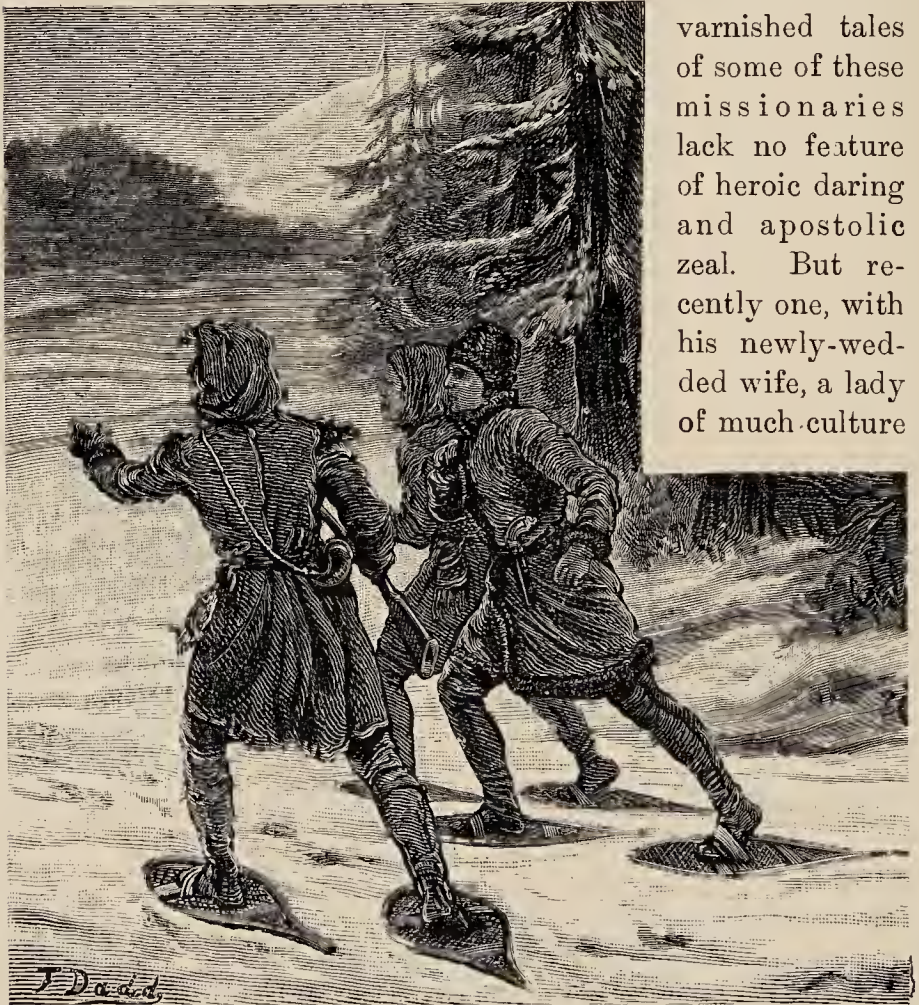
There are no more arduous mission-fields in the world than those among the native tribes of the great North-West. The devoted servant of the Cross goes forth to a region beyond the pale of civilization. He often suffers privation of the very



INDIANS DRYING BUFFALO MEAT.

necessaries of life. He is exposed to the rigours of an almost arctic winter. He is cut off from human sympathy or congenial companionship. Communication with the great world is often maintained by infrequent and irregular mails, conveyed by long and tortuous canoe routes in summer, or on dog-sleds in

winter. The unvarnished tales of some of these missionaries lack no feature of heroic daring and apostolic zeal. But recently one, with his newly-wedded wife, a lady of much culture



SNOW-SHOEING.

and refinement, travelled hundreds of miles by lake and river, often making toilsome portages, once in danger of their lives by the upsetting of their bark canoe in an arrowy rapid. In midwinter the same intrepid missionary made a journey of several hundred miles in a dog-sled, sleeping in the snow with

the thermometer forty, and even fifty, degrees below zero, in order to open a new mission among a pagan tribe!

In winter the snow falls deep and is packed hard by the wind. To walk well on snow, there is nothing like snow-shoes. These are composed of a light wooden frame, about four feet in length, tapering from a width of about fifteen inches at the centre to points at either end, the toes being turned up so as to prevent tripping. Over this frame a netting of deer-skin sinews or threads is stretched for the foot of the runner to rest upon. The object of this appliance is by a thin network to distribute the weight of the wearer over so large a surface of snow as will prevent him from sinking. The credit of the invention is due to the Indians, and, like that of the canoe and other Indian instruments, it is so perfectly suited to the object in view as not to be susceptible of improvement by the whites.

On snow-shoes an Indian or half-breed will travel thirty, forty, and sometimes even fifty miles in twenty-four hours. It is the common and, indeed, the only available mode of foot-travel away from the public highways in winter.

Travelling otherwise than on foot is accomplished almost entirely by means of dogs. The following account of winter travel is taken from H. M. Robinson's graphic book on "The Great Fur Land": "The vehicles to which the dogs are harnessed are of three kinds—the passenger sledge or dog-cariole, the freight sledge, and the *travaille*. A carirole consists of a very thin board, usually not over half an inch thick, fifteen to twenty inches wide, and about ten feet long, turned up at one end in the form of a half circle, like a toboggan. To this board a light frame-work box is attached, about eighteen inches from the rear end. When travelling it is lined with buffalo-robcs and blankets, in the midst of which the passenger sits, or rather reclines; the vehicle being prevented from capsizing by the driver, who runs behind on snow-shoes, holding on to a line attached to the back part of the carirole. The projecting end or floor behind the passenger's seat is utilized as a sort of boot upon which to tie baggage, or as a platform upon which the driver may stand to gain a temporary respite when tired of

running. Four dogs to each sledge form a complete train. They are harnessed to the cariole by means of two long traces.

"The rate of speed usually attained in sledge-travel is about forty miles per day of ten hours, although this rate is often nearly doubled. Four miles an hour is a common dog-trot when the animals are well loaded; but this can be greatly exceeded when hauling a cariole containing a single passenger upon smooth snow-crust or a beaten track. Very frequently extraordinary distances are compassed by a well-broken train



DOG-TRAIN AND INDIAN RUNNER.

of dogs. Sixty or eighty miles per day is not infrequently made in the way of passenger travel. An average train of four dogs will trot briskly along with three hundred pounds' weight without difficulty."

Our engraving on next page shows the Rev. Egerton Ryerson Young, for nine years a missionary in the North-West, in winter costume. Writing of this picture, Mr. Young says:

"My own appearance will seem rather peculiar and unministerial. However, it is just about as I generally looked when working or travelling in the winter in that cold land, where

the spirit thermometer—for the mercury would often be frozen—used to get down to from forty to fifty degrees below zero.



REV. E. R. YOUNG, IN WINTER COSTUME.

"The suit is of leather—dressed moose skin, or reindeer skin

—trimmed with fur. The Indian women, who make these leather suits, trim them also with a great deal of deer-skin fringe. In their wild state on the plains, the warlike Indians used to have these fringes made of the scalps of their enemies."

In the foreground is the famous dog "Jack," a huge St. Bernard given Mr. Young by the Hon. Senator Sanford, of Hamilton. He more than once by his sagacity and strength saved the missionary's life.

Mr. Young thus describes a winter journey in the North Land:

"Ere we start let us examine our outfit—our dogs, our Indians, our sleds and their loads. The dogs are called the Esquimo or 'Huskie' dog. I used them altogether on my long



A FIGHT IN HARNESS.

winter journeys until I imported my St. Bernards and Newfoundlands. These Esquimo dogs are queer fellows. Their endurance is wonderful, their tricks innumerable, their appetites insatiable, their thievish propensities unconquerable. It seems to be their nature to steal, and they never get the mastery of it.

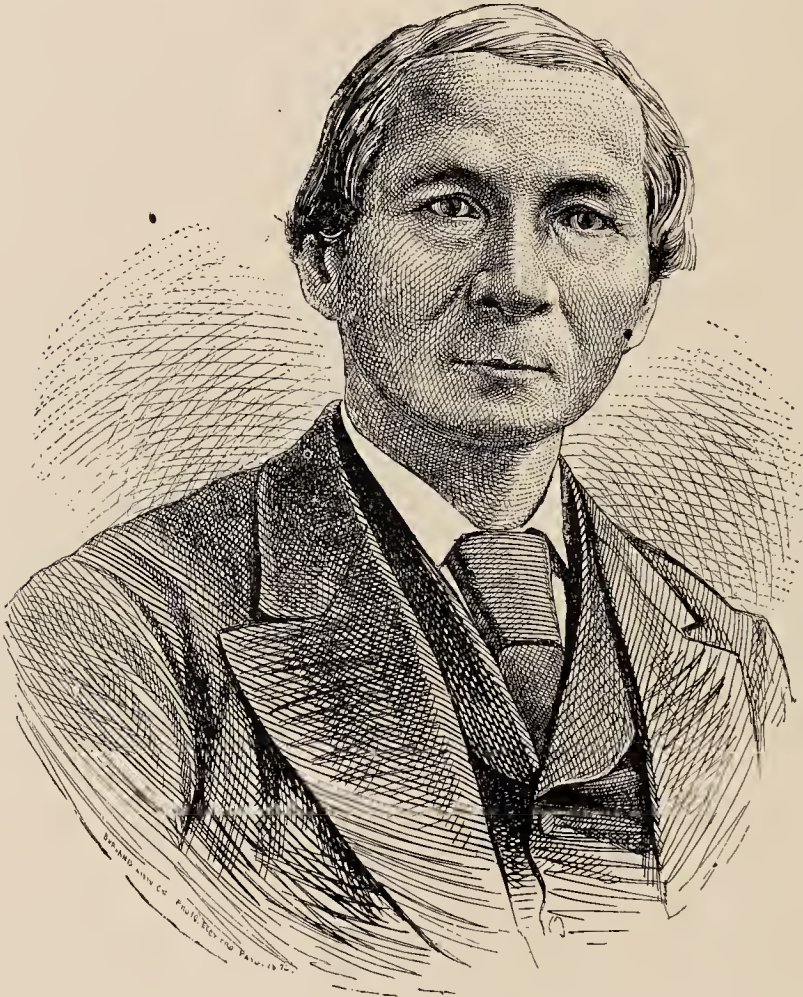
"Off we go. How the dogs seem to enjoy the sport. With heads and tails up they bark and bound along as though it were the greatest fun. The Indians, too, are full of life, and are putting in their best paces. The bracing air and vigorous exercise make us very hungry, and about noon we will stop and dine. A few small dry trees are cut down and a fire is quickly built. Snow is soon melted, tea is made, and this with some boiled

meat and biscuits will do very well. Our axes and kettles are again fastened to the sleds, and we are off again. We journey on until the sun is sinking in the west, and the experienced Indian guide says we will need all the daylight that is left in which to prepare our camp for the night.

"Of our Indian runners it is a great pleasure to speak. Faithfully indeed were their services rendered, and bright are the memories of their untiring devotion and constancy. When their feet and ours were bleeding and nearly every footprint of our trail was marked with blood, their cheerfulness never failed them, and their hearts quailed not. When supplies ran short, and home and plenty were many days distant, can we ever forget how, ere the missionary was made aware of the emptiness of his provision bags, they so quietly put themselves on quarter rations that there might yet be sufficient full meals for him? And then when the long day's journey of perhaps sixty or eighty miles was ended, and we gathered at our camp fire, with no roof above us but the stars, no friendly shelter within scores of miles of us, how kindly, and with what reverence and respect, did they enter into the worship of the great God who had shielded us from so many dangers, and brought us to that hour. Sometimes they tried our patience, for they were human and so were we; but much more frequently they won our admiration by their marvellous endurance, and unerring skill and wisdom in trying hours, when blizzards raged, and blinding snow-storms obliterated all traces of the trail, and the white man became so confused and affected by the cold that he was hardly able to distinguish his right hand from his left.

"Picturesque was their costume, as in new leather suits, gaily adorned with bead or porcupine quilt work, by the skilful hand of bright-eyed wife or mother, they were on hand to commence the long journey. And when the 'Farewells,' to loved ones were said, and the word 'Marche!' was given, how rapid was their pace, and how marvellous their ability to keep it up for many a long, long day. To the missionary they were ever loyal and true. Looking over nine years of faithful service to him, as he went up and down through the dreary wastes preaching Jesus, often where His name had never been heard

before, he cannot recall a single instance of treachery or ingratitude, but many of devoted attachment and unselfish love. Some of them have since finished the long journey, and have entered in through the gate into the celestial city about which



REV. HENRY B. STEINHAUER.

they loved to hear us talk as we clustered around the camp fire. May we all get there by-and-by.

One of the most remarkable fruits of missionary labour among the aborigines was the native missionary, Henry B. Steinhauer, whose portrait we give on this page. He was an Ojibway Indian, born on the Rama reserve, in 1820, and

trained in the Indian School at Grape Island. He afterwards received a liberal education at Victoria College. In 1840 he went as a missionary to his red brethren in the far North-West, paddling his own canoe for hundreds of miles to reach his future field of labour. He translated large portions of the Scriptures and hymn-book into the native dialect. In 1854 he accompanied the Rev. John Ryerson to Great Britain, and pleaded eloquently the cause of his red brethren before the British Churches. He again devoted himself to missionary toil in the North-West, travelling with the native tribes on their hunts and planting among them the germs of Christian civilization. After a life of earnest toil for their evangelization, he passed from labour to reward on the last Sunday of 1884, leaving two sons to walk in their father's footsteps as missionaries to the aboriginal races of the North-West.

"Our cut on page 480," continues Mr. Young, "gives an idea of what a winter camp in those northern regions are, under the most favorable circumstances. To get away from the fierce breezes that so often blow on the lake, we turn into the forest perhaps a quarter of a mile. The first thing done after finding a suitable place for the camp is to unharness the dogs. Then, using our big snow-shoes as shovels, we clear away the snow from a level spot where we build up our camp fire, around which we spend the night. Our camp kettles are got out and supper is prepared. Then balsam boughs are cut, and are spread on the ground under our robes and blankets, adding much to our comfort. Our dogs must not be forgotten, and so frozen fish in sufficient numbers are taken from our sleds to give a couple to each dog. As these are frozen as hard almost as stones we thaw them out at the fire. What a pleasure it used to be to feed the dogs! How they did enjoy their only meal of the whole day. What appetites they had! The way those dogs could eat twelve or fourteen pounds of white fish, and then come and ask for more, was amazing.

"There were some dogs that seemed always hungry, and never would be quiet. All night long they kept prowling round in the camp among the kettles, or over us while we tried to sleep. They were very jealous of each other when in the camp, and as

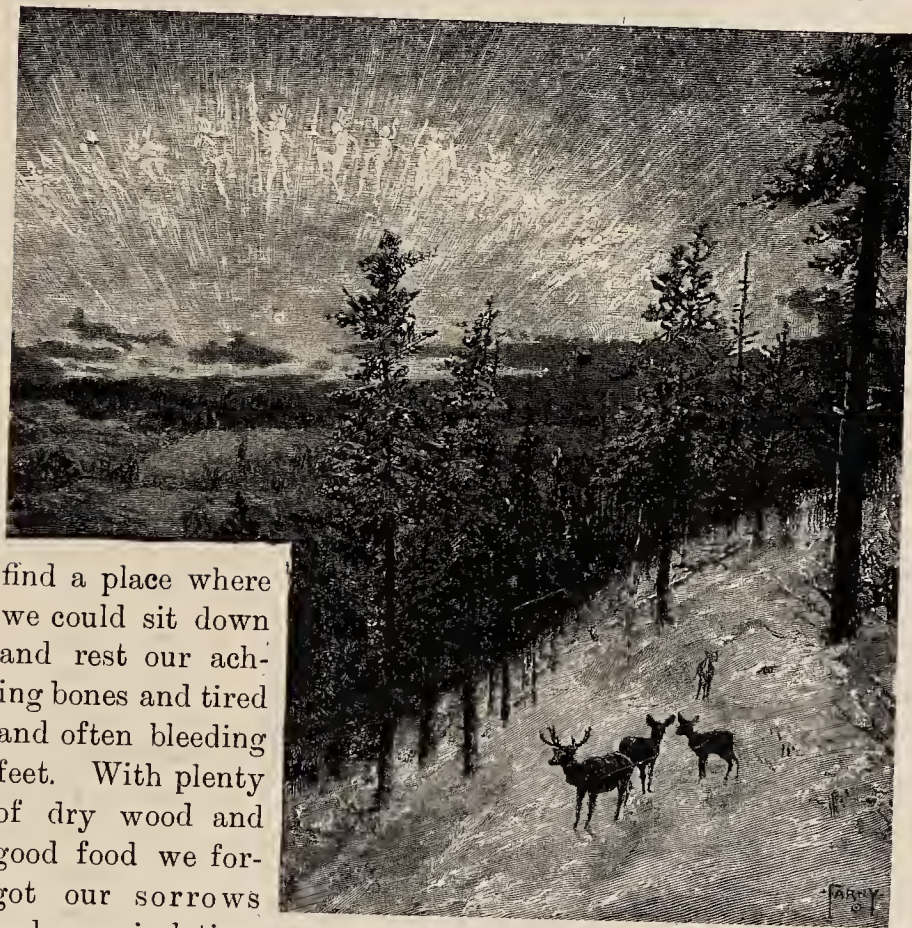
they passed and repassed each other it was ever with a snarl. Sometimes it would result in open war, and we have more than



CAMPING-OUT IN THE NORTH-WEST.

once been rudely aroused from our slumbers by finding eight or ten dogs fighting for what seemed to be the honour of sleeping on our head.

The fatigue of travelling in the benumbing cold, perhaps with a keen wind blowing over the icy lake, cannot be adequately described. Sometimes a "blizzard" would prevent travel altogether and drive the missionary to seek shelter. Mr. Young exclaims: "How we used to enjoy the wintry camp after a fatiguing day's journey, when both missionary and Indians had tramped all day on snow-shoes. It was a real luxury to



WAR DANCE IN THE SKY.

find a place where we could sit down and rest our aching bones and tired and often bleeding feet. With plenty of dry wood and good food we forgot our sorrows and our isolation, and our morning

and evening devotions were filled with gratitude and thankfulness to the great Giver of all good for His many mercies.

"How gloriously the stars shone out in those northern skies, and how brilliant were the meteors that flashed athwart the heavens! But the glory of that land, surpassing any and every other sight that this world affords, is the wondrous Aurora.



THE GIANT OF LAKE WINNIPEG.

Never alike, and yet always beautiful, it breaks the monotonous gloom of those long, dismal wintry nights, with ever-changing splendour. The arc of light is visible sometimes in the northern sky as we see it here. Then it would become strangely agitated, and would deluge us in floods of light. Sometimes at the zenith a glorious corona would be formed that flashed and scintillated with such brilliancy that the eye was pained with its brightness. Suddenly bars of coloured light shot out from it, reaching down apparently to the shore afar off. The pagan Indians, as with awe-struck countenances they gazed upon some of these wonderful sights, said they were spirits of their war-

like ancestors going out to battle. A great many of them are no longer pagans. Through numerous difficulties and hardships, the missionaries have gone to them with the story of the cross, and hundreds of these once savage men are devout followers of the Lord Jesus. Their conversion to Christianity has amply repaid the missionaries for all they have suffered in the bitter cold winters, when, with dog trains, they were obliged to journey scores, or even hundreds, of miles to carry to them the news of salvation. But there are many yet unconverted, and, thank God, there are devoted missionaries still willing to suffer and endure the bitter cold if by so doing they can bring them into the fold of the Good Shepherd."

Another local superstition is that of the Giant of Lake Winnipeg—a mysterious being, who, at the witching hour of night, guides his strange craft swiftly on the bright moonlit pathway on the lake and as mysteriously disappears. It is customary to place offerings of tobacco, etc., as a peace-offering on a rock by the lake side.

Norway House is a large establishment of the Hudson Bay Company, twenty miles north of the northern extremity of Lake Winnipeg. It was for many years one of the most important of all the Company's posts. Gentlemen of the Company, and large numbers of Indians, used to gather here every summer, some of them coming from vast distances. The furs of half a continent almost were here collected and then sent down to York Factory on the Hudson's Bay, and from that place shipped to England.

Rossville Mission is two miles from Norway House. This mission is one of the most flourishing in the wild North Land. Here it was that the Rev. James Evans invented the wonderful syllabic characters for the Cree Indians. In these characters the whole Bible is now printed, as well as a large number of hymns and catechisms. So simple is the system that an average Indian can learn to read in three or four days. The church at Rossville is large, and is often filled with hundreds of Indians who love to hear the Word of God.

"Our next cut," says Mr. Young, "shows a group of Indian wigwams. That human beings can live in such frail abodes, in

such cold regions, is indeed surprising. But they do, and many of them seem to thrive amazingly. Many a stormy day and night I have spent in those queer dwelling-places. Sometimes the winds whistled, and fine snow drifted in through the many openings between the layers of the birch bark, of which they were generally made, and I shivered until my teeth rattled again. Often the smoke from the little fire, built on the ground



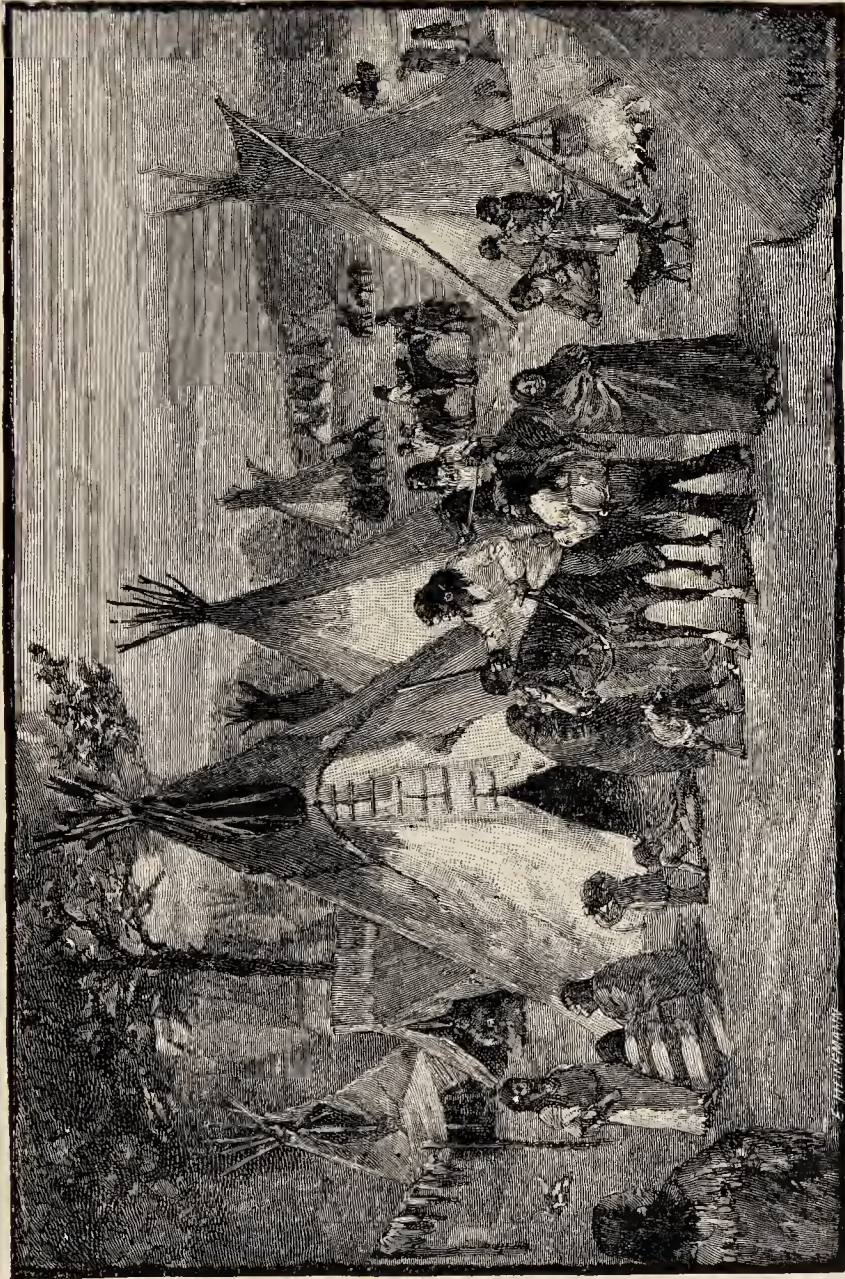
AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

in the centre of the tent, refused to ascend and go out through the top; then my eyes suffered, and tears would unbidden start. What a mixed-up crowd we often were. Men,

women, children, and dogs—and all smoking except the missionary and the dogs. During the day we huddled around the fire in a circle with our feet tucked in under us. After supper, and when the prayers were over, we each wrapped our blanket around us and stretched ourselves out with our feet toward the fire, like the spokes of a wheel, the fire in the centre representing the hub. Frequently the wigwam was so small that we dare not stretch out our feet for fear of putting



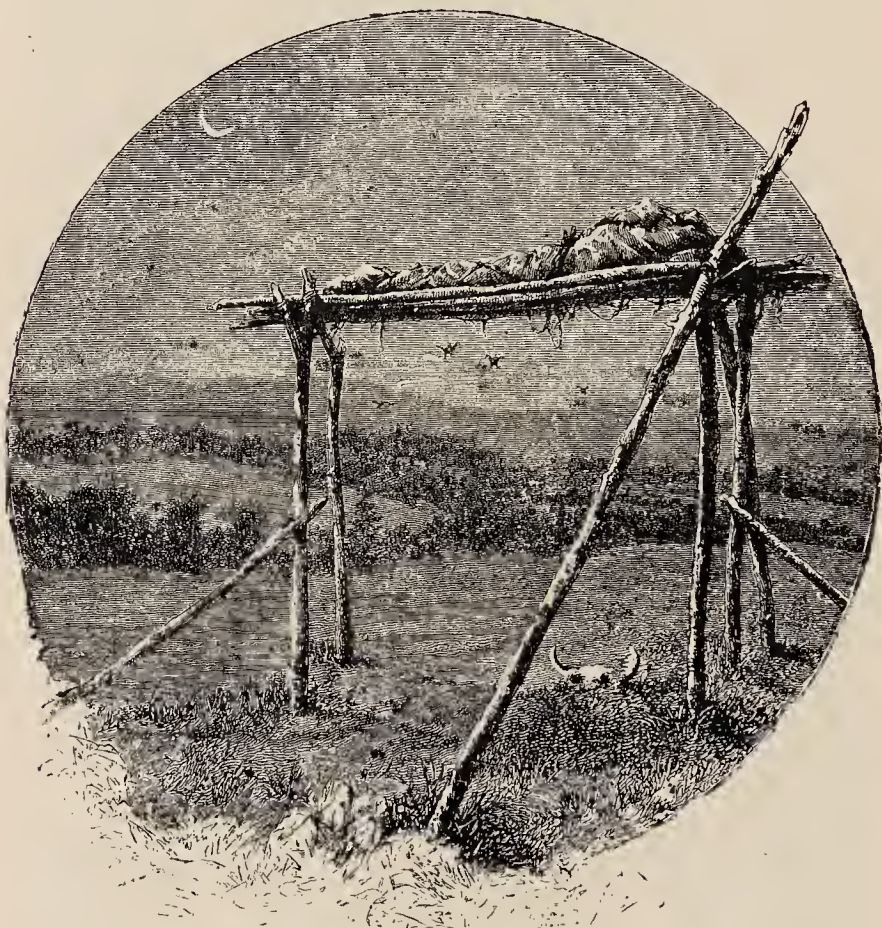
them in the fire, and so had to sleep in a position very much like a half-opened jack-knife."



TEPEES OF THE PLAIN INDIANS.

In the prairie region the tepees are generally made of skin as shown in our cut. These are much warmer and more comfortable than the birch-bark wigwams.

The mode of disposing of the dead is very remarkable. In some places the bodies are put in rude caskets or wrapped in skins or blankets and placed in trees. The plain Indians erect a scaffold on the prairie, on which reposes the dead body out of the reach of the coyote or prairie wolf.



INDIAN GRAVE ON THE PLAINS.

Few records of self-sacrifice are more sublime than that of the devoted band at Edmonton House, near the Rocky Mountains, ministering with Christ-like tenderness and pity to the Indians smitten with that loathsome scourge, the small-pox. Few pictures of bereavement are more pathetic than that of the survivors, themselves enfeebled through disease, laying in their far-

off lonely graves their loved ones who fell martyrs to their pious zeal. For these plumeless heroes of the Christian chivalry all human praise is cold and meagre; but the "Well done!" of the Lord they loved is their exceeding great reward.

The heroic McDougalls, father and sons, will be forever



REV. GEORGE M. McDOUGALL.

associated in the annals of missionary heroism throughout the North-West. The elder McDougall was a pathfinder of empire as well as a pioneer of Christianity. After many years spent in preaching the Gospel to the native tribes he died a tragic death, but one not unfitting the heroism of his life. While out on a hunting excursion with his sons he became lost on the

prairie, and not till after several days was his frozen body found wrapped in icy sleep beneath the wintry sky. His missionary son walks with equal zeal in the footsteps of his sainted sire, and during the late North-West revolt rendered



INDIAN MISSIONARY.

important service in assisting to pacify the restive Indian tribes. These and other Indian missionaries often assumed the native dress, as in our engraving, which was comfortable, enduring and well fitted to resist the wear and tear of their lengthened travels and hard work.

Few spectacles are more sad than that of the decay of the once numerous and powerful native tribes that inhabited these vast regions. The extinction of the race in the not very remote future seems its inevitable destiny. Such has already been the fate of portions of the great aboriginal family. In the library of Harvard University, near Boston, is an old and faded volume, which, nevertheless, possesses an intensely pathetic interest. In all the world there is none who comprehends the meaning of its mysterious characters. It is a sealed book, and its voice is silent forever. Yet its language was once the vernacular of a numerous and powerful tribe. But of those who spoke that tongue there runs no kindred drop of blood in any human veins. It is the Bible translated for the use of the New England Indians by Eliot, the great apostle of their race.

That worn and meagre volume, with its speechless pages, is the symbol of a mighty fact. Like the bones of the dinornis and the megatherium, it is the relic of an extinct creation. It is the only vestige of a vanished race—the tombstone over the grave of a nation. And similar to the fate of the New England Indians seems to be the doom of the entire aboriginal population of this continent. They are melting away like winter snows before the summer's sun. Their inherent character is averse to the genius of modern civilization. You cannot mew up the eagle of the mountain like the barn-door fowl, nor tame the forest stag like the stalled ox. So to the red man the trammels and fetters of civilized life are irksome. They chafe his very soul. Like the caged eagle, he pines for the freedom of the forest or the prairie. He now stalks a stranger through the heritage of his fathers—an object of idle curiosity, where once he was lord of the soil. He dwells not in our cities. He assimilates not with our habits. He lingers among us in scattered reserves, or hovers upon the frontier of civilization, ever pushed back by its advancing tide. To our remote descendants the story of the Indian tribes will be a dim tradition, as that of the Celts and Picts and ancient Britons is to us. Already their arrow-heads and tomahawks are collected in our museums as strange relics of a bygone era. Our antiquaries, even now, speculate with a puzzled interest on their memorial mounds and

barrows with feelings akin to those excited by the pyramids of Gizeh, or the megaliths of Stonehenge.

We of the white race are in the position of warders to these weak and perishing tribes. They look up to our beloved Sovereign as their "Great Mother." We are their elder and stronger



INDIAN TYPE, WITH EAGLE HEADDRESS.

brethren—their natural protectors and guardians. The Government, it is true, has exercised a paternal care over the Indians. It has gathered them into reserves, and bestowed upon them annual gifts and pensions. But the white man's civilization has brought more of bane than of blessing. His vices have taken root more deeply than his virtues; and the

diseases he has introduced have, at times, threatened the extermination of the entire race.

Many whole tribes have, through the influence of the missionaries, become Christianized, and many individuals, as John Sunday and Peter Jones, have become distinguished advocates



INDIAN TYPE, WITH BEARS' CLAWS NECKLACE.

of their race who have pleaded their cause with pathetic eloquence on public platforms in Great Britain. One of the ablest of these civilized Indians was Chief Joseph Brant, whose portrait we give. He was distinguished for his unswerving loyalty to the British, and gallantly fought for king and country during two bloody wars.

Many of these tribes are still pagan, and sacrifice the white dog, worship the great Manitou, and are the prey of cunning medicine-men and of superstitious fears. Others give an unintelligent observance to the ritual of a ceremonial form of Christianity, and regard the cross only as a more potent



THAYENDINAGA—CHIEF JOSEPH BRANT.

fetish than their ancestral totem. As the white race has, in many respects, taught them to eat of the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, be it theirs to pluck for them the healing leaves of the tree of life! As they have occupied their ancient inheritance, be it theirs to point them to a more enduring country, an inheritance incorruptible and



PAWNEE CHIEF IN FULL WAR DRESS.

undefiled—fairer fields and lovelier plains than even the fabled hunting-grounds of their fathers—

“ In the kingdom of Ponomah,
In the region of the west wind,
In the land of the Hereafter.”

THROUGH THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

We resume our journey over the Canadian Pacific Railway at the western confines of Manitoba. The sun went down in crimson splendour, and during the night Broadview, Qu'Appelle, Regina, Moosejaw, Swift Current, and a score of other places were passed. I must be dependent for an account of places passed by night on the excellent guide book published by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Regina is the capital of the Province of Assiniboia, and the distributing point for the country far north and south. The Executive Council of the North-West Territories, embracing the provinces of Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca, meets here, and the jurisdiction of the Lieutenant-Governor, whose residence is here, extends over all these provinces. The headquarters of the North-West Mounted Police with the barracks, officers' quarters, offices, storehouses and the imposing drill-hall, together make a handsome village. Moosejaw is a railway divisional point and a busy market town near the western limit of the present settlements. The name is an abridgment of the Indian name, which, literally translated, is “The-creek-where-the-white-man-mended-the-cart-with-moose-jaw-bone.” The country is treeless from the eastern border of the Regina plain to the Cypress Hills, two hundred miles, but the soil is excellent nearly everywhere, and the experimental farms of the railway company, which occur at intervals of thirty miles all the way to the mountains, have proved the sufficiency of the rainfall.

Next day the general features of the landscape continued still the same. The stations, however, are farther apart, and the settlers fewer in number. In some places the station house is the only building in sight. At one such place, a couple of tourists came out on the platform as the train came to a stop

"Which side is the town, anyhow?" said one to the other.

"The same side as the timber, of course," replied the other. The point of the joke is that not a solitary tree was to be seen on either side.

Everywhere are evidences of the former presence of the countless herds of buffalo that pastured on these plains. Their deeply-marked trails—great grooves worn in the tough sod—show where they sought their favourite pastures, or salt licks, or drinking places; and their bleaching skeletons whiten



PRAIRIE HAPPY FAMILY.

the ground where they lay down and died, or, more likely, were ruthlessly slaughtered for their tongues and skins. Their bones have been gathered near the stations in great mounds—tons and tons of them—and are shipped by the car load to the eastern cities, for the manufacture of animal charcoal for sugar refining. The utter extinction of the bison is one of the most remarkable results of the advance of civilization. Ten years ago, in their migration from south to north, they so obstructed the Missouri River, where they crossed, that steamboats were

compelled to stop in mid-stream; and an eye-witness assured me he could have walked across the river on the animals' backs. Now scarce a buffalo is to be seen, except in the far valley of the Peace River, and a score of half-domesticated ones near Winnipeg.

Among the interesting objects seen on the plains are the remarkable little rodents known as prairie dogs. They dig underground burrows with remarkable facility, at the mouth of which they will sit with a cunning air of curiosity till something disturbs them when, presto, a twinkling disappearing tail is the last that is seen of them. It is said that rattlesnakes and owls will occupy the same burrows, but of that this deponent sayeth not.

Numerous "slews" and shallow lakes—Rush Lake, Goose Lake, Gull Lake, and many others—furnish feeding places for myriads of wild fowl. Further west there is evidence of alkali in the soil, in the glistening, snow-white and saline incrustations, where these shallow, bitter pools have dried up. The origin of these vast prairies is one of the most difficult problems of science. They have been attributed to the annual burning of the long grass, which would effectually destroy the germs or sapling stems of trees, while the toughness of the prairie soil would prevent their seeds from taking root. Dr. Winchell attributes the deep black prairie soil of Illinois to the gradual drying up of an old shallow lake. The same may have been the origin of the Red River prairie region, which has frequently, within recent times, been flooded by the overflowing river. But on the high upland prairie of the North-West this explanation fails; unless, indeed, the shallow lakes and "slews" once covered the entire region.

The presence of the Mounted Police is evidently a terror to evil-doers, especially to whiskey smugglers and horse-thieves. The police have a smart military look with their scarlet tunics, white helmets, spurred boots, and riding trousers. Their arms are a repeating carbine and a six-shooter, with a belt of cartridges. They made a more than perfunctory search for liquor on the train; an Irish immigrant was very indignant at this interference with the liberty of the subject. A good deal

of liquor was formerly smuggled in barrels of sugar and the like, and some villainous concoctions are still brought in by traders from the American frontier. It is a glorious thing that throughout so large an area of our country the liquor traffic is under ban. God grant that these fresh and virgin prairies may

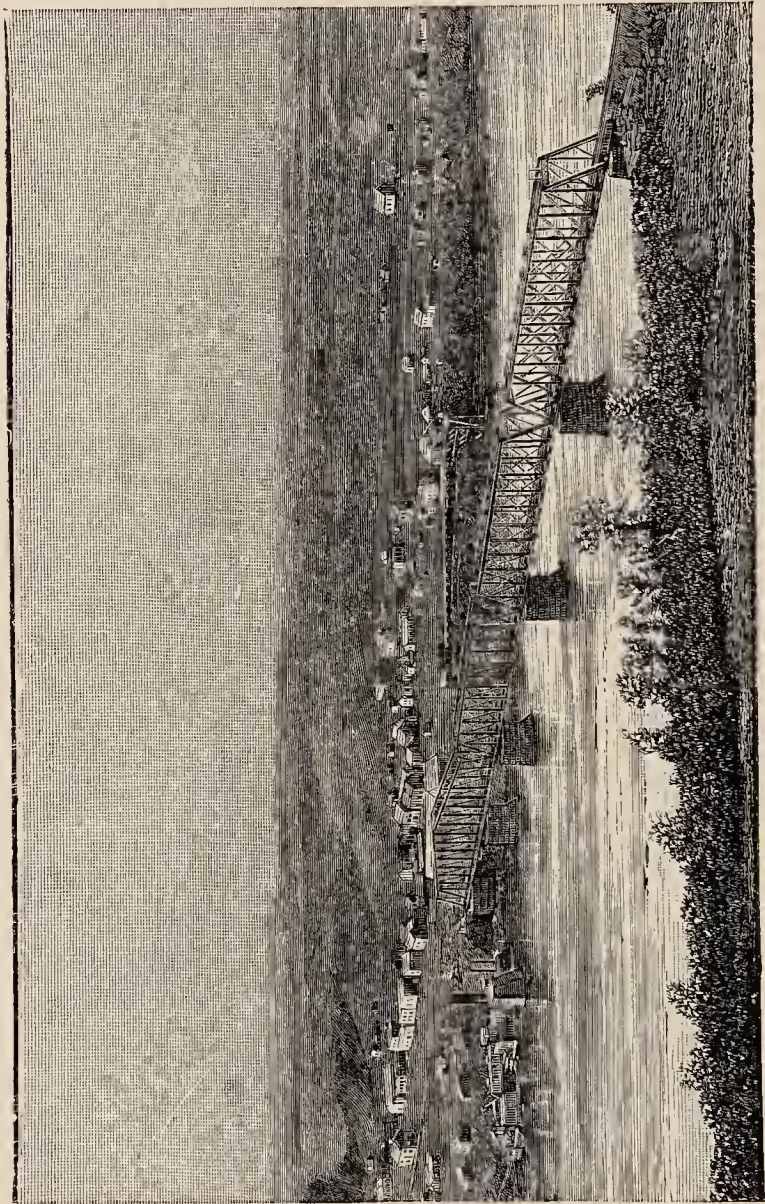


FOWLING IN THE FAR WEST.

continue forever uncursed by the blight of strong drink! The granting of permits, however, I was told, gives frequent opportunities for evading the prohibition.

At many of the stations a few Indians or half-breeds may be seen, but the first place at which I observed the red man with painted face and feathers, brass ear-rings and necklace, and

other savage finery, was at Maple Creek station, near Medicine Hat. He is not a very heroic figure, and the squaws look still worse. They were wrapped in dirty blankets, carrying their



MEDICINE HAT—CROSSING THE SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER.

papooses tucked in at their backs. They had large, coarse mouths, and their heads were covered only with their straight, black hair. They were selling buffalo horns, from which the rough outer surface had been chipped or filed off,—the hard

black core being polished by the hand to a lustrous smoothness. They exhibited only one pair at a time, and when that was sold they would jerk another pair, a little better, from under their blankets. Fifty or seventy-five cents would purchase a pair selling for three or four times that price at Winnipeg.

At Medicine Hat, six hundred and forty miles from Winnipeg, we cross the South Saskatchewan by the fine bridge shown in the engraving. The country round here has a somewhat barren look, the bare clay hills being carved and scarred into steep escarpments by wind and rain. Here numerous Indian types were seen, including one industrious fellow with a cart, who was selling water drawn from the river for twenty-five cents a barrel. An extensive police barracks, over which waved the Union Jack, crowned a neighbouring hill, and in the valley was a camp of Indian tepees, as their skin lodges are called. Some two thousand cattle, and as many sheep from Montana, had just been driven in, enough to freight one hundred and fifty cars for the east. The Mounted Police were guarding them from cattle thieves, Indian or white. One detachment were in pursuit of a band of Piegans, who had stolen some horses.

In the river lay the steamer *Baroness*, shown in the wood-cut—a somewhat primitive-working stern-wheeler with open sides. From here, at high water, is open navigation for over a thousand miles through the two Saskatchewan and Lake Winnipeg to the Red River. A branch railway leads to the famous coal mines at Lethbridge, near Fort McLeod.

As one rides day after day over the vast and fertile prairies of the great North-West, he cannot help feeling the question come home again and again to his mind—What shall the future of these lands be? The tamest imagination cannot but kindle at the thought of the grand inheritance God has given to us and to our children in this vast domain of empire. Almost the whole of Europe, omitting Russia and Sweden, might be placed within the prairie region of the North-West; and a population greater than that of Europe may here find happy homes. The prophetic voice of the seer exclaims:

I hear the tread of pioneers,
 Of nations yet to be,
 The first low wash of waves, where soon
 Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
 Are plastic yet and warm ;
 The chaos of a mighty world
 Is rounding into form.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,
 The steamer smokes and raves ;
 And city lots are staked for sale,
 Above old Indian graves.

The child is now living who shall live to see great provinces carved out of these North-West territories, and great cities strung like pearls along its iron roads and water-ways. Now is the hour of destiny ; now is the opportunity to mould the future of this vast domain—to lay deep and strong and stable the foundations of the commonweal, in those Christian institutions which shall be the corner-stone of our national greatness.

To quote again from Whittier :

We cross the prairie as of old
 The pilgrims crossed the sea,
 To make the West as they the East
 The homestead of the free !

We go to plant her common schools
 On distant prairie swells,
 And give the Sabbaths of the wild
 The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the ark of old,
 The Bible in our van,
 We go to test the truth of God
 Against the fraud of man.

While other Churches have rendered immense service to Christianity and civilization in this vast region, I am more familiar with the missionary work of the Methodist Church. That Church has no cause to be ashamed of its record in this heroic work. It has been a pathfinder of Protestant missions throughout the vast regions stretching from Nelson River to

the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Nearly fifty years ago, when these regions were less accessible than is the heart of Africa to-day, those pioneer missionaries, Rundle and Evans,



SAVAGERY *versus* CIVILIZATION.

planted the Cross and preached the Gospel to the wandering Indians of the forest and the plains. Nor have they been without their heroic successors from that day to this.

We are glad to have an opportunity of presenting here, from the pen of a successful Presbyterian missionary, an account of the nature and difficulties of mission-work among the white settlers in the North-West Territories.

"A few years ago," says Mr. Mackenzie, "vast herds of buffalo wandered about over these plains and among the foothills of the Rockies, furnishing the Indian with all that he needed. Then whiskey-traders came to buy robes—hardened, reckless fellows, who often had to fortify themselves against the attacks of the people whom they cheated. The whole West was then in a lawless, desperate condition. McDougall, the missionary, tells us how he used to sit up at night when he was travelling, lest his horses should be stolen; and it was very much owing to his urgency that the Mounted Police were sent out in 1874. They had to travel by the Missouri to Benton, then made a desperate march across the plains in the parching heat. Beside the Old Man's River they built log huts wherein to bide the winter, and the station was ultimately known as Fort McLeod. Traders gathered round, and soon the place was a distributing point for the North. The white tilts of the prairie schooners, laden with all kinds of freight, were more frequently seen, as their eleven or twelve yoke of oxen were hurried at the reckless speed of from twelve to fifteen miles a day by the driver's heavy whip with his sixteen-foot lash—urged also by profanity not in any way measurable. And in a few years a very large business was going on."

At Morleyville, in this vicinity, a Methodist mission was established by John McDougall, in 1871, three years before the Mounted Police arrived in the country. At the "Blood Reserve," Fort McLeod, another Methodist mission was established in 1878. In 1884 Mr. Mackenzie was sent as the first Presbyterian missionary to Fort McLeod. He thus describes the nature of his work—a description in large part applicable to most mission work in the North-West:—

"A store-room in the deserted barracks was secured, and eleven people gathered to hear the Word on the Sabbath. One of the hearers that first day was a granddaughter of a Covenanting minister, and she was most helpful in the work.

Many of the men were respectable, but quite careless. So accustomed had they become to their surroundings that they had ceased to notice wickedness, and were hardened to evil. Some of them had not listened to a minister for ten or twenty years. Naturally they found the saloons more familiar, and saw no reason why there should be innovations; so came to the conclusion that one made public who said: 'The missionary's a kind of a man I have no manner of use for.'

"There were educated men, too, who had fallen to the depths. One might meet a doctor working as a common labourer to supply himself with liquor; or find a relative of Lord Macaulay's presiding over a squaw household; or see the next heir to the title of a nobleman, whose name appears in our hymn-book, living a most ignoble life. One notably profane character used to carry a copy of Virgil with him to read at odd hours.

"Then there were many others who were openly wicked. One might pass on the street men whose hands had been red with human blood. The professional gambler, with sinister look, lowering brows and averted eyes, might be seen lounging about during the day in preparation for the night with its excitement. And such had no lack of victims; the gaming table seemed to fascinate them as the cold glittering eyes of the snake fascinate a bird. They seem to lose will-power and cannot but play. One I knew set out several times for his home in the East with thousands of dollars of hard-earned money, but would begin to play somewhere on the road in the hope of gaining more. * And with coat thrown off and perspiration streaming from his face, would stake larger and larger sums till all was gone; then come back to work again dispirited and hopeless. Another lost all his property in a night or two, that years of patient toil had gained. Yet neither could resist the fascination.

"It would be strange if things were otherwise; for the only places of entertainment are the saloons. Young men who have no homes have literally nowhere else to go to spend their evenings. There they must join with a rollicking crowd of cowboys and travellers, freighters, traders, teamsters, gamblers, and must spend money for the good of the house or be con-

sidered mean—and meanness is the unpardonable sin among Western men.

“These men were difficult to reach; many knew more of Ingersoll’s writings than of the Bible. Their beliefs were too often formed to justify evil lives, and they did not want to know the truth; they loved darkness because their deeds were evil. Pioneer mission-work bears some resemblance to the invasion of a country, and we must deal principally with enemies. Proper meeting-places were not always to be had. The Word was spoken in little huts, daubed within and without with mud, in a billiard saloon over the tables, in hotel dining-rooms, in the police barracks, in the miners’ messroom, in the crowded stopping-place by the way, in ranches to the assembled cowboys, in shacks where lonely bachelors lived. Once during service I saw through the open church-door four Indians intently gambling in a shed only a few yards away. A most important work was done in house-to-house visitation, for many were too far away to attend services. The people were always kind; their hospitality was as free as the pure crystal air of the West that revives and exhilarates the stranger. Then there were wayside chances; a casual greeting, an invitation to service, an hour of travel together, gave me chance to speak a few serious words to someone. If I were asked how a missionary can most effectively work out there, my observation would lead me to answer, chiefly by being a man among men and showing intense human interest. The people have sympathy for manliness and honour, and despise a man who comes to them with the clerical simper, or the ministerial twang, or who tries to treat them with holy condescension.

“Are there not privations? Oh, yes. There will be long journeys. Dwellings are so scattered that there may be danger from exposure to cold in winter. The missionary cannot avoid the fatigue of days in the saddle, the discomfort of soaking by the rain-storms that sweep the prairie, or the weariness of toiling through pathless snow. His bed may be one night sacks of grain, the next a bunch of hay or a plank floor with only a blanket or buffalo robe for covering; or he may chance upon comfortable quarters. But the missionary does not complain;

he is only taking part in the lot of others. They are willing to suffer from cold and wet and weariness for the sake of gain. Every young man who goes out there to make his fortune must rough it to some extent. And where men, for the sake of worldly wealth, are making sacrifices of comfort, he is a poor affair who would not do as much, for the sake of Christ, as they do for money."

THROUGH THE ROCKIES.

I must, however, proceed with a brief and inadequate sketch of the wonderful ride over the mountain section of the Canadian



FOOTHILLS OF THE ROCKIES.

Pacific Railway. As we approached the western limit of the prairie section the sun went down in golden glory, but no sign of the mountains was in sight. Beyond Medicine Hat the railway rises to the high prairie-plateau which extends, gradually rising, to the base of the mountains. Cattle ranches are spreading over it, and farms appear at intervals. From Langevin, the higher peaks of the Rocky Mountains may be seen, one hundred and fifty miles away. At Crowfoot they may again be seen. Beyond Gleichen the Rockies come into full view—a magnificent line of snowy peaks extending far along the southern and western horizon.

Calgary (altitude, 3,388 feet; population, two thousand four hundred) is the most important, as well as the handsomest,



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS FROM BOW RIVER.

town between Brandon and Vancouver. It is charmingly situated on a hill-girt plateau, overlooked by the white peaks



APPROACHING THE ROCKIES.

of the Rockies. It is the centre of the trade of the great ranching country and the chief source of supply for the mining districts in the mountains beyond. Lumber is largely made here from logs floated down Bow River. Extensive ranches are now passed in rapid succession,—great herds of horses in the lower valleys, thousands of cattle on the terraces, and myriads of sheep on the hill-tops may be seen at once, making a picture most novel and interesting. Saw-mills and coal-



AT CANMORE.

mines appear along the valley. After crossing over the Bow River a magnificent outlook is obtained, toward the left, where the foothills rise in successive tiers of sculptured heights to the snowy range behind them. "By-and-bye," writes Lady Macdonald, "the wide valleys change into broken ravines, and lo! through an opening in the mist, made rosy with early sunlight, we see, far away up in the sky, its delicate pearly tip clear against the blue, a single snow-peak of the Rocky Mountains.

Our coarse natures cannot at first appreciate the exquisite aerial grace of that solitary peak that seems on its way to heaven; but, as we look, a gauzy mist passes over, and it has vanished."

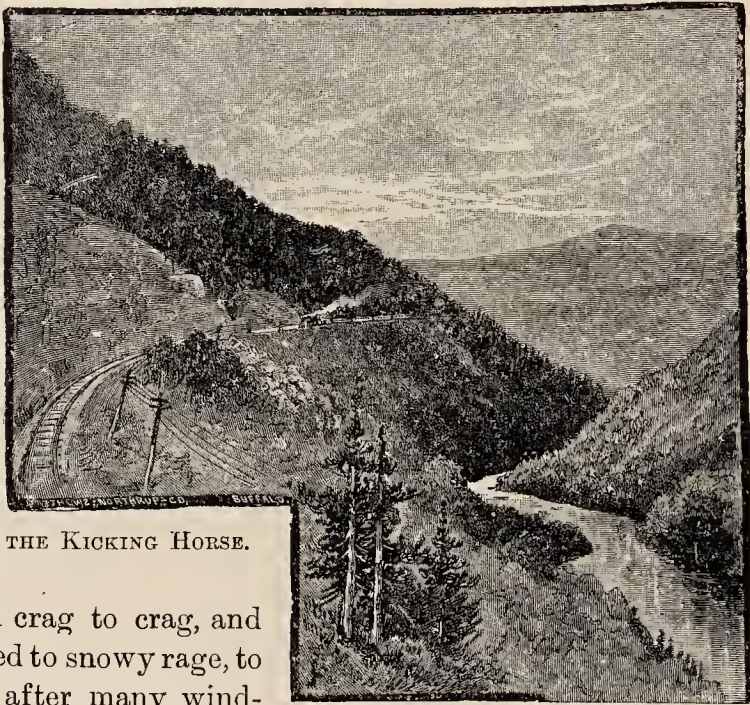
The mountains now rise abruptly in great masses, streaked and capped with snow and ice, and just beyond Kananaskis station a bend in the line brings the train between two almost vertical walls of dizzy height. This is the gap by which the



SUMMIT OF THE ROCKIES.

Rocky Mountains are entered. At Canmore, the foothills of the Rockies are fairly reached, and the repose of the plains gives place to the energy of the mountains. Banff I passed in the night, but I visited it on my return journey and shall describe it later on. It was a clear, starlight night, and reclining in my berth I watched the snow-capped mountains come nearer and nearer into view, and then glide rapidly by. Great Orion, the mighty hunter, stalked his prey along the mountain tops, and Boötes held in leash his hounds. Arcturus looked down with undimmed eye, as in the days of Job; and Alde-

baran and Alcyone, in gleaming mail, outwatched the waning night. The silver peaks looked ghost-like in the faint light of the stars. At last the slow dawn clomb the sky, the mountain's cheeks blushed with the sun's first kiss, the rosy glow crept slowly down the long slopes, and the mists and darkness fled away. I came out on the rear platform of the car while the train swept down the wild canyon of the Kicking Horse Pass. A rapid mountain stream rushed swiftly down, leaping



ON THE KICKING HORSE.

from crag to crag, and lashed to snowy rage, to find after many windings the distant Pacific. "The scenery is now sublime. The line clings to the mountain-side at the left, and the valley on the right rapidly deepens until the river is seen as a gleaming thread a thousand feet below. Looking to the north, one of the grandest mountain-valleys in the world stretches away to the north, with great white, glacier-bound peaks on either side." The scene strikingly reminded me of a wild gorge and mountain vista on the Tête Noire Pass, in Switzerland.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

AS we have now entered British Columbia it will be appropriate to take a general survey of this largest of the provinces. It forms the western face of the Dominion of Canada; and it would be difficult to say whether its geographical position or its great resources are of more value. It has a coast line of about five hundred miles on the Pacific Ocean, with innumerable bays, harbours and inlets. It has an area of 341,305 square miles, and if it be described from the characteristics of its climate and great mineral wealth, it might be said to be the Great Britain and California of the Dominion. It is as large as Norway, France and Belgium taken together. We quote from the Government Guide Book.

The province is divided into two parts—the Island of Vancouver and the main land. The island is about three hundred miles in length, with an average breadth of sixty miles, containing an area of about twenty thousand square miles.

First among the resources of British Columbia may be classed its mineral wealth. The surveys in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway have established the existence of gold over the whole extent of the province. Large values have already been taken from the gold mines which have been worked. This precious metal is found all along the Fraser and Thompson rivers, and on Vancouver Island, and more recently at the Cassiar Mines, reached through Alaska.

Want of roads to reach them and want of capital seem to have been the obstacles in the way of more generally working the gold mines in the past. These obstacles are, however, in the way of being overcome. Copper is found in abundance in British Columbia; and silver mines have been found in the Fraser Valley. The coal mines of British Columbia are probably even more valuable than its gold mines. Bituminous coal

is found in Vancouver Island in several places; and anthracite coal, of very excellent quality, on Queen Charlotte's Island. This is said to be superior to Pennsylvania anthracite, and although coal is found in California, that which is mined in British Columbia commands the highest price in San Francisco. His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne said respecting it, in a speech at Victoria, British Columbia:—"The coal from the Nanaimo mines leads the markets at San Francisco. Nowhere else in these countries is such coal to be found, and it is now being worked with an energy that bids fair to make Nanaimo one of the chief mining stations on the continent. It is of incalculable importance, not only to this province of the Dominion, but also to the interests of the empire, that our fleets and mercantile marine, as well as the continental markets, should be supplied from this source."

The forest lands are of great extent, and the timber most valuable. They are found throughout nearly the whole extent of the province. The principal trees are the Douglas pine, Menzies fir, yellow fir, balsam, hemlock, white pine, cedar, yellow cypress, arbor vitæ, oak, yew, white maple, arbutus, alder, dogwood, aspen and cherry. The Douglas pine is almost universal on the sea coast, and up to the Cascade range. It yields spars from ninety to one hundred feet in length, can often be obtained one hundred and fifty feet free from knots, and has squared forty-five inches for ninety feet. It is thought to be the strongest pine or fir in existence. Broken in a gale, the stem is splintered to a height of at least twenty feet, and it is astonishing to see how small a portion of the trunk will withstand the leverage of the whole tree. The timber contains a great deal of resin, and is exceedingly durable. The bark resembles cork, is often eight or nine inches thick, and makes splendid fuel.

The white pine is common everywhere. The Scotch fir is found on the bottom lands with the willow and cottonwood. The cedar abounds in all parts of the country, and attains an enormous growth. Hemlock spruce is very common. The maple is universal. The arbutus grows very large, and the wood in colour and texture resembles box. There are two kinds of oak, much of it of good size and quality.



ROCKY MOUNTAINS NEAR CANMORE.

The Fraser River and its tributaries, with the numerous lakes communicating with them, furnish great facilities for the conveyance of timber. The Lower Fraser country especially is densely wooded. Smaller streams and numerous inlets and arms of the sea furnish facilities for the region further north.

Every stick in these wonderful forests, which so amply and generously clothe the Sierras from the Cascade range to the distant Rocky Mountains, will be of value as communication opens up. The great arch of timber lands beginning on the west of Lake Manitoba, circles round to Edmonton, comes down among the mountains, so as to include the whole of the province. The business of the canning of salmon, which has assumed such large proportions along the Pacific shore, great as it is, is as yet only in its infancy, for there is many a river swarming with fish from the time of the first run of salmon in spring to the last run of other varieties in the autumn, on which canneries are sure to be established. The fisheries are probably the richest in the world.

The Province of British Columbia cannot be called an agricultural country throughout its whole extent. But it yet possesses very great agricultural resources, especially in view of its mineral and other sources of wealth, as well as its position. It possesses tracts of arable land of very great extent. A portion of these, however, require artificial irrigation. This is easily obtained, and not expensive, and lands so irrigated are of very great fertility. Land one thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, thus irrigated, has yielded as high as forty bushels of wheat per acre.

The tracts of lands suitable for grazing purposes are of almost endless extent, and the climate very favourable, shelter being only required for sheep, and even this not in ordinary seasons. On the Cariboo road there is a plain one hundred and fifty miles long, and sixty or eighty wide, and between the Thompson and Fraser rivers there is an immense tract of arable and grazing land. The hills and plains are covered with bunch grass, on which the cattle and horses live all winter, and its nutritive qualities are said to exceed the celebrated blue grass and clover of Virginia.



FIELD STATION AND MOUNT STEPHEN.

The valuable fisheries, forests and mines on the extreme western end of the road, the agricultural produce of the great prairie region, and the mines, timber, lumber and minerals of the eastern section, will be more than sufficient to ensure an immense local and through traffic over the Canadian Pacific Railway. In addition to this, the trade flowing from ocean to ocean, from east to west and from west to east, will undoubtedly make the great Canadian highway one of the most important trunk lines in America. Already branch and independent rail-



MORNING ON THE MOUNTAINS.

ways are being constructed to act as feeders to the main line. We now resume our trip through the Rockies. At Field Station, at the foot of the Kicking Horse Pass, we take on an additional engine of tremendous power and weight, to push us up the ascending grade. Mount Stephen is the highest peak in the range, eight thousand feet above the valley, and dominates for many a mile over all the Titan brotherhood. On its mighty slope is seen, high overhead, a shining green glacier, eight hundred feet in thickness, which is slowly pressing forward and over a vertical cliff of great height. When its highly-coloured dome and spires are illuminated by the sun it seems to rise as a flame shooting into the sky.



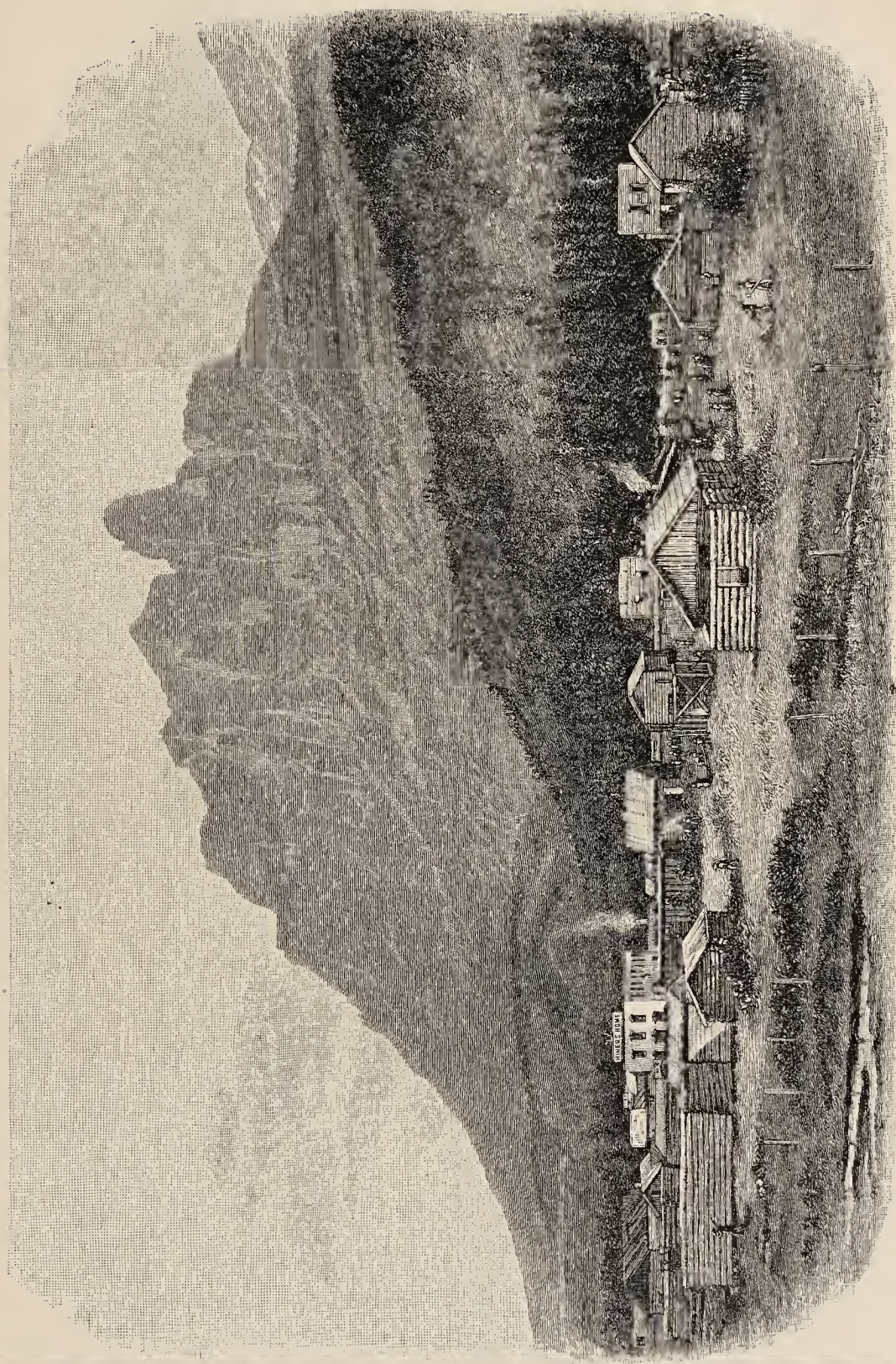
MOUNT STEPHEN, NEAR SUMMIT OF THE ROCKIES.

At unfrequent intervals we pass little groups of log-houses and mining camps, rejoicing in such imposing names as Golden or Silver City. As we sweep up the Beaverfoot Valley, the vast wall of the Beaverfoot mountains, with their serrated peaks, seems in the clear atmosphere only a short walk from the track, yet I was told it was fourteen miles away. The



BEAVER LAKE.

canyon rapidly deepens until, beyond Palliser, the mountain sides become vertical, rising straight up thousands of feet, and within an easy stone's-throw from wall to wall. Down this vast chasm go the railway and the river together, the former crossing from side to side to ledges cut out of the solid rock, and twisting and turning in every direction. "The supremely



SILVER CITY AND CASTLE MOUNTAIN, ROCKY MOUNTAINS,

beautiful mountains beyond are the Selkirks, rising from their forest-clad bases and lifting their ice-crowned heads far into the sky. They are matchless in form, and when bathed in the light of the afternoon sun, their radiant warmth and glory



SURVEYORS' CAMP.

of colour suggest Asgard, the celestial city of Scandinavian story." From Golden to Donald, the railway follows down the Columbia on the face of the lower bench of the Rocky Mountains, the Selkirks all the way in full view opposite, the soft green streaks down their sides indicating the paths of ava-



BEAVERFOOT, NEAR LEANCOIL STATION, B.C.

lanches. At Donald, which is a divisional station, and the site of extensive works, there is quite a large collection of houses, and some surprisingly good stores. Here I passed, in the heart of the mountains, a long train of eighty-five cars of tea, two of canned salmon, and two of seal furs, *en route* for New York, on a time schedule almost as fast as a passenger train. The road, in sweeping up the long Beaver River Valley, leaps audaciously over some very deep lateral gorges. The trestle-work in places supports the track at a height of nearly three hundred feet above the brawling stream beneath.

THE HEART OF THE SELKIRKS.

The grandeur culminates, however, at the Hermits, and Mounts Macdonald and Sir Donald. The first of these rises in bare and splintered pinnacles, like the famous "Needles" of Chamounix, so steep that not even the snow can find lodgment on their almost perpendicular slopes. Mount Macdonald seems almost to impend above the track, although a deep ravine separates it from the railway. It towers a mile and a quarter above the roadway in almost vertical height, its numberless pinnacles piercing the very zenith. I had to stand on the lowest step of the car to prevent the roof from obstructing the view of the mountain-top. Not in crossing either Alps or Appenines have I seen such a tremendous, awe-inspiring cliff. Roger's Pass lies between two lines of huge snow-clad peaks. That on the north forms a prodigious amphitheatre, under whose parapet, seven or eight thousand feet above the valley, half a dozen glaciers may be seen at once, and so near that their shining green fissures are distinctly visible.

. At Glacier Station, in the heart of Selkirk Range in this immediate vicinity, I stayed off a day to do some climbing among the mountains. This is a wildly beautiful spot. The railway company has here erected a hotel and cut out roads through the tangled forest and *debris* of avalanches which have cumbered the valley with vast rock masses and shattered trunks of trees, swept from their places like grass before a scythe. The hotel was not open, but I had the good fortune to meet a fellow-townsmen, the well-known artist, Mr. Forbes, of Toronto,



IN THE HEART OF THE SELKIRKS.

who, with Mr. O'Brien and others of the artist brotherhood, had been painting all summer among the mountains. He



MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

hospitably placed a tent at my disposal, and not soon shall I forget the glorious camp-fire around which we gathered at night beneath the shadows of the surrounding mountains.



IN THE SELKIRKS—VIEW NEAR GLACIER HOUSE.

I found Mr. Forbes at work on a magnificent painting of Mount Sir Donald, an isolated pyramidal crag piercing the very sky, wonderfully like the Matterhorn in Switzerland. This painting, and a companion piece of the Hermits, have since been exhibited in the Toronto Art Gallery. I scrambled over the glacier, I penetrated its translucent caves, I climbed over the huge lateral *moraine*, and I tried to climb the steep wall of the deep valley over which this deep, slow-moving ice river flowed. I should have enjoyed the climb very much



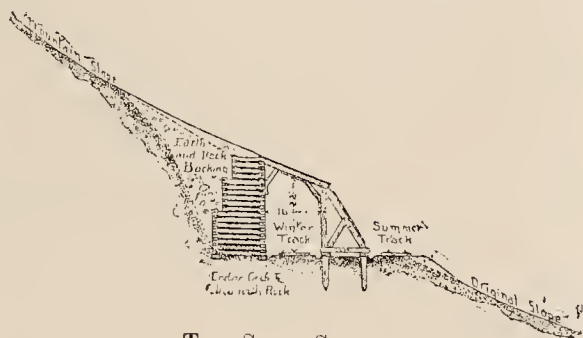
GLACIER IN THE SELKIRKS.

better if I had not been handicapped with a revolver—the first I ever carried in my life—which Mr. Forbes advised me to take, as he had the day before seen a bear's track in the path. As I clambered over the ice I was afraid the plaguey thing would go off, and perhaps leave me *hors de combat* in some *crevasse*, or at the foot of some crag or cliff. As I returned in the twilight I fired it off to announce my approach, and woke the immemorial echoes of the mountain-girded valley. Not soon shall I forget the dying gleam of the sunset on Mount Sir Donald, paling from rosy red to ashen gray and spectral white. This spot will

become one of the greatest attractions of the mountains. Within five days of Toronto one may study mountain scenery and glacier action as well as in the heart of Switzerland. The tints of the ice—a transparent blue, like sapphire—were exquisite loveliness.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the accomplished President of the Ontario Art Academy, thus describes this lovely spot:

"The interest of this scenery is inexhaustible, not only from the varied aspects it presents from different points of view, but from the wonderful atmospheric effects. At one moment the mountains seem quite close, masses of rich, strong colour; then they will appear far away, of the faintest pearly gray. At one time every line and form is sharp and distinct; at another, the mountains melt and mix themselves up in the clouds so that earth and sky are almost undistinguishable. The mountain sides are the softest velvet now, and presently they look like cast metal. The foregrounds, too, away from the desolation made by the numer-



THE SNOW-SHEDS.

ous cuttings and banks of the railway, are rich and luxuriant; large-leaved plants and flowers clothe the slopes. The trees, where the timbermen have not culled out the finest, are most picturesque. The study of these scenes, in all the wealth of their luxuriant detail, which is requisite in order at all to paint them, is wonderfully interesting and delightful—painting them is heart-breaking;—so little of all this beauty can be placed upon paper or canvas, and of that little much, I fear, will be incomprehensible to dwellers upon plains."

In this immediate vicinity great works were going on in the construction of miles on miles of snow-sheds,—not slight sheds to keep the snow off the track, as I supposed, but tremendous structures built in solid crib-work filled with stone along the mountain-side, over which is a sloping roof, with timbers.



MIRROR LAKE—IN THE ROCKIES.

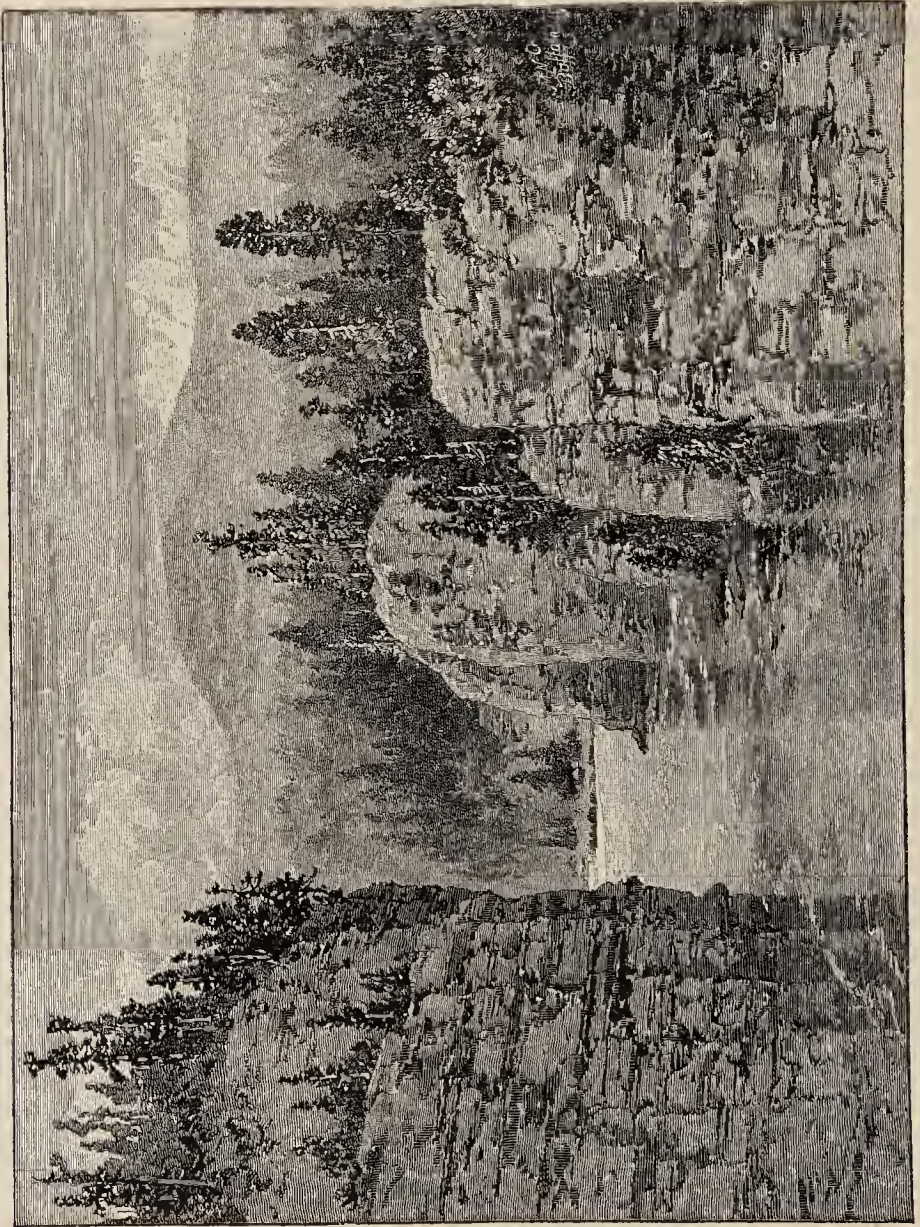
twelve by fifteen inches, designed to throw off the avalanches of rock, ice and snow from the overhanging mountains. Of these sheds there are said to be four or five miles in all, constructed by the labours of some four thousand men, at a cost of a million and a half of dollars. The principal construction camp is at Rogers' Pass, near Glacier Station. I walked back



IN THE ILLICILLIWAET.

to it over the old "tote road," through a most romantic valley, in full view of the glorious glacier which wound its sinuous way, a river of glittering ice, down the mountain-side. These construction camps swarm with vile harpies, both men and women, who pander to the vices of the workmen. Of over a score of houses at Rogers' Pass, I judge that three-fourths were drinking saloons—or worse. A force of Mounted Police main-

tains order; but as this place is out of the liquor prohibition limits, it must for some time after pay-day be a veritable pandemonium, all the more terrible because surrounded by such



RIVER CANYON.

a sublime amphitheatre of the mountains of God. Yet the religious needs of the men are not altogether neglected. A poor cripple, who had broken his leg in wrestling with a fellow-

workman, told me that on Sunday, once a month, a little fellow came to preach in the camp. "He can't preach worth a cent,"



WIRE ROPE FERRY ON THE COLUMBIA.

he said, "but the men all swear by him because he is such a good-hearted cuss."

Just beyond Glacier Station is one of the most remarkable engineering feats on the line—a great loop which the road makes, returning within a stone's-throw of the place of depar-



THE LOWER COLUMBIA AND MOUNT HOOD.

ture, but at a much lower level. It was on a glorious afternoon on which I rode through the Selkirks along the brawling Illicilliwaet, past Albert Canyon and the magnificent Twin



MOUNT HOOD, 11,225 FEET HIGH.

From the Columbia River.

Buttes, through the valley of the Columbia, and up the wild gorge of Eagle Pass and Griffin Lake. The air was clear as crystal, and the mountain peaks were cut sharp as a cameo against the deep blue sky. The conductor obligingly stopped the train at points of special interest to enable us to inspect the gorge of Albert Canyon, nearly three hundred feet deep and only twenty feet wide, with perpendicular sides smooth as a wall; and to scramble down to a natural soda fountain in another romantic ravine.



SALMON WHEEL AND FISHERMAN.

At Revelstoke, which is a railway divisional point, we cross the Columbia River on a long bridge. The town is situated on the river bank, half a mile from the station. The Columbia, which has made a great detour around the northern extremity of the Selkirks, while the railway has come directly across, is here much larger than at Donald, from which it has fallen one thousand and fifty feet. It is navigable southward to the International boundary, two hundred miles distant. The Gold range is at once entered by Eagle Pass.

THE SALMON WHEEL.

The man who invented the western river salmon wheel was a genius. The laziest fisherman who ever baited a hook

could ask for no easier way of landing fish. And only the fact that it can only be used at certain points on the stream prevents this machine from exterminating the salmon in one season. Imagine a common undershot wheel, with the buckets turned the wrong way about. This is set in a high, narrow flume near the bank of the river where the current is very swift. From the down-stream end of this flume, extended outward, at an angle of forty-five degrees, are two upright fences, formed by pickets driven closely together into the bottom of the river, and wired to keep them from washing away. Just above the wheel (which is some ten feet in



SHUSWAP LAKE.

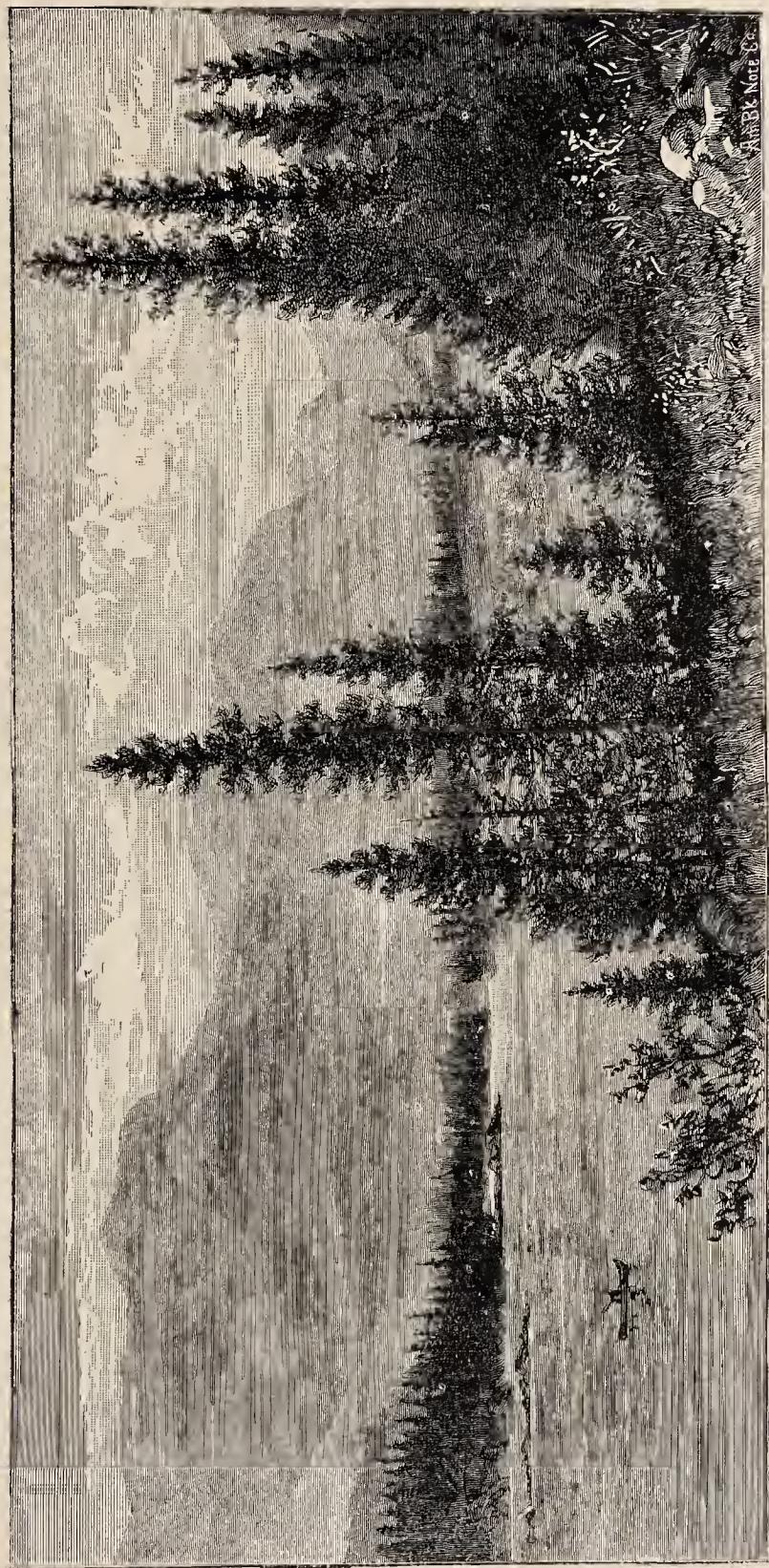
diameter), at the up-stream end, is a platform, from which a box-flume runs to the shore. This is the machine. Now let us see how it works. When the salmon are running, as everybody knows, they come up the Fraser and Columbia rivers by millions. The streams are very deep, and a large percentage always succeed in getting to the breeding grounds in safety. When salmon are running up a river they are constantly on the lookout for small streams in which to spawn. Also, where the current is very swift, they are unable to make headway in the centre of the stream and consequently seek the more quiet water near the bank. Of these two instincts, the inventor of the fish wheel took a mean advantage. At the Cascades, for

instance, where the water is very swift, he sets his wheel. Here come the fish, hugging the bank by thousands, great black fellows, from two to four feet long, heading resolutely up stream. Nothing can turn them backward. That wonderful instinct of nature which insures the preservation of species is nowhere better developed than in a salmon. But in this instance it proves his destruction. Now they are just below that widespread fence. The current which is rushing through the flume and turning the big wheel at a lively pace attracts their attention. The upper fence, which sets nearly squarely across the stream, makes quiet water here, and this flow seems to come from the bank. This, to the salmon's mind, is evi-



NEAR KAMLOOPS.

dently the mouth of a shallow creek. Here is a spawning ground to our liking, and up this little stream we will go. So they crowd up the two narrowing fences toward the fatal wheel. The first fish reaches it, goes in with a rush to overcome the current, is caught by a bucket and up he goes high in the air, while every bucket brings up another and another till there is a procession of ascending fish. At the top the velocity throws the fish violently upon the platform, from which he shoots down the flume to a great tank on the shore. Here come the fish, crowding each other forward to that busy wheel—none can go under, nor to one side. None will go back. And once a school starts for a wheel, the owner can consider that he has a



ON THE THOMPSON RIVER.

W. B. AGEE & CO.

title-deed of the entire lot. One wheel will run a cannery. Day and night, while the run lasts, they come flying up the wheel and shooting down the flume, in a continuous stream. Fortunately there are but few places on the river where wheels can be worked with this result. Where the fish can keep in



ON CARIBOO CREEK

the middle of the river few can be caught in this way. But the men who control these points are making fortunes. As it is, salmon are rapidly disappearing from the Columbia.

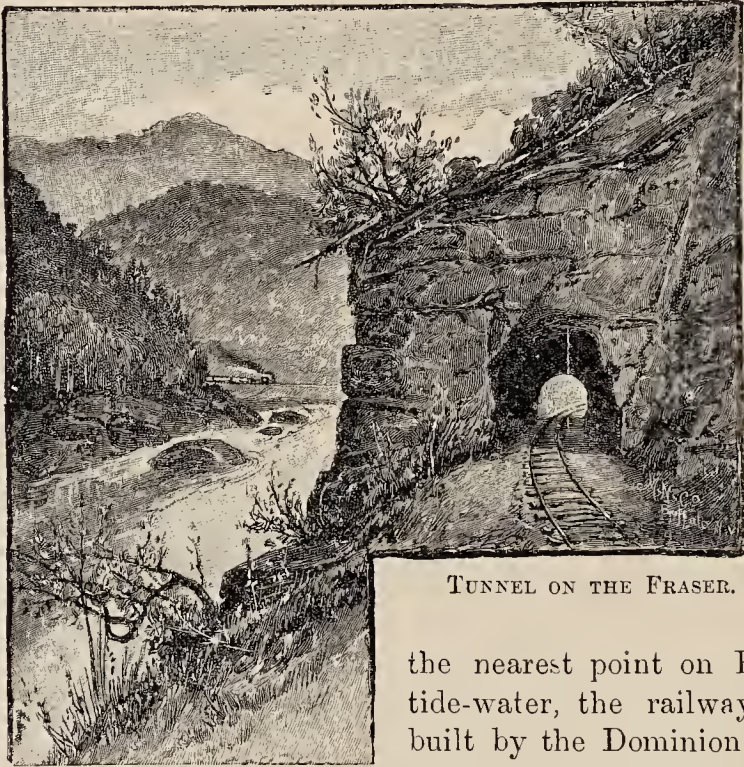
During the night we passed much fine scenery, of which I got only partial glimpses as we swept around the great curves



A GLACIER.

of the Thompson River, past Sicamous, Shuswap, Kamloops, Savona's Ferry, and many another strangely named place, destined yet to become familiar as scenes of blended sublimity and beauty.

At Savona's Ferry the mountains draw near, and the series of Thompson River canyons is entered, leading westward to the Fraser through marvellous scenery. From here to Port Moody,



TUNNEL ON THE FRASER.

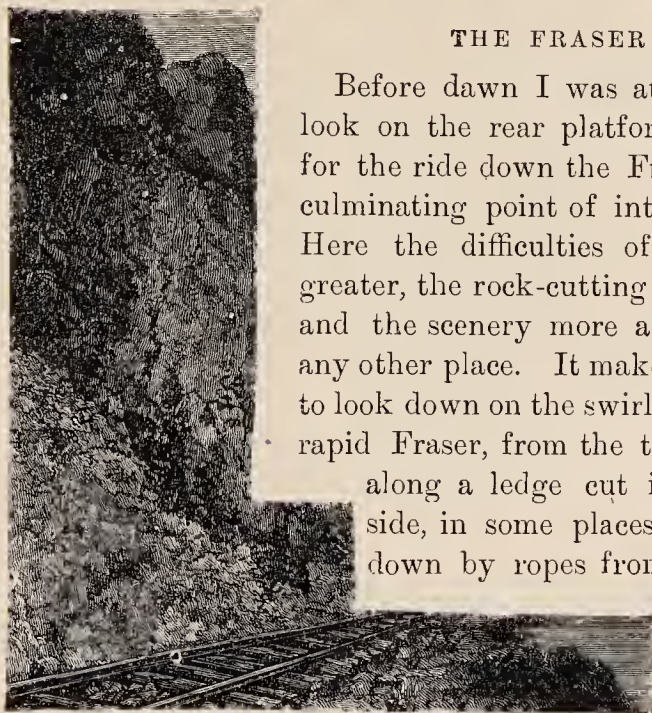
the nearest point on Pacific tide-water, the railway was built by the Dominion Government and transferred to the company, in 1886. Ashcroft is the point of departure for Cariboo, Barkerville, and other settlements in the northern interior of British Columbia. Trains of freight waggons, drawn by from four to ten yoke of oxen, and strings of pack-mules, laden with goods, depart from and arrive here almost daily. Here the hills press close upon the Thompson River, which cuts its way through a winding gorge of almost terrifying gloom and desolation, fitly named the Black Canyon. At Thompson Canyon the mountains draw together again, and the railway

winds along their face hundreds of feet above the struggling river. At Lytton, the canyon suddenly widens to admit the Fraser, the chief river of the province, which comes down from the north between two great lines of mountain peaks. The railway now enters the canyon of the united rivers and crosses a cantilever bridge, the scene becoming even wilder than before.



ANOTHER TUNNEL.

THE FRASER RIVER.

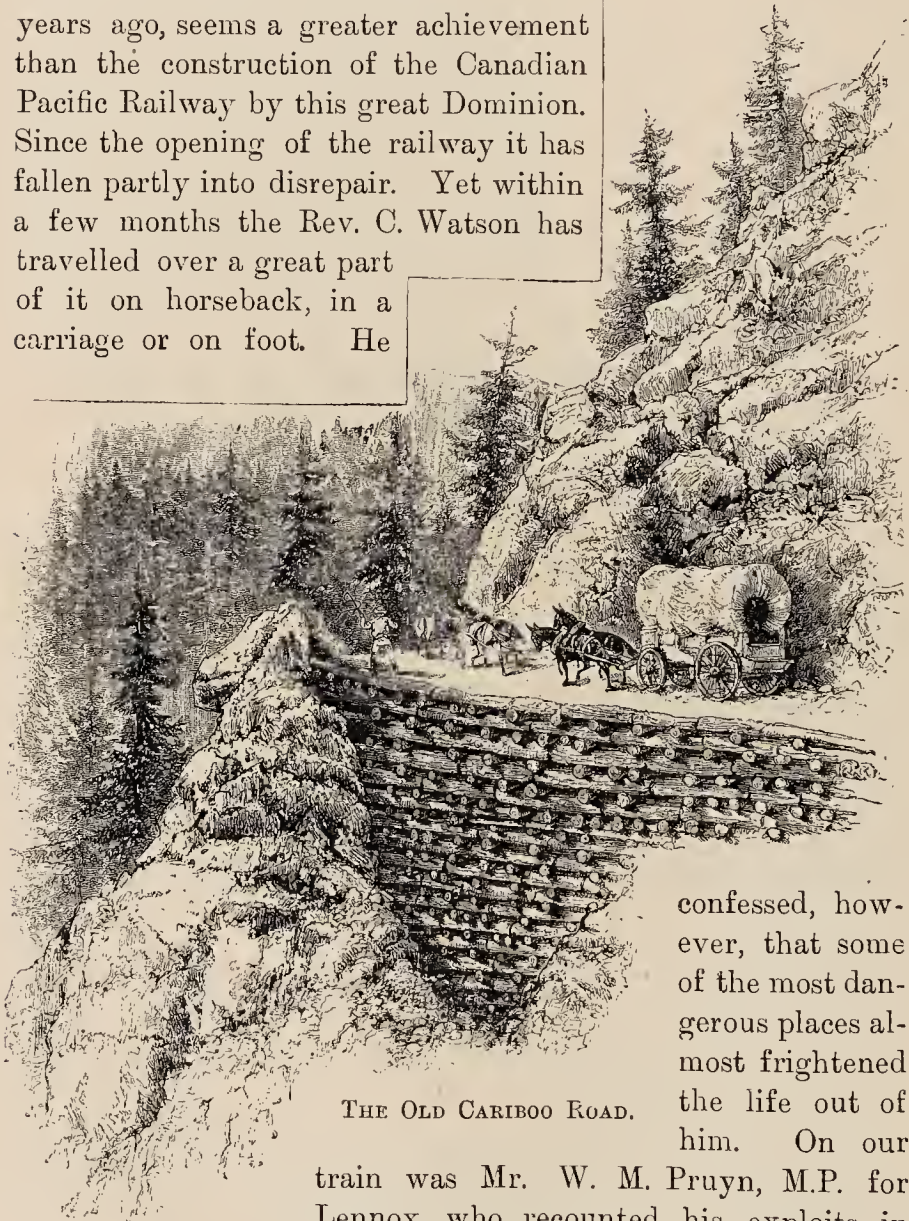


AT THE CLIFF FOOT.

Before dawn I was at my post of outlook on the rear platform of the sleeper, for the ride down the Fraser Valley is the culminating point of interest on the road. Here the difficulties of construction are greater, the rock-cutting more tremendous, and the scenery more awe-inspiring than any other place. It makes one's flesh creep to look down on the swirling current of the rapid Fraser, from the train which creeps along a ledge cut in the mountain-side, in some places by workmen let down by ropes from above. On the opposite side of this deep, narrow canyon is the old Cariboo Road, climbing

the cliff in places, two thousand feet above the river. It is in.

some parts built out from the wall of the rock by wooden crib-work, fastened, one knows not how, to the almost perpendicular precipice. This road from Yale to Cariboo, built by the isolated Province of British Columbia a score of years ago, seems a greater achievement than the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway by this great Dominion. Since the opening of the railway it has fallen partly into disrepair. Yet within a few months the Rev. C. Watson has travelled over a great part of it on horseback, in a carriage or on foot. He



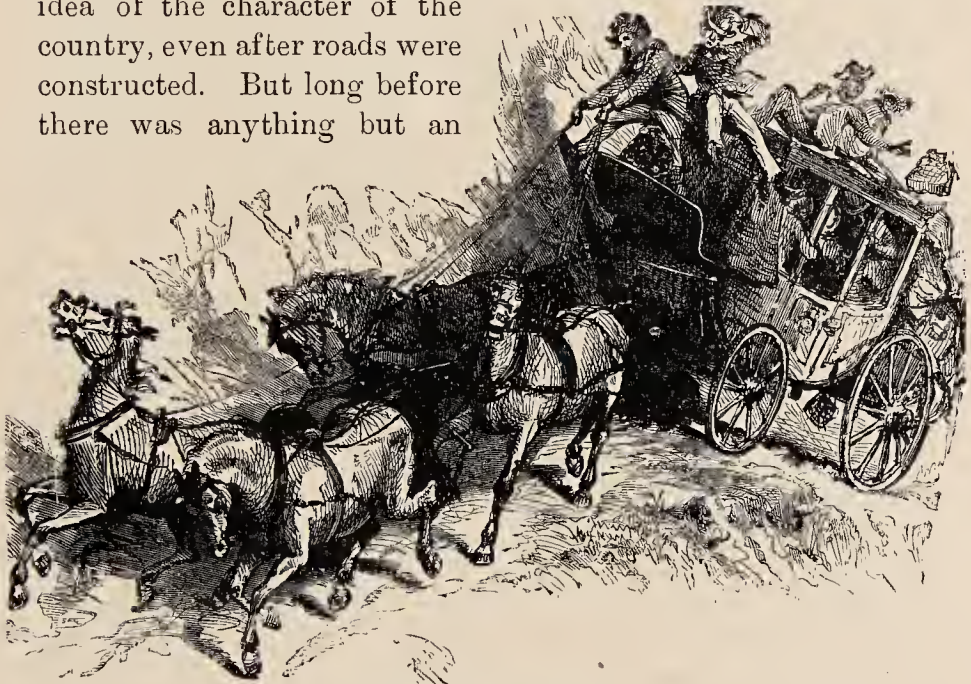
THE OLD CARIBOO ROAD.

confessed, however, that some of the most dangerous places almost frightened the life out of him. On our train was Mr. W. M. Pruyn, M.P. for Lennox, who recounted his exploits in tramping with a load on his back over the Indian trail to Cariboo, a distance of four hundred miles, before this road was made. In those palmy days sometimes

miners took out as much as \$800 in a single day. But prices were correspondingly high: \$100 was paid for a sheet-iron stove; \$1 a pound for salt; \$5 a pound for butter; \$1 for a weekly *Globe*; \$14 a day for digging.

In some of the rude shanties, such as shown in cut on page 545, a more lucrative business was done than in many a magnificent city warehouse.

The hardships of the miners in those early days seem, as told to us now, almost incredible. Our engravings will give some idea of the character of the country, even after roads were constructed. But long before there was anything but an



BEFORE THE RAILWAY.

Indian trail over the mountains, the miners "packed" on mule trains the whole outfit necessary for their operation and sustenance. In some places even mules could not go, and everything had to be carried on the backs of men.

A peculiar effect is produced by the contrast between the huge boulders by the river side, covered with a deep brown, or almost velvet-black moss, and the foaming, swirling waters of the river. Indians are seen on projecting rocks down at the water's edge, spearing salmon or scooping them out with dip-nets, and on many prominent points were Indian stagings

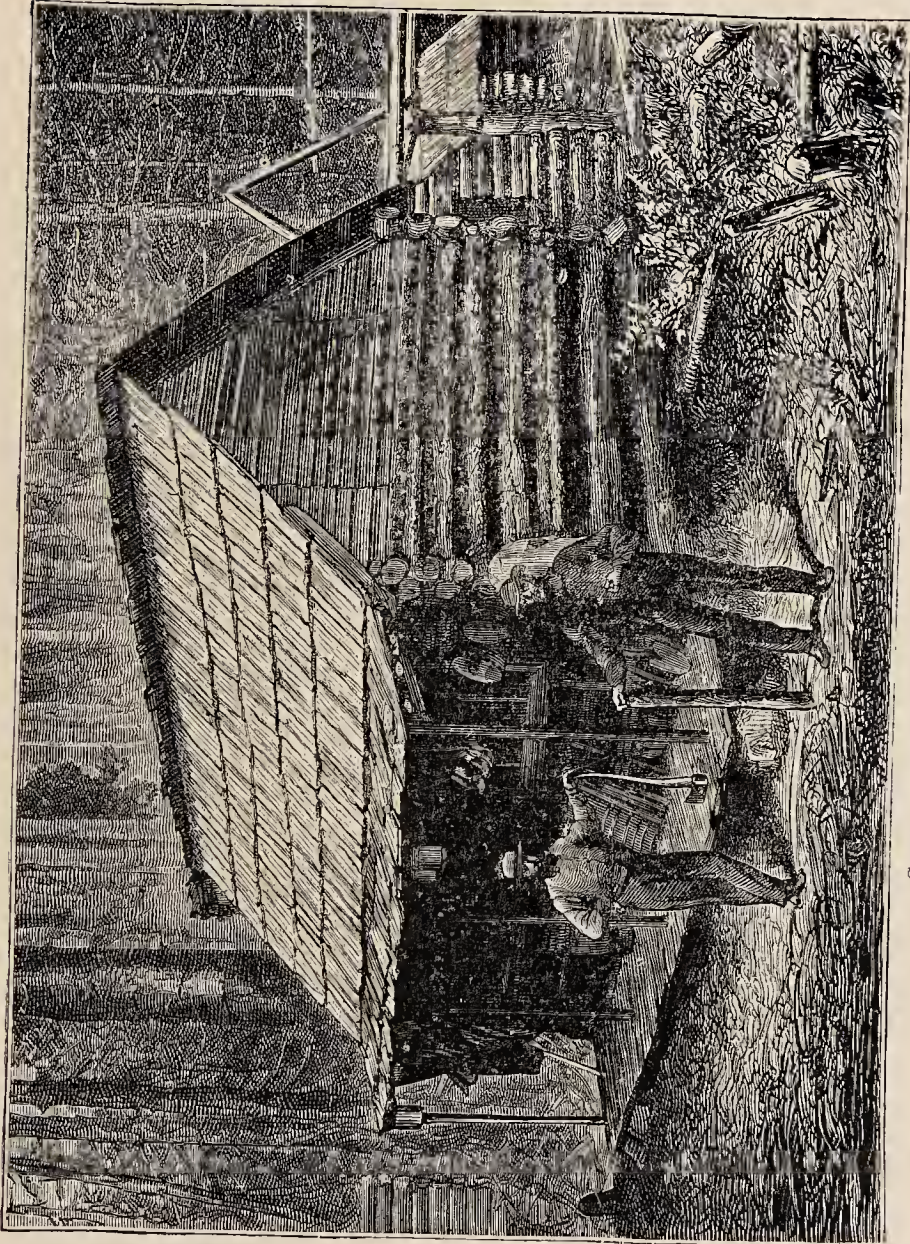
for drying and smoking the salmon, and in many of the trees were "cached" the rude coffins of their dead. The engraving



ON THE ROAD TO CARIBOO MINES,

on page 486 shows a similar practice of disposing of the dead by the Indians of the plains. Chinamen are seen on the occasional sand or gravel-bars, washing for gold; and irregular

Indian farms or villages alternate with the groups of huts of the Chinese. The principal canyon of the Fraser extends



STORE AT LEECH RIVER GOLD MINES, B.C.

twenty-three miles above Yale. The scenery has been well described as "ferocious." The great river is forced between vertical walls of black rocks where, repeatedly thrown back

upon itself by opposing cliffs, or broken by ponderous masses of fallen rock, it madly foams and roars. The railway is cut into the cliffs two hundred feet above, and the jutting spurs of rock are pierced by tunnels in close succession. "At Spuzzum

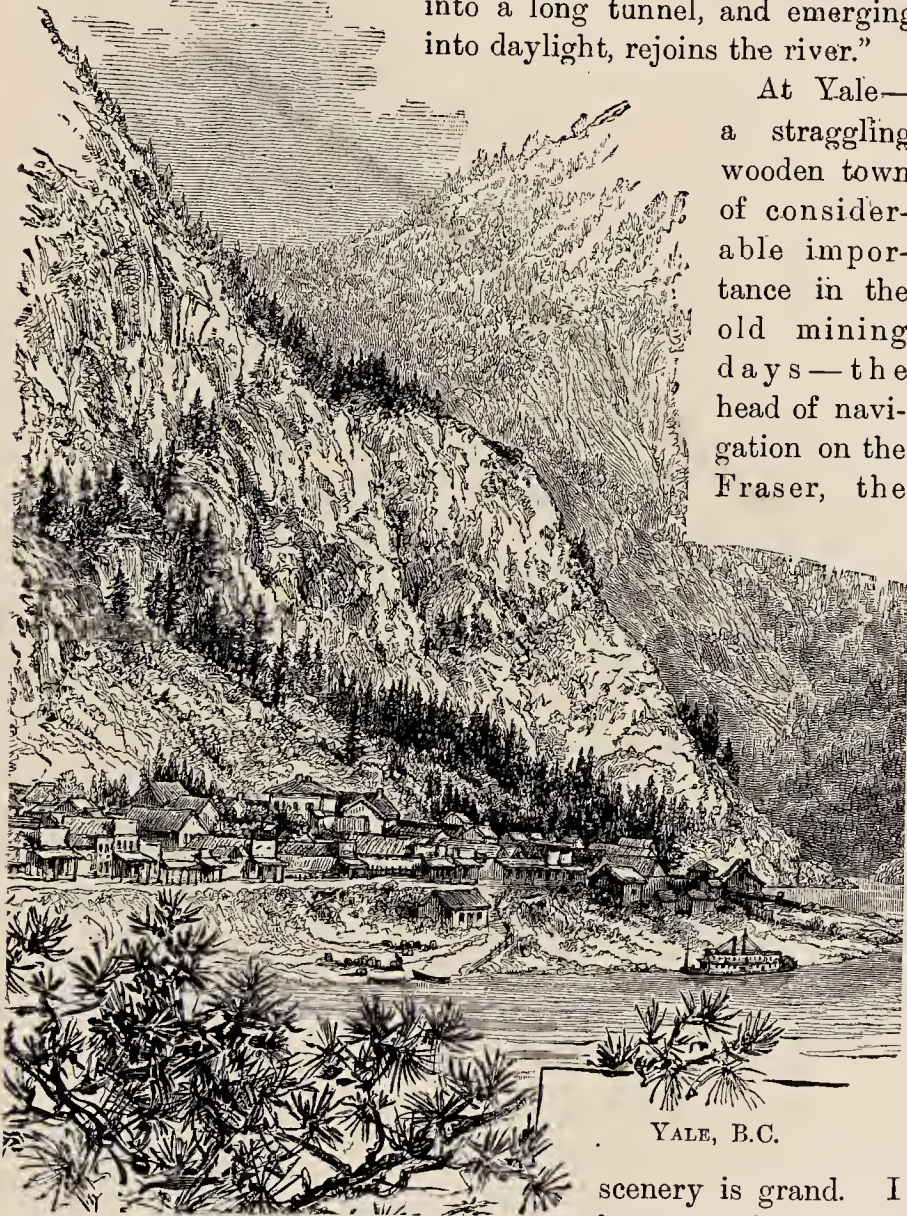


RATTLESNAKE GRADE, B.C.

the Government road, as if seeking company in this awful place, crosses the chasm by a suspension bridge to the side of the railway, and keeps with it, above or below, to Yale. Ten miles below Spuzzum the enormous cliffs apparently shut

together and seem to bar the way. The river makes an abrupt turn to the left, and the railway, turning to the right, disappears into a long tunnel, and emerging into daylight, rejoins the river."

At Yale—a straggling wooden town of considerable importance in the old mining days—the head of navigation on the Fraser, the



YALE, B.C.

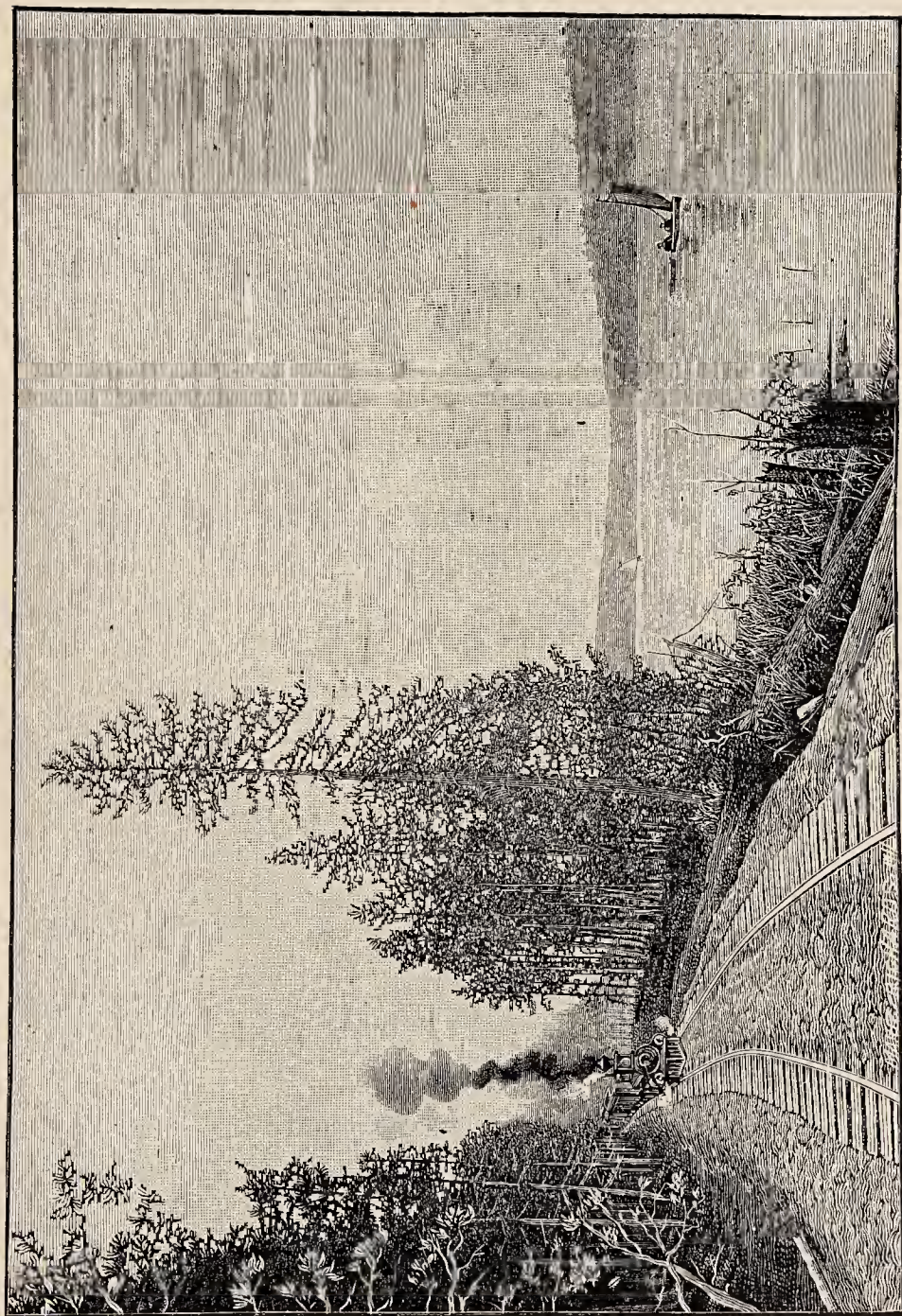
scenery is grand. I have seen few things that will compare with the grandeur of the mountain background of the little town, and with the gloom of the deep canyon of the Fraser, deepening into purple shades in the distance. "Yale," says the excellent guide book of the Canadian

Pacific Railway, "is an outfitting point for miners and ranchmen northward. It occupies a bench above the river in a deep *cul de sac* in the mountains, which rise abruptly and to a great height on all sides. Indian huts are seen on the opposite bank, and in the village a conspicuous joss-house indicates the pres-



ON THE LOWER FRASER.

ence of Chinamen, who are seen washing gold on the river-bars for a long way below Yale. Across the river from Hope Station is the village of the same name—a mining-town and trading-post, whence trails lead over the mountain in different directions. South-westward may be seen Hope Peaks, where great bodies of silver ore are exposed, and only awaiting suit-



RAIL *versus* RIVER.

able fuel to be worked profitably. Below Hope the canyon widens out, and is soon succeeded by a broad, level valley with rich soil and heavy timber. The rude Indian farms give place to broad, well-cultivated fields, which become more and more frequent, and vegetation of all kinds rapidly increases in luxuriance as the Pacific is approached." The Canadian Pacific Railway is unquestionably destined to become one of the great tourist routes of the world. Old travellers, who have crossed the other trans-continental routes, say that the Canadian Pacific surpasses them all in the magnificence of its scenery.

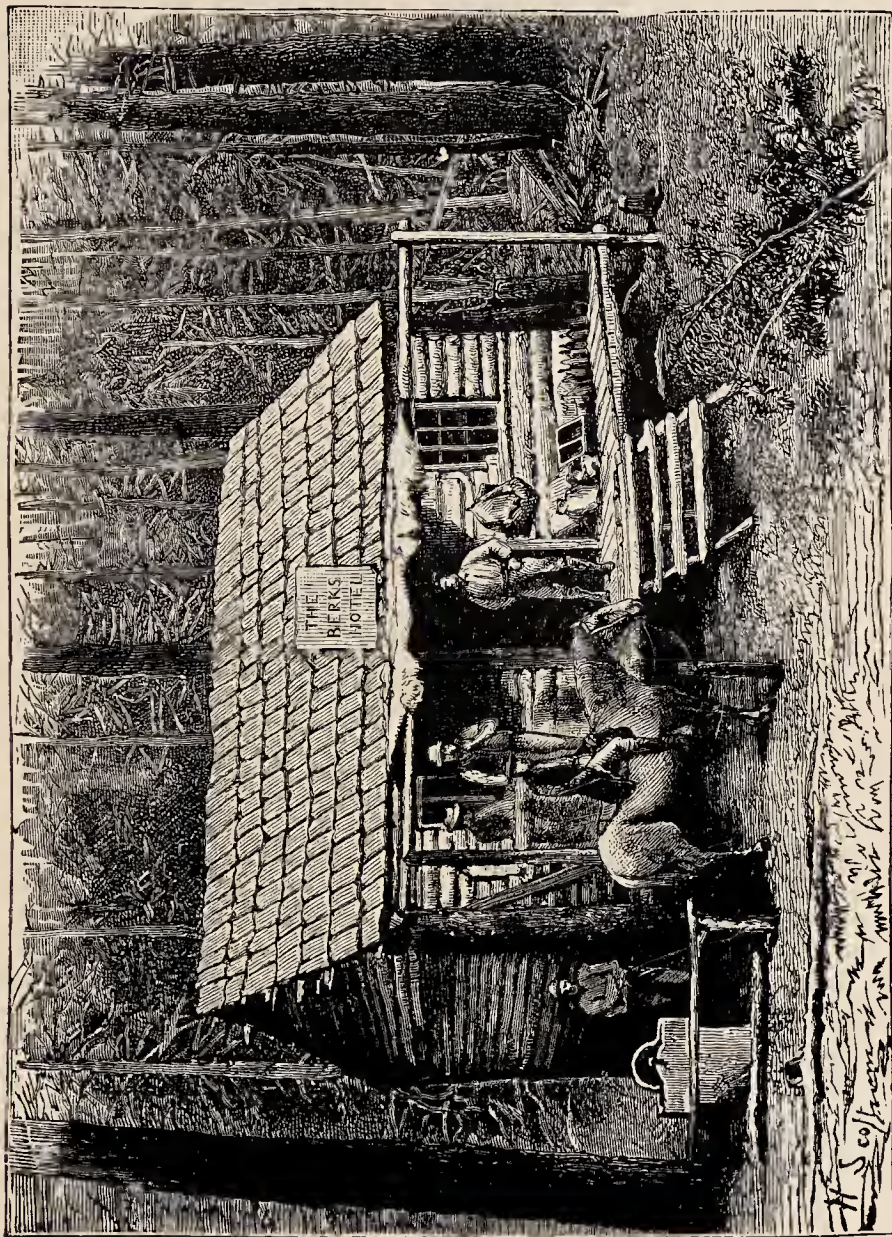
"Near Harrison Station the Harrison River is crossed just above its confluence with the Fraser. Until the opening of the Fraser route, in 1864, the only access to the northern interior of the province was by way of the Harrison valley. A few miles beyond Nicomen, Mount Baker comes into view on the left, and miles away—a beautiful isolated cone, rising thirteen thousand feet above the railway level. At Mission is an important Roman Catholic Indian school. Eight miles beyond, at the crossing of the Stave River, the finest view of Mount Baker is had, looking back and up the Fraser, which has now become a smooth but mighty river. Immense trees are now frequent, and their size is indicated by the enormous stumps near the railway."

The lower reaches of the Fraser abound in fertile valleys, enriched by the alluvium brought down for ages by the river. Everywhere Chinamen swarm, and on many a bar, abandoned by white men, are patiently washing out a small quantity of gold. Their neat garden patches and wooden houses are evidences of thrift and industry.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

The first sight of any great feature of nature—as the Alps, the Mediterranean, the Prairies, the Rockies, the Pacific—cannot fail to kindle somewhat the imagination. Yet the aspect of the waters of the Pacific, at Port Moody, was prosaic in the extreme—a dull, cloudy sky, a lead-coloured expanse of unruffled water, a background of fire-swept hills, with a few straggling houses; that was the picture. From here to Vancouver the railway

follows the south shore of Burrard Inlet; the outlook is impressively delightful. Snow-tipped mountains, beautiful in form and



THE GERM OF VANCOUVER.

colour, rise opposite, and are vividly reflected in the mirror-like waters of the deep-sea inlet. At intervals along the heavily wooded shores are mills with villages around them, and with

ocean steamships and sailing craft loaded with sawn timber for all parts of the world; on the other hand, and towering high above, are gigantic trees, twenty, thirty, and even forty feet in circumference.

The appearance of things materially improved as we dropped down the harbour to Vancouver City. The shores became bolder; the forest of Douglas firs fresher in verdure and more stupendous in size; the water deeper, clearer, bluer. Vancouver City was all bustle and activity. Within about three months after the fire four hundred houses were erected; many of them, of course, very flimsy, and a sad proportion of them drinking saloons. I was told some harrowing stories about the appalling suddenness and utter destructiveness of the calamity. The dry wooden town burned like tinder, and twenty-four charred bodies were found among the ruins. The city fronts on Coal Harbour, a widening of Burrard Inlet, and extends across a strip of land to English Bay, along the shore of which it is now reaching out. The situation is most perfect as regards picturesqueness, natural drainage, harbour facilities, and commercial advantages.

The place is destined to be a large and busy port, and an important *entrepôt* of the trade with Australia, China, and Japan. It has now (1888) over five thousand inhabitants, several miles of well-made streets, and is lighted by gas and electricity. There is a regular steamship service to China and Japan, to Victoria, San Francisco, Alaska and Puget Sound ports. Great mills abound on both sides of the broad basin. Where to-day spreads this busy city, with great hotels and commercial blocks, a very few years ago the rude shanty shown on page 551, furnished only accommodation for the traveller. The country south, towards the Fraser, has fine farms, and is especially adapted to fruit-growing. The coal supply comes from Nanaimo, directly across the Gulf of Georgia, and almost within sight. The scenery all about is magnificent—the Cascade Mountains near at hand at the north; the mountains of Vancouver Island across the water at the west; the Olympics at the south-west; and the great white cone of Mount Baker looming up at the south-east. Opportunities for sport are unlimited—mountain

goats, bear and deer in the hills along the inlet ; trout-fishing in the mountain streams ; and sea-fishing in endless variety.

VANCOUVER ISLAND.

The seven hours' sail across the noble Gulf of Georgia to Vancouver Island was very exhilarating. So solitary was the voyage that it almost seemed as if

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The only vessel we saw was a large timber-laden Norwegian barque. To one unaccustomed to seafaring it is a great sur-



NORWEGIAN BARQUE.

prise to see a full-rigged ship, apparently swallowed up by the sea, as shown in our cut, and then heaved high on a huge wave. The view of the bold shore and serrated rocky peaks of the mainland was very impressive. As we threaded a maze of islands the cheerful signs of habitation were seen, and as we entered at night the beautiful harbour of Victoria, the far-gleaming electric lights, quivering on the water, gave evidence of the latest triumphs of civilization in this western Ultima Thule of Canada. As an illustration of the polyglot population of these shores, I may mention that a Negro, a Chinaman, and a Siwash Indian prepared dinner on the steamer for a company representing many countries, provinces and States.

The island of Vancouver has a length of nearly three hun-

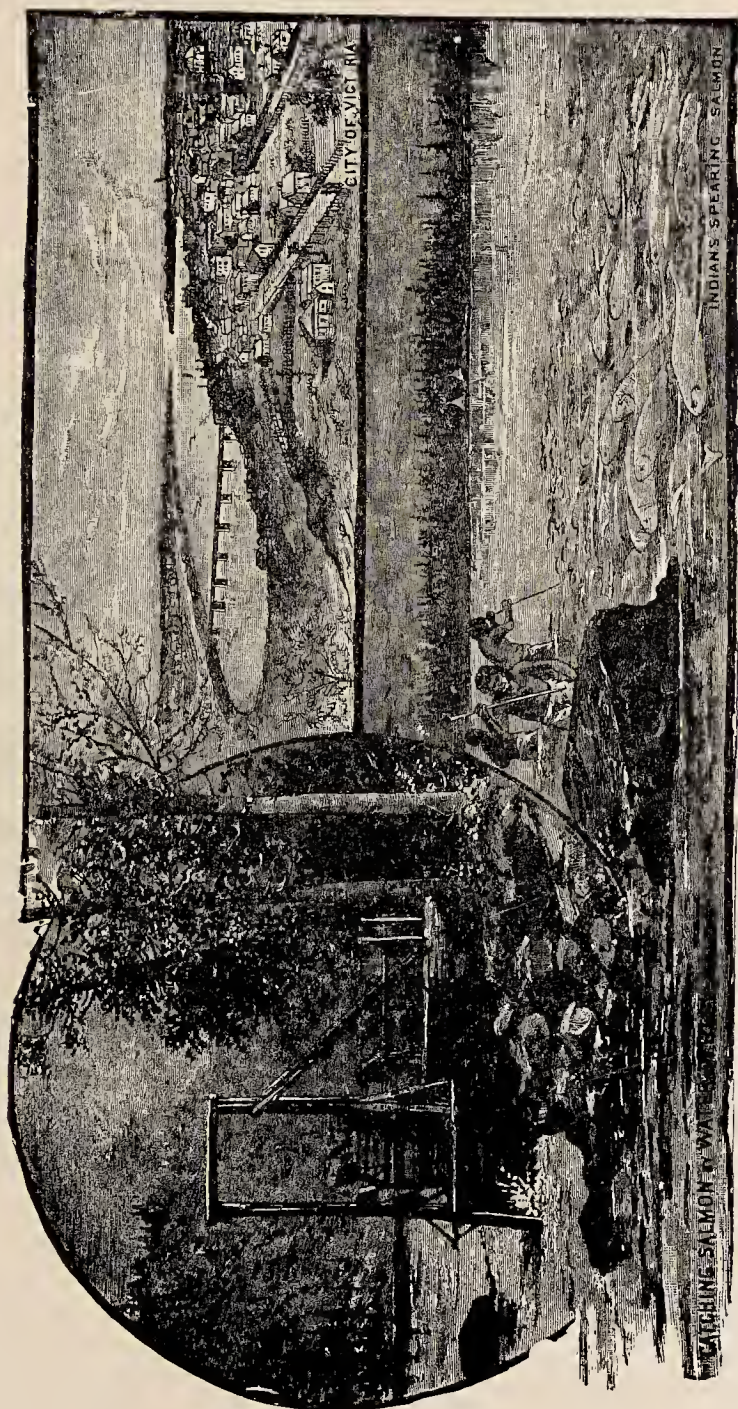
dred miles, and about fifty in width on an average, and has some thirteen thousand square miles of territory. Much of its surface is mountainous, and produces but little. Its low-lying hills and valleys produce excellent grass, fine grazing for domestic animals. The most valuable land and principal settlements are on the eastern and southern shores. Victoria, which has twelve thousand people, is the largest of all the towns.

The Pacific side is inhabited chiefly by Indians, of whom there



IN THE GULF OF GEORGIA.

are some seven thousand. Catching the fur seal and halibut is their leading pursuit, and they may be said to live in their canoes. They surpass the tribes of the mainland in point of intelligence and aptness for various kinds of labour. The Abt tribe is extensively known for its skilful work in gold, silver, wood, bone and stone. Their manufactures of these materials command high prices, and are a source of considerable revenue to the island. The centre of coal-mining on the island is the town of Nanaimo, a thriving port with a fine harbour,



CITY OF VICTORIA.

SALMON WHEEL AND SALMON SPEARING ON THE FRASER.

some sixty miles from Victoria. There were three hundred and fifty thousand tons shipped from this port to California in one year.

At Victoria my attention was called to a small steamer, closely wedged between two superior crafts, a little way from our dock.

"That steamer," said an English sea-captain, "is the first boat that ever turned a wheel in the Pacific Ocean. She is the old *Beaver*. She was built in London, and left that port for Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, in 1838. She was, and is now, a boat of prodigious strength, and has been in service all these years. There is barely a sunken rock in all this vast system of inland waters that she has not found, not because she sought it, but because she struck it. At the next dock above lies another, the mate of the *Beaver*, and the second steamer to plow the Pacific."

The Eastern tourist is first struck with the exceedingly bland atmosphere of Vancouver Island. Though the month was October, the air was balmy, the sun warm, the foliage green, and the roses, pinks and dahlias were in full bloom in the gardens. At the pleasant home of the Rev. William Pollard, who is held in loving memory by many in old Canada, and who made many inquiries after his old friends, I was presented with one of the most lovely and fragrant bouquets of roses I ever saw. The streets, banks, hotels, public buildings and private residences of Victoria would do credit to many an older and larger city. There are several excellent churches, conspicuous among which are the Anglican and Presbyterian. The Methodist church is handsome and commodious, and was undergoing improvement and the addition of a new brick school-room. I had the pleasure of twice preaching to large and intelligent congregations, of attending two Chinese services and one Indian Sunday-school, during a busy Sunday in this westernmost city of Canada.

The chief glory of Victoria is the delightful drives in its vicinity. There does not appear to be the same feverish rush of business as in the East, if one might judge from the large turn-out of carriages at an open-air concert on Beacon Hill, given by the band of the flag-ship of Her Majesty's North Pacific Squadron.

My genial friend, the Rev. W. Percival, drove me out to the naval station at Esquimault by a most romantic road. A long arm of the sea penetrates far inland, and between densely-wooded banks the tide swirls in and out with tremendous force. The varied view of sea and land, obtained from a lofty knoll, with, in the distance, beyond the Gulf of Georgia, the pearly opalescent range of the Olympian Mountains, was one of the



THE OLYMPIAN RANGE, FROM ESQUIMAULT HARBOUR.

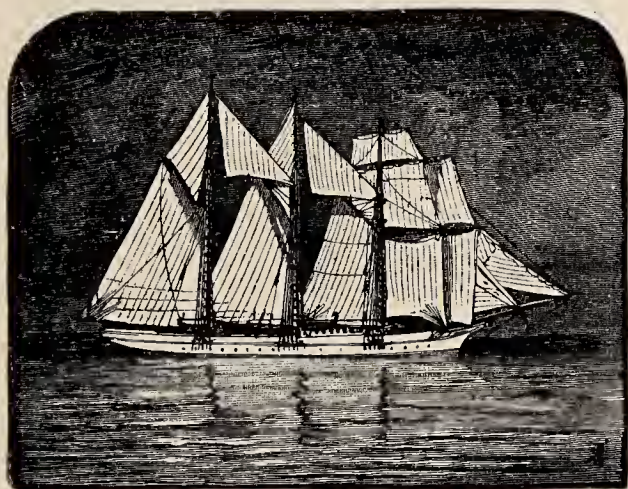
most exquisite I ever saw. The clouds above were gorgeous with purple, rose pink, silver gray and glowing gold, while the far-shimmering, sunset-tinted mountain-peaks seemed too ethereal for earth. They were surely like the gates of pearl and walls of precious stones of the New Jerusalem. In the south-east rises Mount Baker in a beautiful isolated cone to the height of thirteen thousand feet.

The harbour at Esquimault, three miles from Victoria, is one



MOUNT BAKER, FROM VICTORIA, B.C.

of the finest in the world. It is the rendezvous of the North Pacific Squadron, and has a magnificent new dry dock, 400 feet long, of solid stone, with iron gates. Several war-vessels were at anchor, including the flag-ship—a huge sea-kraken—painted white, I suppose to secure greater coolness between decks during her tropical cruise. As we were too late to go on board, Mr. Percival kindly arranged a pleasant family excursion for Monday morning. To a landsman the exploration of one of these floating forts is full of interest. Everything was as clean and bright as holy-stone or rubbing could make it—the decks, the brass mountings, the burnished arms, down to the buttons



IN ESQUIMAULT HARBOUR.

on the smart uniforms of the marines. A courteous orderly conducted us everywhere, from the captain's cabin to the cooks galley, and explained the operation of the big breech-loading battery, of the torpedoes, and of the tremendous engines of the ship. Between decks was a perfect arsenal, with cannon, stands of muskets, cutlasses, revolvers, and bayonets on every side. The hammocks were all trussed up and stowed along the bulwarks during the day. We saw only one slung, and that was in the hospital, where a sick cadet was swinging at his ease. One thing excited my amazement. A bugle call rang shrilly and a boatswain piped all hands to grog. A man from each mess scurried with alacrity and a tin can—that is a fine zeugma for

you—to a big tub of very strong-smelling Jamaica rum, where a generous libation was dipped into each can. We were told that a sailor might commute his grog for a penny or two a day—but they all seemed to prefer the rum. Strange that the naval authorities should thus ply the jack-tars with temptation, and then punish them for indulging beyond the regulation allowance when they go ashore. On our way home we met three jolly tars, for whom the road seemed too narrow as they staggered from side to side. The Church owes an important duty to these homeless sea-dogs, who swarm in every port, for whom the vilest temptations are spread the moment they set a foot ashore.



A BURDEN-BEAKER.

The very day that I landed in Victoria the Vancouver Island Railway was formally opened as far as the great coaling harbour of Nanaimo, and the scream of the iron horse awoke the immemorial echoes of the forest primeval. To my great regret, however, my time was so limited that I could not make the run to see my old comrade and college friend, the Rev. E. Robson, the oldest Methodist missionary, I think, on the Pacific Coast.

One of the most striking features of Victoria is the large number of Chinese. They swarm everywhere. In all the streets you meet their blue blouses, thick shoes and long queues. They seem to do most of the burden-bearing of the city, with

big baskets at the ends of bamboo poles across their shoulders. They keep many of the small huckster-shops. They do most of the market gardening. They are almost exclusively the servants of the hotels and private houses. Whole streets are given up



YOUNG CHINA.

to their stores and dwellings. One of these is named Cormorant Street, not from the exorbitant nature of their charges, as I partly apprehended, but from the name of one of Her Majesty's ships of war. Occasionally may be seen the dumpy, waddling

figures of the few Chinese women of the city, with very shiny hair, rich silk pelisses with wide sleeves, in which, in cold weather, their hands disappear, with very wide trousers, and thick-soled embroidered shoes. Their faces are often quite



CHINESE ARTIST.

pretty, with bright almond-shaped eyes, and an innocent, almost infantile expression of countenance, though many of them are said to be anything but innocent.

The little children are the funniest of all—like miniature



A CHINESE GENTLEMAN.

men and women, with their pigtails, and blouses, and pelisses, and thick shoes, that clatter like clogs as they walk along the sidewalk. Their parents seem very fond of them. I shook hands with one old-fashioned little thing, whereupon its father told it to make me a bow, which it did repeatedly, very prettily.

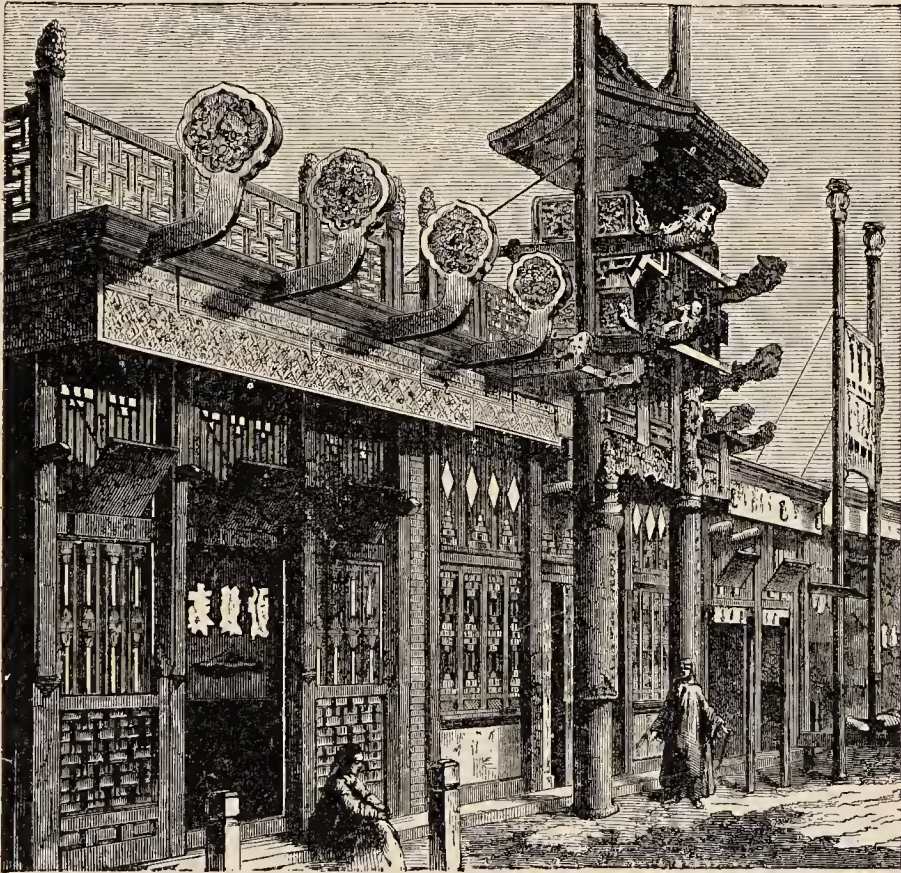
In the Hudson Bay Company's fine store I met a very intelligent Chinaman. I asked him where I could get Chinese curios and the like. He wrote his address in an excellent hand, and invited me to call at his store. I did so, and was very courteously received. He offered me a fine Manilla cigar, which I declined, and showed me some exquisite carved ivory and the like—quite too expensive for my purse, however. While retaining their natural dress, the Chinese merchants have much of the dignity and politeness of European gentlemen. Our cut gives a not too-favourable representation of a Chinese of the better class. Their imitative faculty is highly developed and they make excellent copyists though not good original artists. Their perspective is often atrocious, though their portraits are sometimes "as like as they can stare."

I was struck with a curious illustration of Chinese respect for letters. At almost every corner was a painted box, affixed to the wall, to receive, I was told, scraps of paper picked up off the street, that they might not be trodden under foot.

One of the most curious places I visited was a so-called joss-house. It was gorgeously fitted up in exceedingly bizarre and barbaric pomp, with stands of gilt halberds and swords, a huge embroidered silk umbrella with deep fringe, gay lanterns, banners, and shrines with wonderfully carved dragons and high reliefs of tilt and tourney, representing the exploits of the mythological warriors, I was told, of seven thousand years ago. Chinese architecture has a peculiarity of its own, a barbaric wealth of carving, gilding and crimson and yellow colours.

The Chinese I found very courteous, and anxious to give any information in their power. This they do in loud explosive tones, in broken English, with frequent inquiries of "*Sabe?*" a Spanish word, which they use for "Do you understand?" In the joss-house just mentioned, I observed a large figure in a sort of shrine, with the hand raised as if in benediction. I

asked the caretaker or priest, or whatever he was, if this was Buddha. He replied, "Yes." I then asked who a black-faced figure by his side was. He replied, "Big man—him big boss, oder man help him. Sabe?" I inquired what certain cups and vessels and lamps before the shrine were for. "Me feed him, me warm him," he answered; "me give him tea and food.



A CHINESE JOSS-HOUSE.

Sabe? Man no sick, do well, make good sale, him pay one dollah, two dollah, four bit to feed him. Sabe?" and he showed the book in which the subscriptions were recorded. "Him pay well, help him good," said my guide. "Allee time good, go up. Bad man, go down." I asked him if he had heard of Jesus Christ. "Yes, yes," he exclaimed. "Him allee same Jesus Chlist," and he pointed to the image, whose gorgeous surround-

ings he said were to "make look plitty" (pretty). I was haunted all the time with the feeling that here in the heart of our Christian civilization was a fragment of that vast system of paganism to which well-nigh one-third of our race is in bondage.

Mr. Gardiner, the missionary to the Chinese, tells a good story which illustrates the appreciation even of the "heathen Chinese" of the obligations of Christianity. Mr. Vrooman, who was also a Customs official, had shown some courtesy to a couple of Chinamen, when one of them offered him a cigar, whereupon the other interposed to prevent him, saying, "Him no smokee. Him Jesus man." Would that all Jesus men came up to the expectations of this poor pagan.

Some of the Chinese are very wealthy, and some of them have superior administrative and executive ability. I conversed with one on the railway train who told me that he had charge of the construction of a section of the railway, and employed five hundred Chinamen. He paid them from four bits—50 cents—to \$1.50 a day. He professed to be somewhat of a phrenologist, and criticized with much shrewdness and humour the heads of the passengers.

I was greatly interested in one stout old fellow going to Cariboo, where he told me he had three hundred Chinamen washing gold for him. Wah Lee was his name. He was reputed to be worth \$70,000. He was taking home with him a new wife, a pretty little creature about four feet high. She wore—this is for my lady readers—a pale pink silk tunic with dark skirt and very wide silk trousers—I know no other name for them—and dainty embroidered shoes with thick white soles. She wore an over-pelisse of dark blue figured silk, with a striped border of old gold and black. Her hair, which was very black, was smoothly parted—ever so much prettier than the "bangs"—and she wore no head covering but a very bright-coloured coronet of artificial flowers. She looked like a pretty doll. She was accompanied by her sister, a fat little dumpling of ten years. Both carried handsome fans.

The old fellow told me, without any reserve, his whole domestic history. He was fifty-three years of age, had a wife

in China, and a son aged thirty. His old wife would not come out to him, so she had sent him a new one. He had paid \$280 for her. She was seventeen years of age; the little sister was thrown into the bargain. He wore a handsome silk fur-lined pelisse, which was worth, he said, \$60. He told me, also, the cost of his wife's jewellery, but I forget the particulars.

The little bride, I am afraid, was not in love with her liege lord. When he went into the dining-car for supper she refused to follow him, but lay with her pretty little head on the hard arm of the seat, declining to speak. I should say, in English, that she was in a fit of the sulks; and small blame to her, as the man who had purchased her, as he would a dog or a horse, was an obese and ugly fellow thrice her age. I suggested that she would be more comfortable by changing her position, so that every passer-by would not brush against her dainty flower-crowned head; but he replied with indifference, "Oh, she all lite,"—*i.e.*, "all right." And yet one-third of all the women of the race are the victims of a bondage often as cruel as that—often much more so—for she was a rich man's purchased pet, while most of the Chinese women in America, and many in their own land, are the slaves of the vilest tyranny of body and soul that words can express or mind conceive. Here is work for Christian women on behalf of their heathen sisters—to reach them in their degradation, to clothe them with the virtues of Christianity, to raise them to the dignity of true womanhood, to the fellowship of saints.

I am glad that the Methodist Church has entered the open door of opportunity thus set before it in the city of Victoria. I had the pleasure of twice attending the services of the Chi-



THE LITTLE BRIDE.

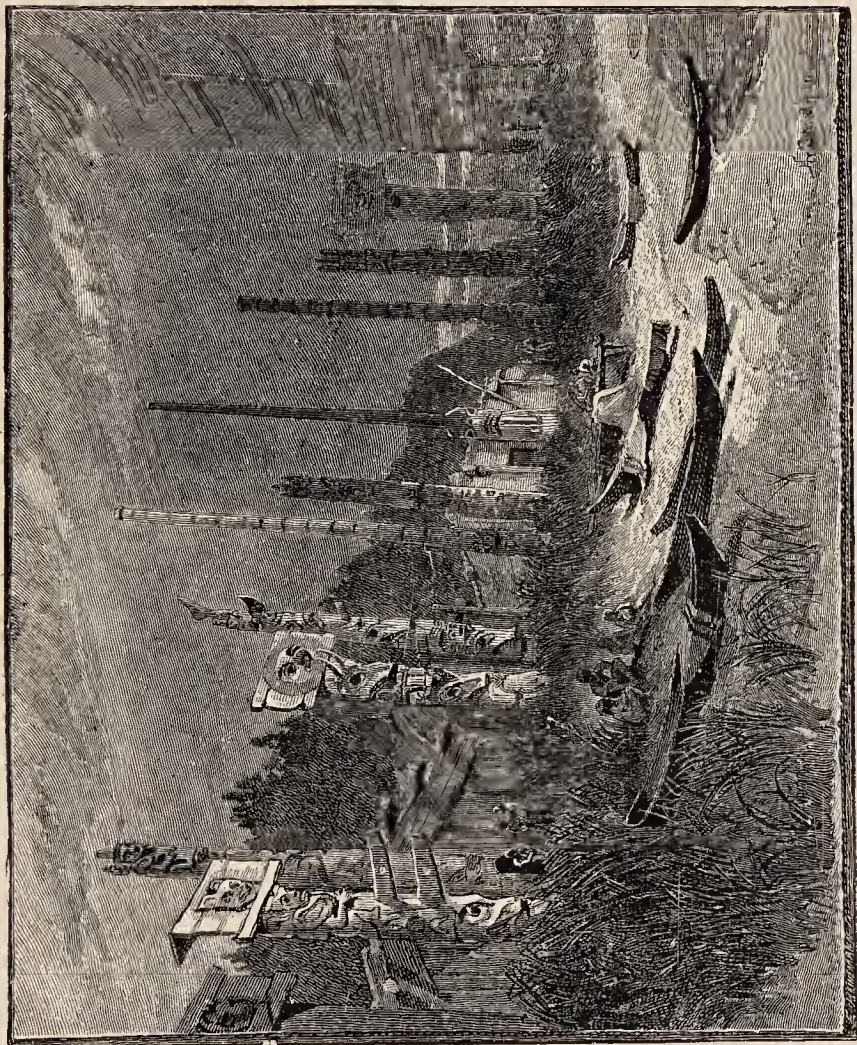
nese Methodist Mission, and was greatly impressed with the value of the good work being done. When Dr. Sutherland was in Victoria, in 1885, he baptized and received into Church membership eleven Chinese converts. These, I found, I think without exception, amid discouragements and persecution, holding fast to their Christian profession. A home for Chinese women rescued from bondage to sin has also been successfully established.

A most valuable missionary has been found in Mr. Gardiner, an accomplished Chinese scholar, who devotes himself with enthusiasm to the work. It was very impressive to hear him go over with his Chinese congregation the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, in both English and Chinese, and to hear them sing the familiar doxology and such hymns as "Blest be the tie that binds," and others, in their strange foreign tongue. I had the privilege of addressing, through him, this interesting congregation. On being introduced to several of them they exhibited much intelligence and thankful appreciation of the provision made for their religious and secular instruction. It is a remarkable fact, that the attendance at the purely religious meetings is much larger than that at the classes for secular instruction.

PACIFIC COAST INDIANS.

The large number of Indians on the Pacific Coast presents another important element in the missionary problem in that country. Though by no means, as a whole, a very high type of humanity, they are yet much superior to the Indians of the plains whom I saw. There is a little cove in Victoria harbour where the boats of the West Coast Indians most do congregate. These are large, strong canoes, each hewn out of a single log. Many of them will carry a dozen persons or more. In the National Museum, at Washington, is one from Alaska over sixty feet long, and five or six feet wide. In these they sail for hundreds of miles along the coast, fishing, sealing, and hunting, and bringing the result of their industry to Victoria for barter. The chief peril they encounter at sea is that their wooden craft may split from stem to stern through the force of the waves. These dug-outs are fantastically carved and painted.

Several of them lay in the little cove just mentioned, their owners sound asleep, or basking half-awake in the sun. The men have short squat figures and broad flat faces, with a thick thatch of long black hair, both head and feet being bare. The



INDIAN VILLAGE AND TOTEM POLES.

women wear bright parti-coloured shawls, and frequently a profusion of rings, necklaces, and other cheap jewellery. I saw some with rings in the nose and copper bracelets on their arms. A little family group were roasting and eating mussels on the rocks. A not uncomely Indian woman gave me some. They were not at all unpalatable, and if one only had some salt and

bread, would make a very good meal. But roast mussel alone was rather unappetising fare. A pretty black-eyed child was playing with a china doll, and another had a little toy-rabbit. It is quite common to see these Indian women squatting patiently on the sidewalk hour after hour—time is a commodity of which they seem to have any quantity at their disposal.

It is among these poor creatures, too often the prey of the white man's vices, and the victims of the white man's diseases, that some of the most remarkable missionary triumphs on this continent have been achieved. The totem poles shown in one of our engravings are not the "idols" of the Indian tribes, as



INDIAN GRAVES.

has been asserted, but their family crests. The Indians have quite a heraldry of their own, and some of the carvings are certainly as grotesque as any of the dragons, griffins or wyverns of the Garter-King-at-Arms.

Few things exhibit stronger evidence of the transforming power of Divine grace than the contrast between the Christian life and character of the converted Indians, and the squalor and wretchedness of the still pagan Indians on the reserve near the city. In company with the Rev. Mr. Percival, I visited this village. The house, like most of the Indian lodges on the West Coast, was a large structure of logs with slab roof, occupied in common by several families, but divided into a number of

stall-like compartments. Each family had its own fire upon the bare earth floor, and its own domestic outfit. This is very meagre—a few woven mats, a bed upon a raised dais, a few pots and pans. As we entered, a low plaintive croon or wail greeted our ears. This, we found, came from a forlorn-looking woman in wretched garb, crouching beside a few embers. As we drew near she lapsed into sullen silence, from which no effort could move her.

Yet that these poor people have their tender affections we saw evidence in the neighbouring graveyard, in the humble attempts to house and protect the graves of their dead. I noticed one pathetic memorial of parental affection in a little house with a glass window, on which was written the tribute of love and sorrow, "In memory of Jim." Within was a child's carriage, dusty and time-stained, doubtless the baby carriage of Jim. An instinct old as humanity, yet ever new, led the sorrowing parents to devote what was most precious to the memory of their child. Numerous similar evidences of affection were observed in other Indian places of burial.

The history of the Indian missions of the Methodist Church on the Pacific Coast is one of the most remarkable in missionary annals. Of this we were strongly reminded as we visited, in the city of Victoria, the neat and commodious Indian chapel, whose cost was, to a considerable extent, defrayed by the Indians themselves. In the presence of Mrs. Deix, one of the principal agents in promoting this work, we heard its story recounted by Mr. McKay, one of its faithful helpers for many years.

The first Indian mission services in the city were held in a whiskey saloon hired for the purpose. There came one night to the door Mrs. Deix, then a pagan chieftess, but her antagonism to Christianity would not allow her to enter. At length her prejudice was overcome, she attended the services and was soon soundly converted. From that hour the burden of her prayers was that her pagan son and his wife, six hundred miles up the coast, might be brought to Victoria that they also might be converted. Contrary to all human expectation, they came, with a score of kinsfolk, in midwinter to Victoria. But

her faith was subjected to another trial. They refused to attend the Christian worship, and mocked at her religious convictions. The power of Christian song and Christian testimony, however, overcame their prejudices, and soon the son and wife and many more were converted, among them the David Salasaton, who all too soon wore out his life in fervent preaching the new joys of salvation among the northern tribes. Dr. Punshon, who listened with delight to his burning words, declared him to be one of the most eloquent speakers he ever heard.

From this apparently inadequate beginning has come, in the providence of God, the wonderfully successful Indian missions at Port Simpson, Bella-Bella, Bella-Coola and Naas River, with their hundreds of converted Indians and transformed villages, where Christian prayer and praise have succeeded the pagan orgies of savage tribes.

Mrs. Deix, who is still a woman in the prime of life, and of great energy of character, at the service we had the privilege to attend, related in fervent words her Christian experience—first in English, then, as her heart warmed, in her native tongue; and was followed in like manner by several others. The singing was a special feature. The rich, sweet voices, and with a tear-compelling pathos, they sang in their own tongue the familiar tunes, "Rescue the Perishing," "Ring the Bells of Heaven," and "Shall we Gather at the River?"

THE INLAND PASSAGE.

I had not the opportunity to visit the West Coast Indian missions and the adjacent territory of Alaska, but I glean the following account from Lieut. Schwatka's volume and from other trustworthy sources:

Leaving Victoria we pass through a congeries of islands, like the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence on a greatly magnified scale, when we enter the Gulf of Georgia, one of the widest portions of the Inland Passage. Some forty or fifty miles farther on, and we reach the first typical waters of the Inland Passage—Discovery Passage—a narrow waterway between high mountainous banks; an extended salt-water, river-like

channel, about a mile in breadth. At Seymour Narrows the channel is not much over half a mile wide, where the tides rush through with the velocity of the swiftest rivers (said to be nine knots at springtides). The shores are now getting truly mountainous in character, ridges and peaks on the south side bearing snow throughout the summer on their summits, four thousand to five thousand feet high. Queen Charlotte Sound is one of the few openings to the Pacific Ocean. Where Magellan sailed over the Pacific Ocean it well deserved the

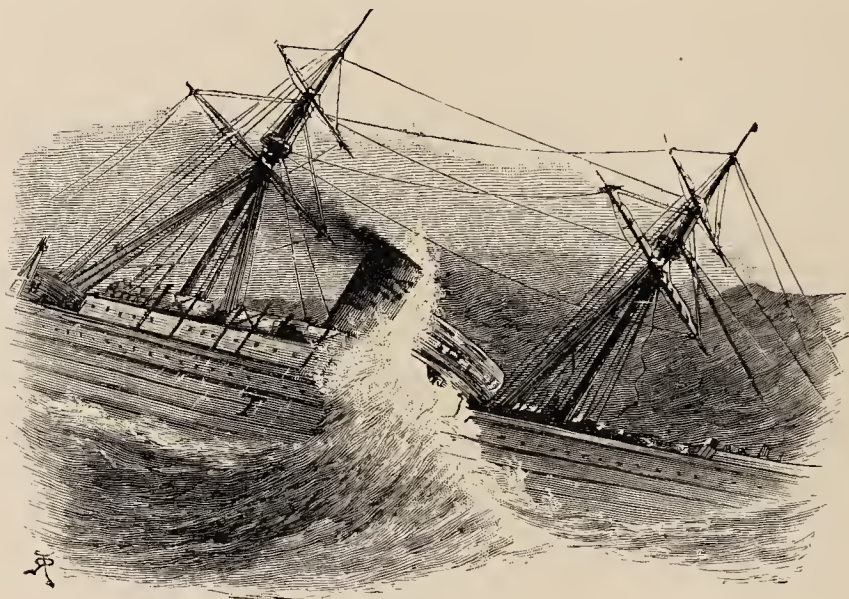


ON THE INLAND PASSAGE.

name; but along the rough northern coast the amount of stormy weather increases, and a voyage on this part of the Pacific is not always calculated to impress one with the appropriateness of the great ocean's name. The full sweep of the Pacific is encountered and the steamer is often exposed to a very heavy sea. It is very impressive to look from some rocky headland over the vast Pacific and to realize that for four thousand miles these waves roll on unimpeded till they break upon the shores of the distant Empire of Japan. Especially impressive is this at the set of sun, when the shadows of night mantle sea and

land. The Rev. Dr. Sutherland beautifully describes such a scene as follows :

"A few years ago, while on a visit to our missions in British Columbia, one evening, in company with a few others, I climbed a hill whose summit commanded a view of the Pacific Ocean. Before us lay a vision that will be treasured up in memory's chambers through all the coming years. Behind us was the gloomy forest and the toilsome way over which we had journeyed, but before us the broad Pacific lay unrolled, so near in that transparent atmosphere that we could see the



A HEAVY SEA.

ripples on its bosom stirred by the evening breeze, and yet so far that amid the solemn stillness there came to us no sound of the wave that broke upon the distant reef. In the western sky dappled clouds were anchored in the blue, through which the rays of the setting sun streamed upon the sea in ever-varying tints of purple and gold and amethyst, till every ripple sparkled like burnished jewels set in a sapphire pavement. And then as the sun sank still lower, and touched the ocean's distant rim, the glowing tints all merged into one long trail of splendour that stretched from the shore above which we stood,

all the way to another shore that seemed to lie just where the sun was setting, as if God's angels had bridged, with beaten gold, the surface of the gently heaving sea, making a pathway of light over which departing souls might pass to the other side. But a little longer and the golden glory softened into almost silvery whiteness, which, when the sun disappeared, merged in the neutral tints of a quiet sea, leaving only a reflected splendour in the sky to tell of the brightness that had been there."

The mainland is flanked throughout nearly its entire extent

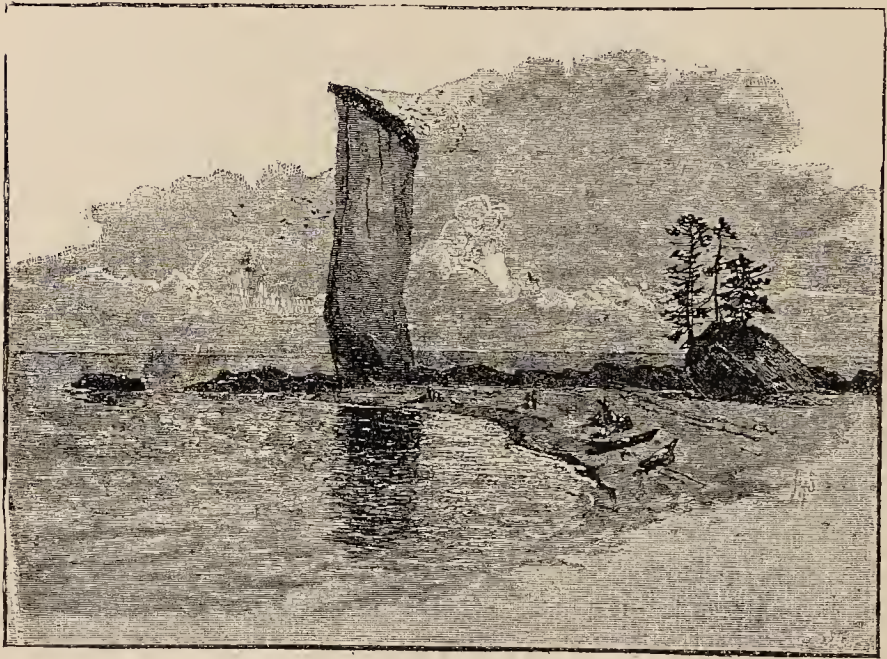


SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC.

by a belt of islands, of which the majority are sea-girt mountains. Most aptly has this wave-washed region been termed an archipelago of mountains and land-locked seas. In this weird region of bottomless depths, there are no sand beaches or gravelly shores. All the margins of mainland and islands drop down plump into inky fathoms of water.

Along these shores there are numerous Indian fishing villages. One of the most remarkable of these was Metlakahtla. A couple of years ago it was a flourishing village. The story of the reclamation of the Indians from savagery and paganism to civilization and Christianity, through the labours

of Mr. Duncan, a lay missionary of the Church of England, is one of intense interest. But on account of dissensions between Mr. Duncan and the officers of the Society, the mission was broken up, and Mr. Duncan and his Indians removed to Alaska. A recent visitor to this spot says: "There is a certain pathos about Metlakahtla. It was a village of two-storied houses, with street lamps, gardens, and shell-strewn paths, where fruit has unequal luxuriance, whose harbour has efficient shelter, where there is a cannery and a sawmill for



NATURE'S MONUMENT, PACIFIC COAST.

the employment of the people, the largest church in the province, and a fine mission house. But now the houses are in ruins, gaping windowless on the sea, the church mocks with hollow echoes its scanty services, the cannery and saw-mill are broken down, there are no children in the streets, no gatherings in the public place, the guest-house that was once thronged with many travellers has no path to it, and all the gardens are overgrown and waste." A few of the exiled Indians are, it is said, straggling back to their old home.

WEST COAST INDIAN VILLAGE AND FIORD.



Port Simpson is twenty miles farther north, near the borders of Alaska. Of it the writer last quoted says: "Fort Simpson is perhaps more attractive than even Metlakahtla. The houses are more numerous and better designed, and the place looks prosperous. At the Methodist mission, which has a good church, is an Industrial school wherein twenty-five Indian girls are sheltered from impurity and taught to keep house. Fort Simpson has an important Hudson's Bay Company's post dating from 1830, and the log buildings, although defaced in part with modern clap-board and paint have a little of the natural frontier dignity which pervades the true Hudson's Bay factory. One of the bastions, and even some curtailed parts of the old stockade, still exist. There are now nine or ten whites in the village. The houses occupy a point of land and a little island forming part of the breakwater of the fine circular bay, cited officially as the best of the British Columbian harbours."

Here the Rev. Thomas Crosby and his devoted wife have been the means, in the hands of Providence, of working a moral miracle in the habits of the natives. The commodious church was erected almost entirely at the expense of the natives and numerous outlying missions at Bella-Bella, Bella-Coola, Naas River, Port Essington, Queen Charlotte Islands, and the Upper Skeena. For many years Mr. Crosby travelled up and down the wild west coast in a native dug-out canoe, but now the *Glad Tidings*, mission steam-yacht, furnishes a readier means of access to the scattered mission stations. In this heroic work he is nobly seconded by the Rev. Messrs. Green, Jennings, Bryant and others, and by several native assistants. The history of Christian missions on this coast is a chapter of strangest romance and heroism.

ALASKA.

A few pages may be devoted to this north-west corner of the North American continent. Alaska is sharply divided from the Dominion of Canada by the 141st degree of west longitude, from the Arctic Ocean to Mount St. Elias, thence by an irregular line seldom more than thirty miles from the sea

to the 55th parallel—a further distance of six hundred miles. It is eleven hundred miles long and eight hundred miles



FIR FOREST, ALASKA.

broad, and has an area of five hundred and twelve thousand square miles. Discovered in 1741 by a Russian expedition

under Behring, at the cost of the great navigator's life, it came under the control of the Czar, who encouraged the planting of various independent settlements until the year 1799, when Paul VIII. granted the whole territory to the Russo-American Fur Company, who established forty stations, and conducted a flourishing trade for more than sixty years. In 1867 it was purchased by the United States Government for \$7,200,000. The greater part of the country is unknown, but enough of it has been explored by traders, scientists and sportsmen to show that one of the world's greatest wonderlands lies within its boundaries.

The climate of Alaska is phenomenal. The warm waters of the ocean give off a copious moisture, which is thrown by the winds against the snow-clad mountains and glaciers, and is precipitated in thick mists and torrents of rain. At Sitka the mean temperature is $49^{\circ}9$, and the average rainfall eighty inches.

For about one thousand miles from the southern extremity of Vancouver's Island northwards, there stretches a vast archipelago in the midst of which is the Inland Passage above described. On reaching the Alaskan territory, snowy mountain peaks begin to appear; and higher still, crowns of ice debouch in the shape of glaciers right down to the water's level; and, finally, all the wonders of the Arctic regions are seen on a reduced scale. The Inland Passage terminates just beyond Sitka, which, as New Archangel, was the capital of Russian America. It is now the headquarters of the United States authorities, and one of the three principal settlements. It contains fifteen hundred inhabitants, and is the residence of a Greek bishop. The surrounding scenery, as shown in our cut is magnificent. So mild and moist is the climate that the grass here grows five feet high, dandelions are as large as asters, and buttercups twice the usual size. In the forest-clad mountain slopes the spruces grow to an enormous size, with remarkably dense foliage, and the rocks are covered with beds of moss of great depth.

Round the coast-line from Sitka Inlet an immense wall of ice stretches for hundreds of miles, broken only by the estuaries

of considerable rivers. Further on Mount St. Elias, an active volcano, rises, a mass of snow and ice, twenty thousand feet



sheer from the ocean's edge which thunders at its base. Near Mount St. Elias is the greatest cluster of high mountains on the Western Continent—Lituya Peak, ten thousand feet

high; Fairweather, fifteen thousand five hundred; and Crillon, still higher; then, beyond, Cook and Vancouver cluster near sublime St. Elias, whose jagged top may be seen a hundred and fifty miles to sea. How disappointing are the Colorado peaks of twelve and fourteen thousand feet, for the simple reason that they spring from a plain already six to eight thousand feet above sea-level, and seem, as they are, but high hills on a high plateau. How like pigmies they appear to Hood, Tacoma, Shasta, and others, whose every foot above sea-level is in



ALASKAN CLIFFS.

mountain slope. On the eastern side of St. Elias the coast curves slightly to the south. A long promontory, cut up into innumerable forest-fringed bays, and protected by a maze of rocks and islets, reaches out into the Pacific, and tapers off into a grand chain of islands which stretch half way across to Asia, and are covered with woods, prairies, and volcanoes.

Alaska is a land of mountains. Vast forests run up their slopes, often to an altitude of two thousand feet, and are rich in cedar, spruce, alder, larch and fir, some of which develop

colossal proportions. The rivers swarm with salmon and trout. The king salmon sometimes reaches a length of six feet, and weighs about ninety pounds. It is for its sea-fisheries, however, that Alaska is most famous. Enormous quantities of halibut, cod, smelt, flounders, etc., are caught on its coast. The adjacent Aleutian Islands are the home of the fur seal. The Yukon River is two thousand and forty-four miles long, in two places upwards of twenty miles broad, fed by innumerable tributaries of unknown length and capacity, and discharging, it is alleged, a greater volume of water than any other river in the world.

This great lonely land is said to have only thirty thousand inhabitants, mostly Indians and Eskimo. The constant life of some of the Indians on the water has produced a most preponderating development of the chest and upper limbs over the lower, so that their gait on land is like that of aquatic birds. Stern experience has given the trading Indians a keen eye for business, and they are at length discovering the value of the products of their country. Once, when an Indian wanted a gun, for example, an old flint lock was produced, and he had to pile skin upon skin until the heap reached the muzzle, and in return for three or four hundred dollars' worth of furs he would receive the antiquated but coveted weapon. The Hudson's Bay Company employed, it is said, remarkably long-barrelled guns in this traffic, but now the Indians understand the value of furs as well as the purchaser. Some of the Indian houses are quite respectable, being made with cedar, with a polished floor, and handsomely adorned. Most of the habitations, however, are squalid beyond measure. The dense resinous smoke blackens the walls and fills the house with fumes which are sufficiently disagreeable without the odour of decayed salmon, with which they are usually impregnated.

After crossing the International boundary the first settlement reached is Wrangell, which is a tumble-down, dilapidated-looking town, in a most beautifully picturesque situation. It is the port to the Cassiar mines in British Columbia, reached by the Stickeen River, a most picturesque stream, which pierces the Coast Range through a Yosemite valley more



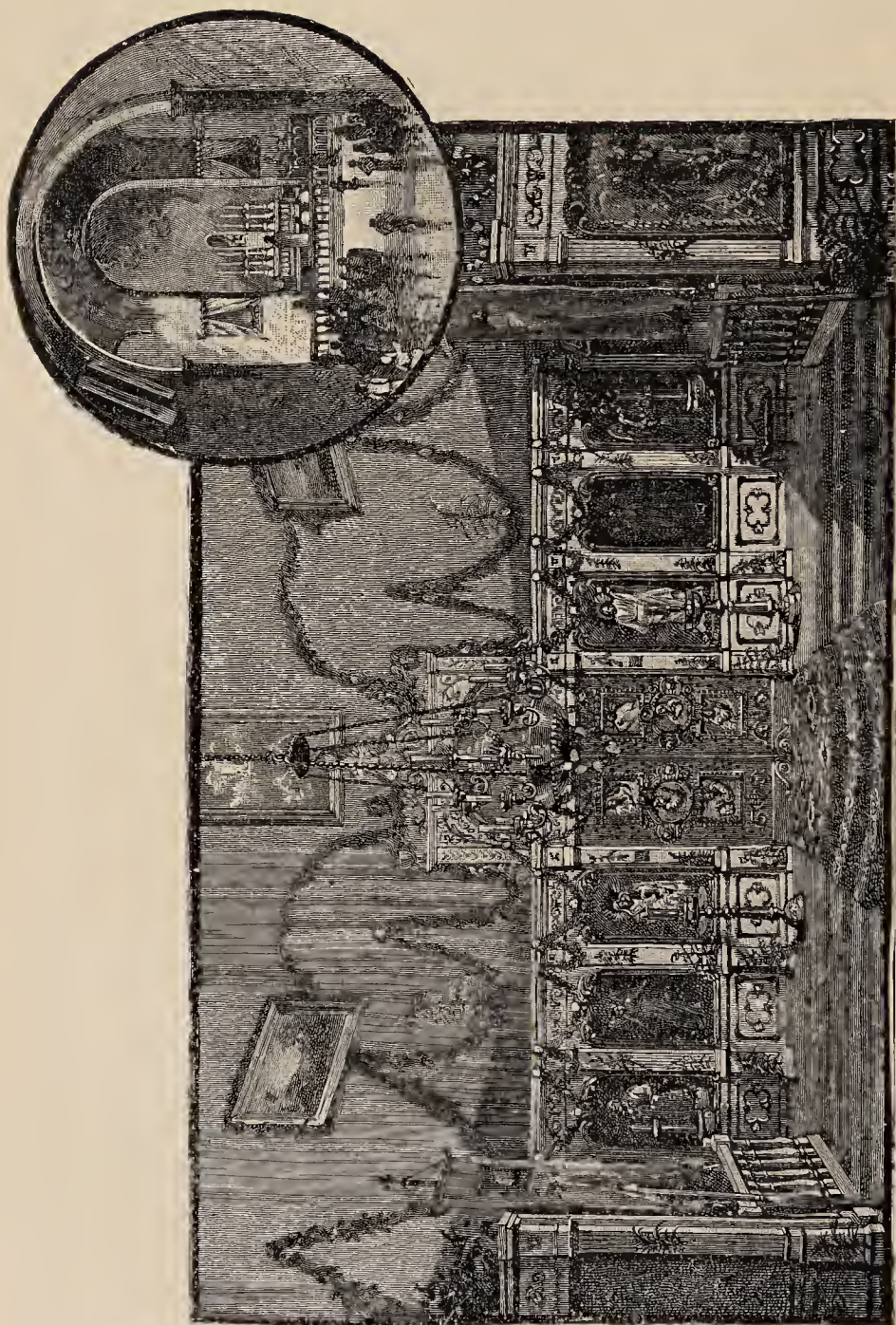
THOUSAND ISLANDS, LOOKING SEAWARD FROM SITKA.

than a hundred miles long, from one to three miles wide at the bottom, and from five thousand to eight thousand feet deep.

Sitka, the capital of Alaska, is most picturesquely located at the head of Sitka Sound ; its bay is full of pretty islets. The steamer, after winding its way through a tortuous channel, finally brings to at a commodious wharf, with the city before you, which is in strange contrast with the wild, rugged scenery around. In front stretch the white settlements of the town. The Greek church is the most conspicuous and interesting object. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, and is surmounted by an Oriental dome over the centre, which has been painted an emerald green color. One wing is used as a chapel, and contains, besides a curious font, an exquisite painting of the Virgin and Child, copied from the celebrated picture at Moscow. All the drapery is of silver, and the halo of gold; of the painting itself, nothing is seen but the faces. Through the opening left for the head shows the face of the Virgin, of marvellous sweetness and exquisite colouring. The picture is worthy of a place in the world's great galleries, and it seemed a matter of regret that it is in such a secluded place. The life-size painting of St. Michael and St. Nicholas on the doors of the altar have elaborate silver draperies and gold halos. The ornaments and the candelabra are all of silver, the walls are hung with portraits of princes and prelates, and the general effect is rich in the extreme.

A few old Russians, or "Russian Creoles," present, had an air of being Tolstói's peasants, and entered into the service with great earnestness. The Indian converts were noticeable for their stupid looks and perfunctory motions, evidently understanding little of the service, which was in Slavonic. The candles in the hanging silver lamps (similar to those seen at the Greek altars in the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem) seemed to attract them, and in many of the Indian houses we saw "icons" with a light burning before them. This Greek church claims to have a thousand adherents.

Next to the church in interest is the old Muscovite castle. Here, the stern Romanoff ruled the land, and Baron Wrangell, one of Russia's many celebrated Polar explorers, held sway.



INTERIOR OF GREEK CHURCH, SITKA.

The old baronial structure is imposing solely because of its commanding position on the top of a great rock, and is interesting on account of its history and the romantic stories that cling about the vestiges of its fast-decaying grandeur. Its great timbers are put together in that solid, heavy fashion that recalls the days when this now peaceful settlement was ravaged by Indian wars, and stout walls were a necessity as a defence against attack.

At Sitka the American Presbyterians have a prosperous mission with a school and orphanage, established by Mrs.



AN ARCTIC FJORD IN WINTER.

McFarlane, a devoted American lady, who was for some years the only white woman in the country—a region larger than the whole of France.

At Glacier Bay, near Mount St. Elias, the grandeur culminates. Muir Glacier exposes a glittering wall of ice from five hundred to one thousand feet in height, four or five miles across the front, and extending forty miles back. From one point thirty huge glaciers may be seen.

“In all Switzerland,” says Lieut. Schwatka, “there is nothing comparable to these Alaskan glaciers, where the frozen wastes

rise straight from the sea, and a steamer can go up within an eighth of a mile, and cruise beside them."

Lord Dufferin has pronounced the scenery of Alaska to be the sublimest he has witnessed in all his travels. He says: "While its glaciers and mountains are five times as large as those of the Alpine regions, Alaska possesses, in addition, the changeful beauty of the sea; while the Alpine Mountains attain their grandeur slowly, rising from the level by a succession of foot-hills, these peaks of the northland rise abruptly from the sea to a snow-crowned, ice-crowned height,



A TYPICAL GLACIER.

not surpassed by the loftiest peaks of the Alps." Alaska is *par excellence* the scenic store-ground of the world, its inlets rivalling the fjords of Norway and its glaciers far surpassing those of Switzerland.

The present writer has not yet had the opportunity to visit this northern wonderland. The city of Victoria furnished enough of interest to occupy all the time at my command. With its beautiful climate, noble scenery, its great future possibilities, I was profoundly impressed. But in one respect there was a considerable room for improvement. I have

seen very few cities with so large a number of places for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and such places must have a large number of patrons. During the palmy days of gold-mining at Cariboo, miners used, during the winter, to swarm into Victoria by the thousand—many of them squandering their hard-earned nuggets in drinking, gambling, and carousing. Those days are gone forever; but they left a residuum of vice that will require all the counter influence of religious and temperance effort to overcome. Nor are such efforts wanting. My last evening in Victoria was spent at a meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union—which has there a vigorous branch. It has just been enjoying a visit from Miss Willard and our Canadian Mrs. Yeomans, who both did valiant service for the cause of truth and righteousness. After bidding the zealous ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union God-speed in their holy work, I went on board the steamer at eleven o'clock, and before morning was far out on the Gulf of Georgia.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

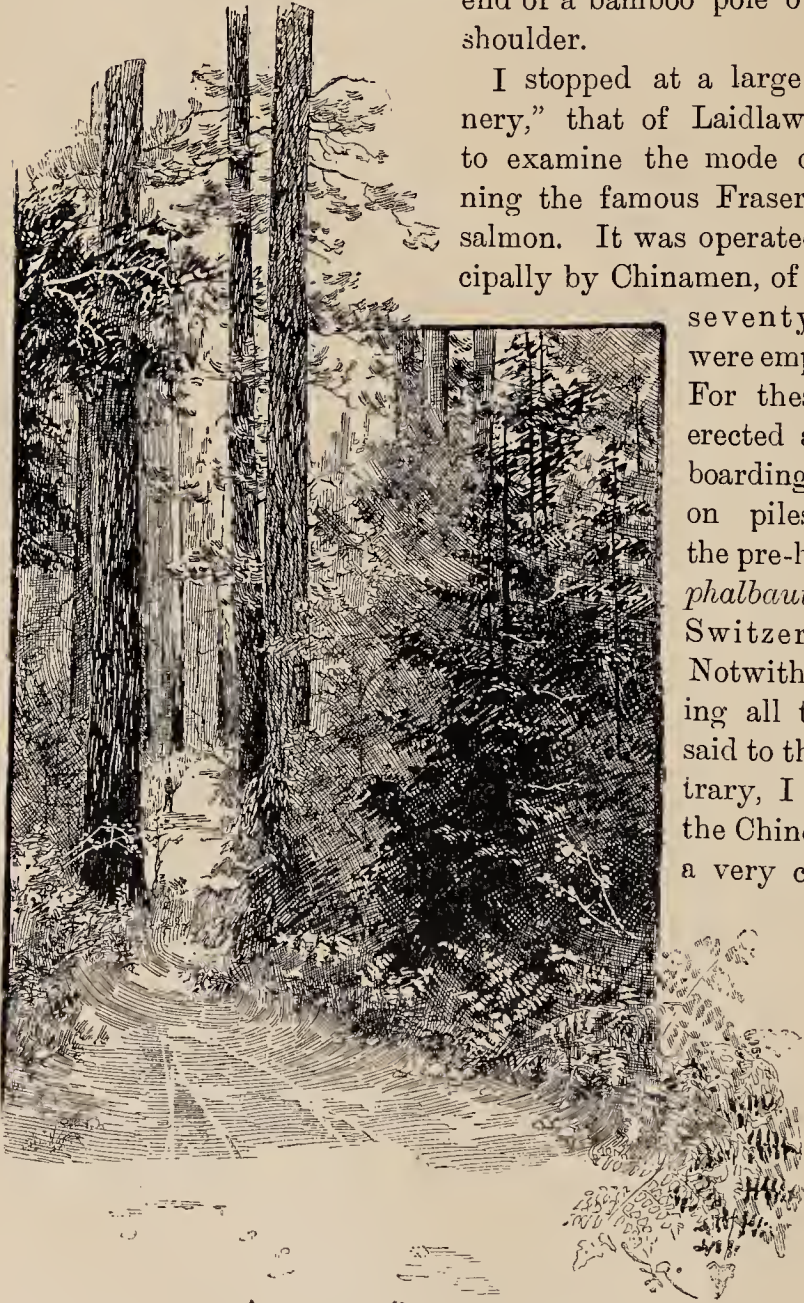
By noon next day we were at Port Moody. I walked across from Port Moody to New Westminster, a distance of six miles. And a very fine walk it was, in large part through a majestic forest of Douglas pines. A great fire long ago ravaged this region, and many of the trees are now mere charred and blackened torsos of their former giant proportions. But many still stand erect, tall and stately, and crowned with living green. I stood on a stump whose diameter was nearly ten feet. One fallen monarch was over two hundred feet in length. Near New Westminster was a huge stump, thirteen paces in circumference, within whose hollow heart a good-sized tree was growing, which had been planted by the Marquis of Lorne. The saw-logs are so enormous that ten or twelve oxen are often required to drag them from the forest. There are many mills for the reduction of these huge logs to timber, some of which are situated amid wildly picturesque scenery, as in our cut.

It was rather a lonely walk from Port Moody, without a house or clearing except a few at either end. I met only two

white men in the whole distance, and eight Chinamen, each of the latter bearing his personal belongings slung from the end of a bamboo pole over his shoulder.

I stopped at a large "can-
nery," that of Laidlaw & Co.,
to examine the mode of can-
ning the famous Fraser River
salmon. It was operated prin-
cipally by Chinamen, of whom

seventy-four
were employed.
For these was
erected a large
boarding-house
on piles, like
the pre-historic
phalbauten of
Switzerland.
Notwithstand-
ing all that is
said to the con-
trary, I think
the Chinese are
a very cleanly



AMONG THE DOUGLAS PINES.

race. There was a great boiler of hot water ready for their
baths, and they seem forever rasping and shaving each other's



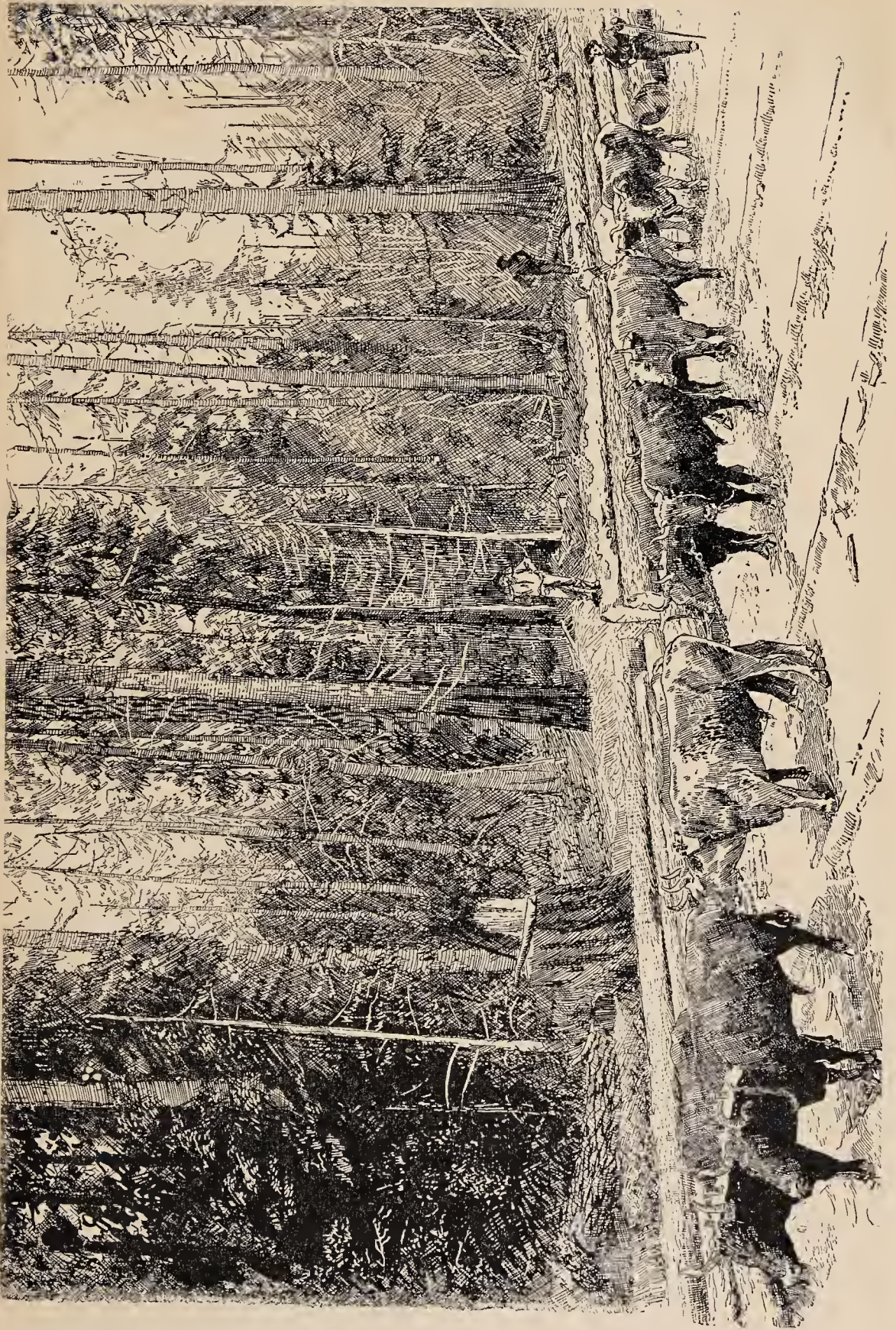
HAULING SAW-LOGS, BRITISH COLUMBIA

heads and faces. I saw one fellow blinking in the sun, while a comrade, who held him by the nose, was sedulously scraping away at his visage. They will actually shave the inside of the ear, as shown in our engraving on page 596.

About seventy-five Indians were also employed in catching the salmon. They lived in a squalid village of crowded hovels with scarce passage-room between them. Hungry-looking dogs and well-fed-looking children swarmed in about equal proportions. Lazy-looking brawny men lounged around; some of them in bed at five p.m., while the women cleaned and smoked the fish which were hanging in unsavoury festoons from poles overhead. The stories told of the multitude of salmon seem almost incredible. During some seasons I was assured they could be pitched out by the boatload with a common pitchfork.

Within the cannery, however, everything was clean and orderly. The salmon are caught in long nets stretched across the river, and are cleaned, and washed, and scraped by hand. Afterwards machinery does most of the work. Circular saws cut the fish into sections, the length of a can. The cans being filled, the tops are soldered on automatically by rolling the cans down an incline, the corner being immersed in a groove containing a bath of molten solder. The cans are then boiled in great crates in a steam chamber at 240° . They are pricked with a pointed hammer to allow the steam to escape, and are deftly soldered air-tight by Chinamen. When cold they are labelled and packed in cases. Nine-tenths of the entire catch goes to England, I saw Chinamen, also, making and packing shingles by machinery; in fact, doing most of the manual labour, and doing it well. I don't see how these great canneries could be run without them. White labour it seems impossible to get in sufficient quantity.

New Westminster occupies a magnificent situation, on a vast slope rising from the river-side to the height, I should say, of two hundred feet. From the upper streets and terraces a far-reaching view is obtained of the Lower Fraser, and of the interminable pine forests on the southern shore. It is in contemplation to have railway connection with the American railway system of the Pacific Coast. This would bring New West-



A LOGGING TEAM.

minster and Vancouver into intimate relations of trade and travel with the thriving cities of Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and with the beautiful city of the Golden Gate.

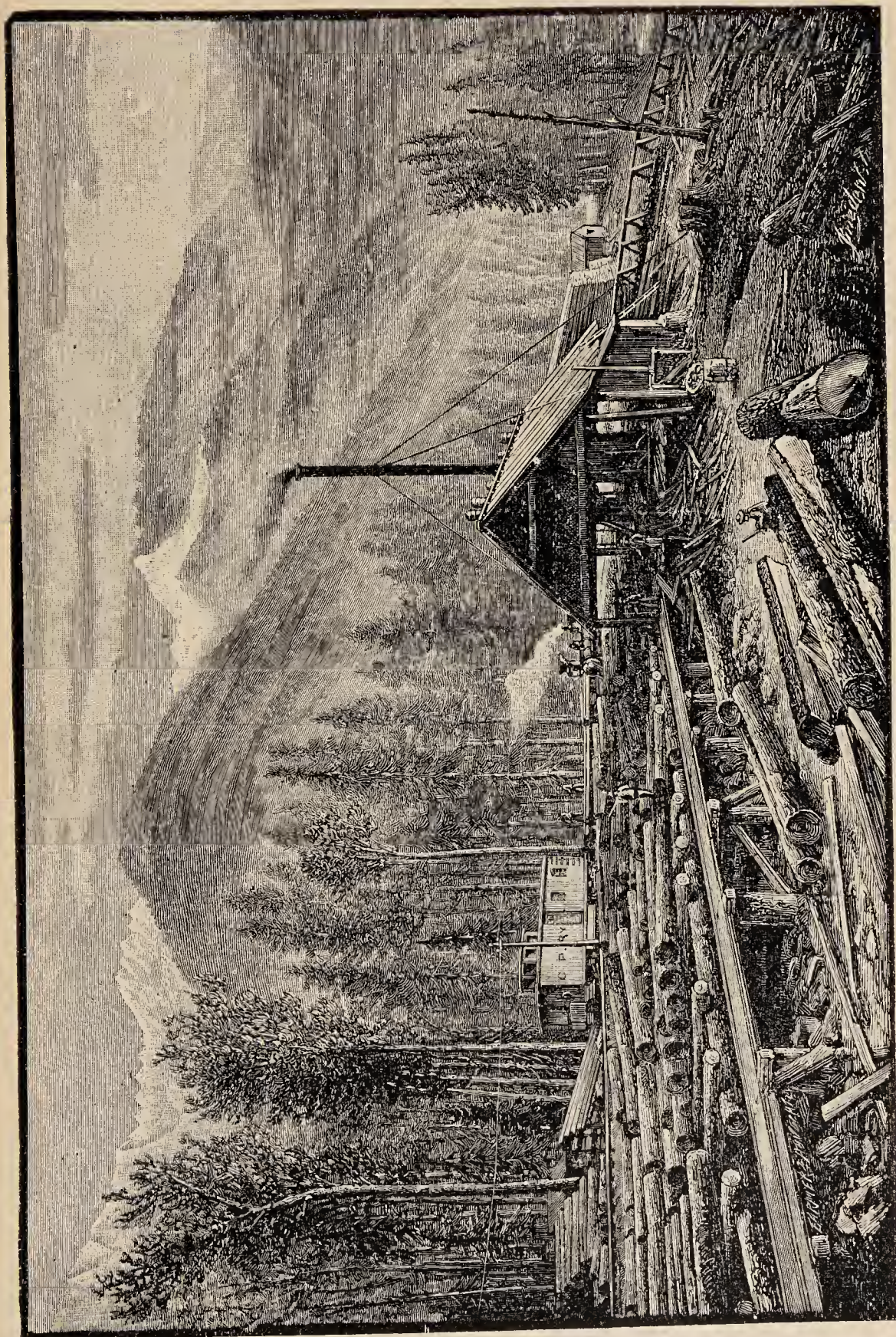
Mount Tacoma, shown in cut on page 599, is the loftiest mountain in the United States, except the Alaska group. It rises 14,444 feet above sea level, and seems all the higher because it rises not from an elevated plateau, but almost sheer from the water side.

New Westminster has some handsome buildings, including the Anglican cathedral, of stone, boasting the only chime of bells on the Coast—a gift of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The Methodist church is a very tasteful and neat structure, and in the parsonage near by—honoured by the residence of such men as Robson, Derrick, Pollard, Russ, Bryant, Browning, White, and Dr. Evans—I received a hearty welcome from my genial friend, the Rev. Coverdale Watson.

Mr. Watson was enthusiastic in his praises of British Columbia. He said that the people of the East do not conceive the magnificent agricultural and pastoral resources of the valley of the Fraser, the Nicola Valley, and the other extensive regions of the interior. He had recently been on a missionary tour over part of the old Cariboo road. He described the scenery as stupendous. Our engravings on pages 544 and 546 will show the character of some of the landscapes of the interior.

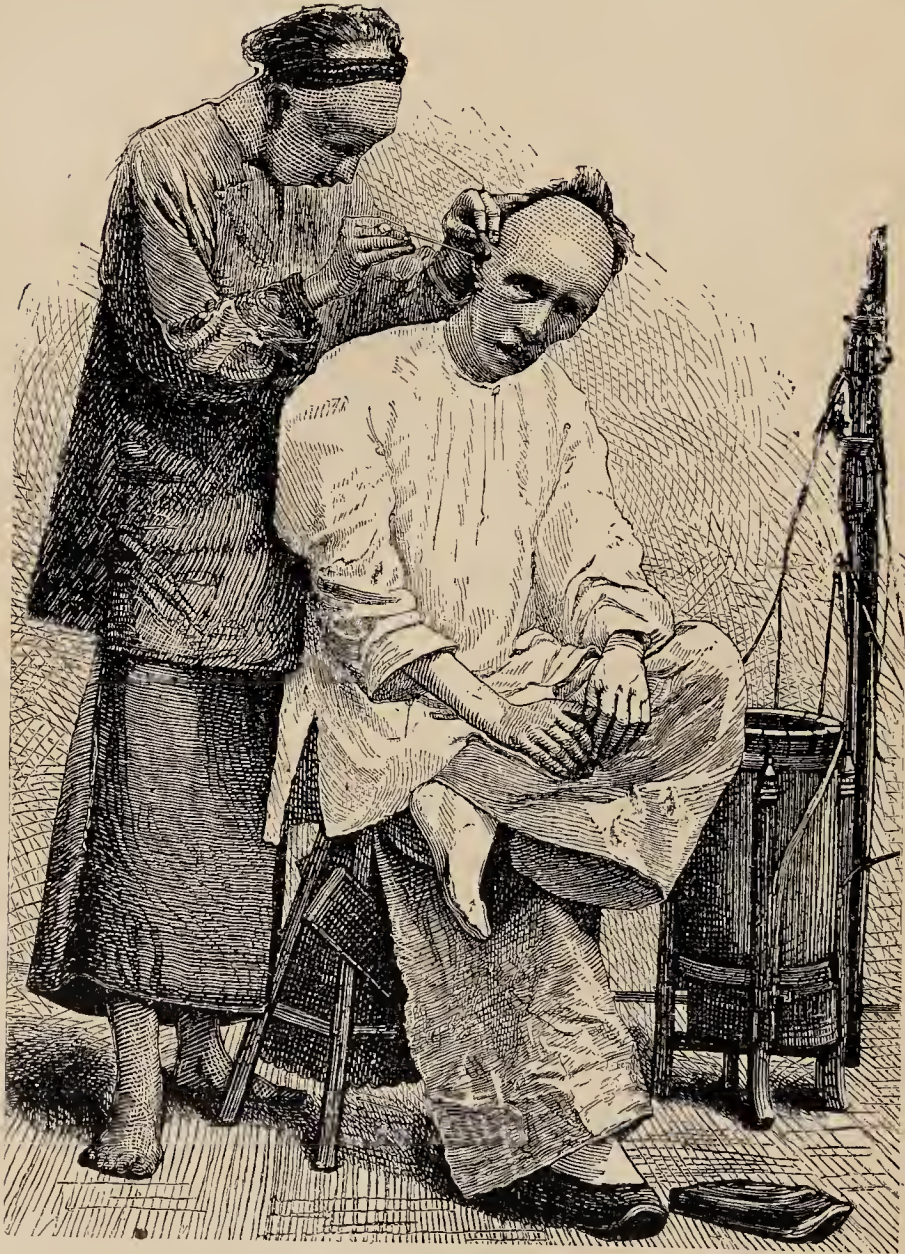
The next morning it was pouring rain, but my friend would not allow me to leave town without making the acquaintance of a number of the good people of New Westminster. So, equipped in a borrowed indiarubber coat, I fared forth in search of adventures. Those who know the relative inches of myself and my host will know that I was pretty well covered. In crossing the streets I had to lift the skirts as a lady lifts her train. I was led to the familiar precincts of a live newspaper-office, and to a number of well-filled stores that would do credit to any town in the Dominion. The Canadian Pacific Railway had just completed a connecting-link from Port Moody, which cannot fail to greatly promote the prosperity of the ancient capital of British Columbia.

It was a rather dismal ride in a close carriage back to Port



SAW-MILL IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Moody, but once on the train the scenery was all the more impressive from the sombre sky. The tremendous mountain



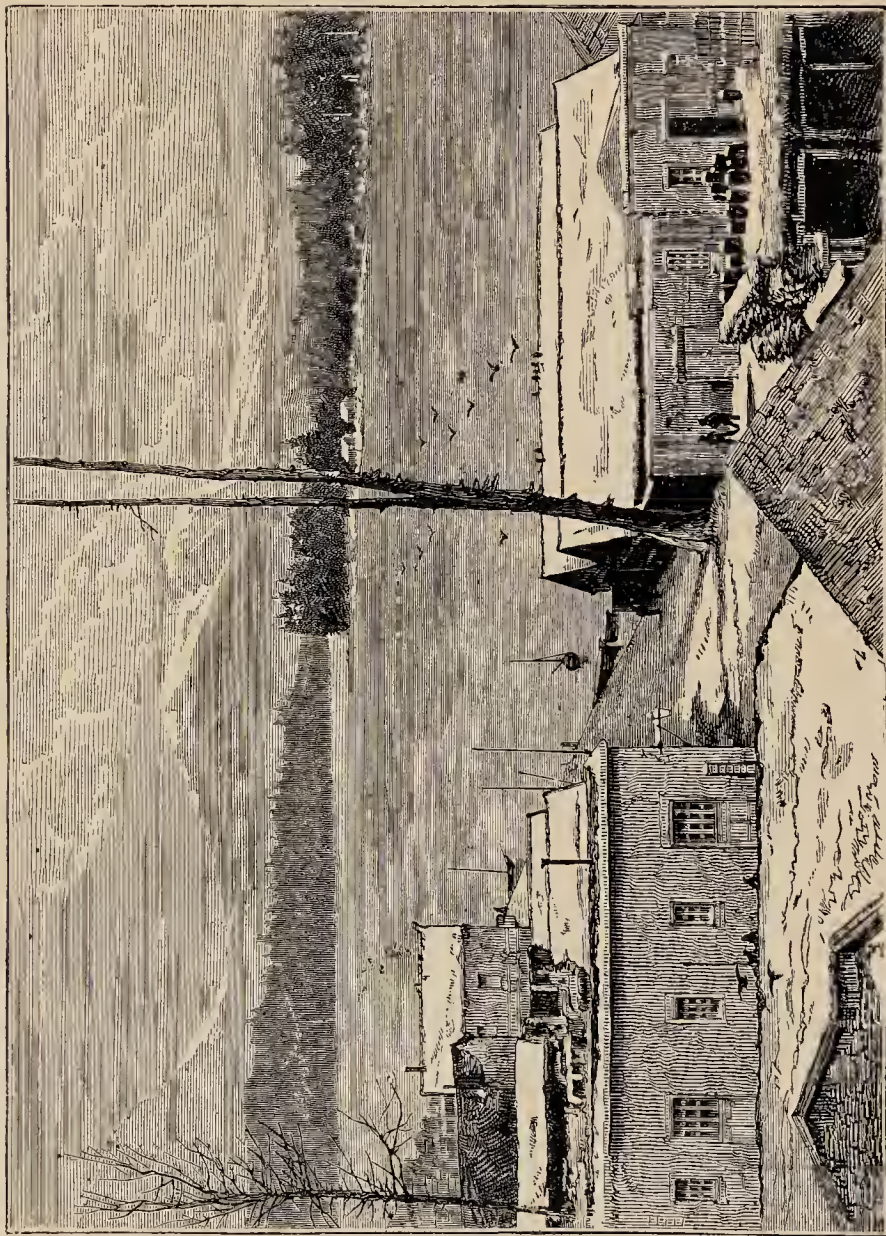
CHINESE BARBER.

background of Yale dwarfs the little town into comparative insignificance, and forms a majestic example of mountain grandeur and gloom. Through the gathering shadows of



YALE, AND THE FRASER CANYON.

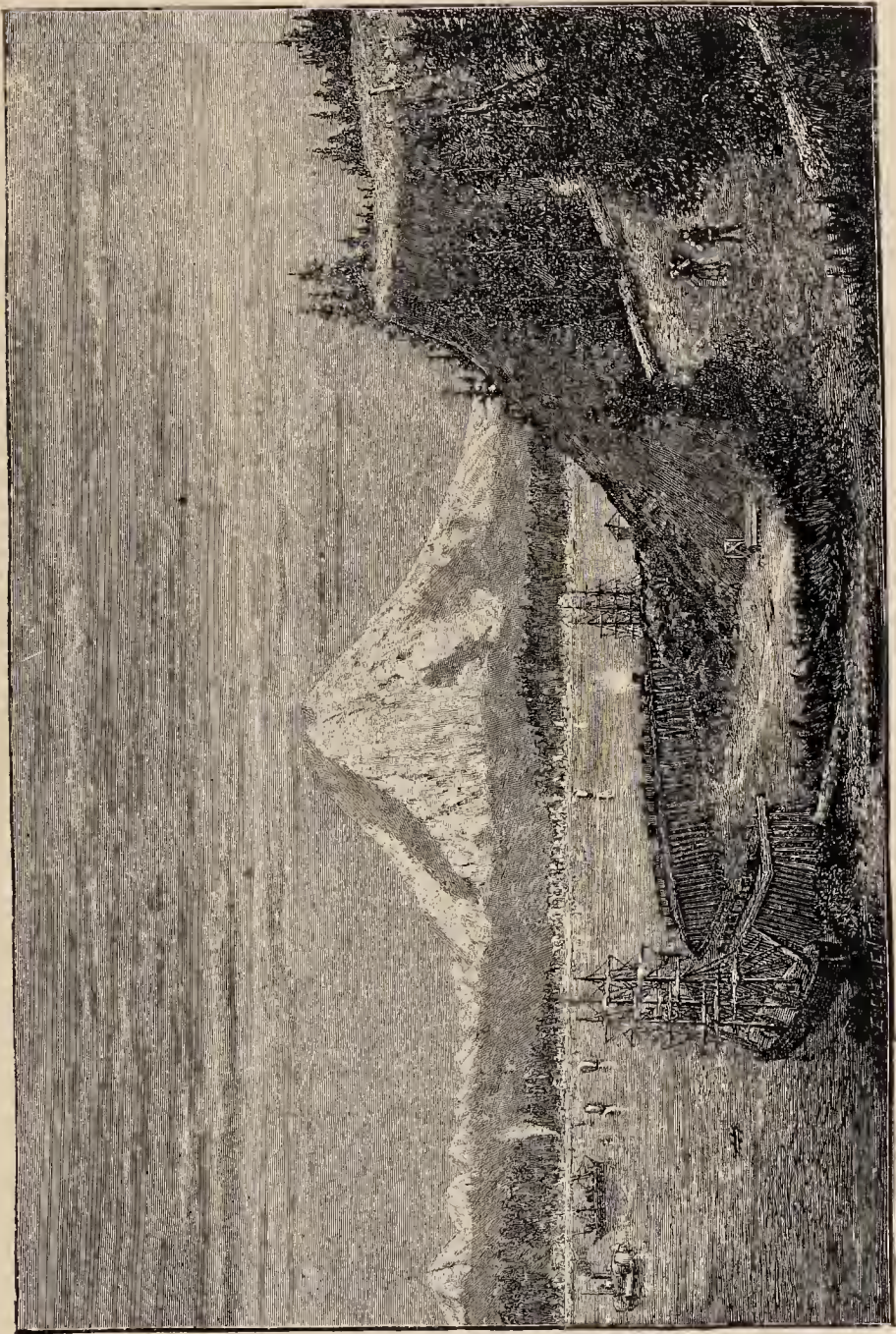
autumn twilight we plunged into the deeper shadows of the Fraser River canyon. The arrowy river, rushing white with



NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., LOOKING UP THE FRASER RIVER.

rage so far below the track, looked uncanny and weird. The tortured mist, writhing up the gorges, looked like the ghosts of bygone storms.

Next day was bright and beautiful, the air as clear as crystal.



MOUNT TACOMA.

Flame-coloured patches of poplars contrasted with the deep green of the cedars in the valleys, and the deep, dark purple

vistas of spruce and pine, made the serrated silver crest of the mountains seem whiter still. It was a day of deep delight as we threaded the passes of the Cascades, the Selkirks, and the Rockies.

BANFF SPRINGS.

About midnight I stopped off at Banff Springs, where there is a Government reserve of ten miles by twenty-six, which is being converted into a national park and health resort. A top-heavy stage-load drove two miles to the comfortable Sanatorium Hotel. The Canadian Pacific Railway has also erected a magnificent hotel at this place. There is here the making of a noble national park. The crystal-clear Bow River meanders through a lovely valley, begirt by lofty mountains—Mount Cascade, rising ten thousand feet above the sea; Norquay, nine thousand five hundred; Sulphur, eight thousand five hundred, and other lesser peaks. There are three notable mineral hot springs which have remarkable curative properties, especially for rheumatic and cutaneous diseases. One of these springs, gushing out of the rock about eight hundred feet up the slope of Sulphur Mountain, is exceedingly hot—119° Fh.—almost too hot for the body to bear. Rough log tanks in a log cabin furnish facilities for a free bath. For those more fastidious, better accommodation is provided.

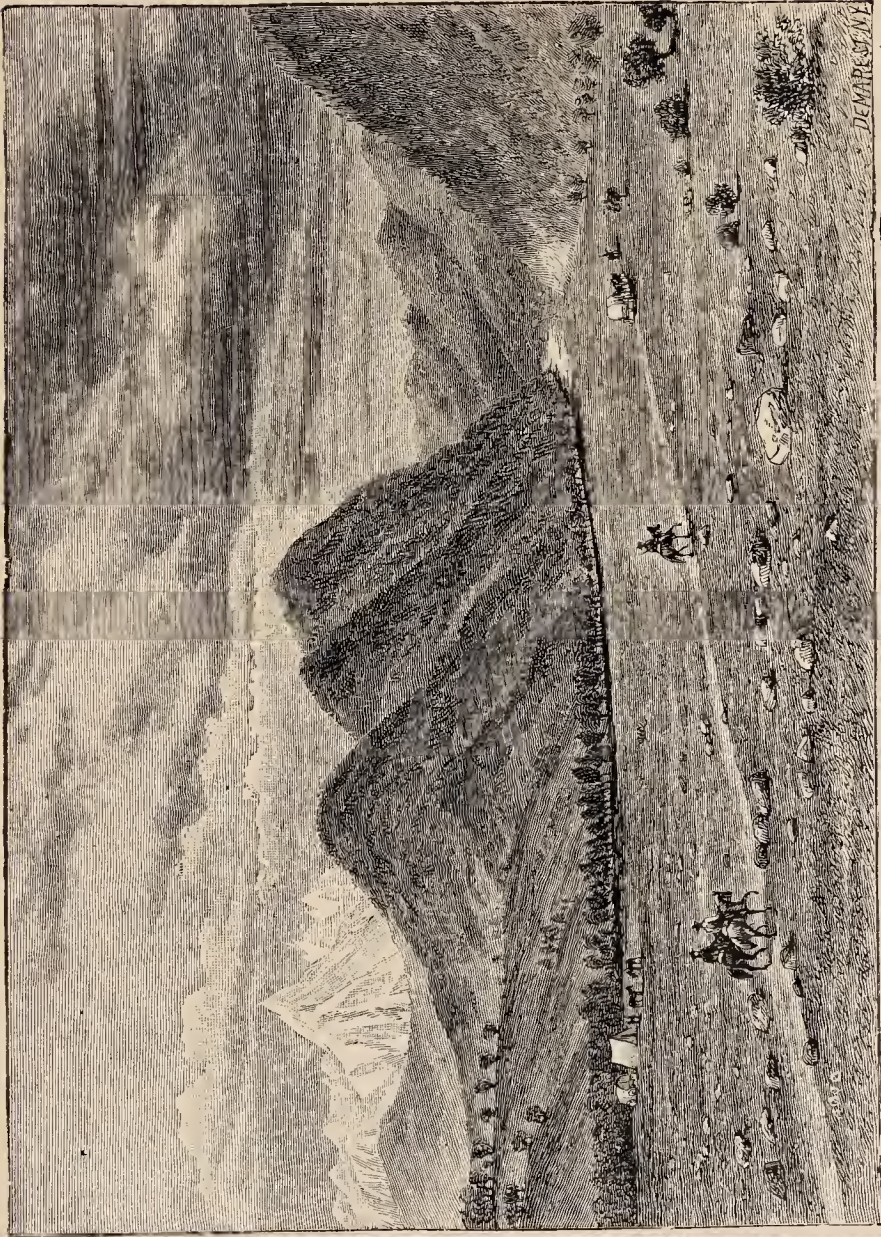
Another spring was more curious still. I climbed a hill about forty feet by steps cut in a soft porous rock, and reached at the top an opening in the ground about four feet across. Through this a rude ladder protruded. I descended the ladder into a beehive-shaped cave, whose sides were hung with stalactites. At the bottom was a pool, crystal-clear, of delightfully soft water at the temperature of 92°. The bottom was a quicksand from which the water boiled so vigorously that the body was upborne thereby, and it seemed impossible to sink. The entrance to this grotto is now effected by a horizontal passage at its base. The Rembrandt-like effect of the flood of light pouring through the opening in the roof into the gloomy cave was very striking.

At the foot of the hill is still another and more vigorously



BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL, (p. 600).

boiling spring at 96° —very much like the famous Green Cove Spring in Florida. I bathed in all three of the fountains, and,



ON THE BOW RIVER.

whatever their curative properties may be, I can bear testimony to the delightful sensations of the two cooler springs. The analysis of the hot spring is as follows:

In 100,000 parts :

Sulphuric anhydrite	57·26
Calcium monoxide	24·48
Carbon dioxide	6·47
Magnesium oxide	4·14
Sodium oxide	27·33
	<hr/>
	123·88

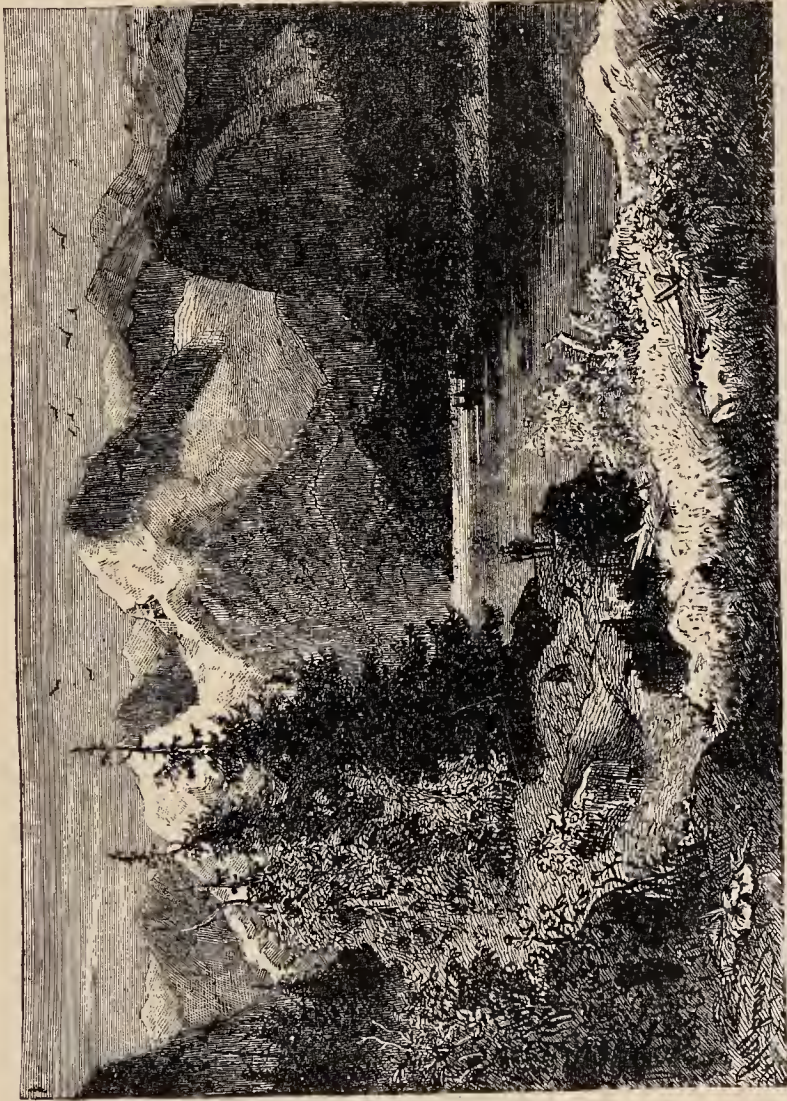
Total solids in 100,000 parts :

Calcium sulphate	56·85
Magnesium sulphate	12·39
Calcium carbonate	3·29
Sodium carbonate	35·23
Sodium sulphate	15·60
Silica, trace

This is a greater proportion of these valuable chemical constituents than is possessed by the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas. The outflow of the spring is four hundred thousand gallons a day. Admirable roads and drives are being constructed. The hotel, since completed, will accommodate two hundred persons. The elevation of this mountain valley—four thousand feet above the sea—the magnificent scenery, the romantic walks, and drives, and climbs, and these fountains of healing, conspire to make this one of the most attractive sanatoria on this continent. It is situated only nine hundred and twenty miles west of Winnipeg.

About four o'clock, I started with a travelling companion to climb Tunnel Mountain, which lies temptingly near, and rises about two thousand feet above the valley. It was comparatively easy climbing, though in places so steep that the crumbling shale with which it was covered slipped down in great sheets as we scrambled over it. On the very highest point we noticed a small cairn of stones, in a cleft of which was thrust a written paper. On examining this, what was my surprise to find a document signed by my own son and his travelling companion, who had visited this spot a few weeks before. It was a most extraordinary coincidence that we should both happen upon the same part of the same mountain among the hundreds of peaks of this great country.

The magnificent sunset view was well worth all the fatigue of the climb. The far-winding Bow River could be traced for many a mile through the valley. The snow-capped mountains gathered in solemn conclave, like Titans on their lordly thrones,



THE MOUNTAIN SOLITUDE.

on every side. The purple shadows crept over the plain and filled the mountain valleys as a beaker is filled with wine. The snow-peaks became suffused with a rosy glow as the sun's parting kiss lingered on their brows. It was a world of silence, and wonder, and delight. It was with difficulty that we could

tear ourselves away from the fascinating scene. Indeed, we staid too long as it was, for we had hard work to force our way through the tangled brushwood and *debris* at the foot of the mountains. We groped our way through the dark to the hotel, whose friendly light beckoned us on, and, hungry as hunters, did ample justice to the generous fare provided. This delightful vicinity is destined to be a favourite resort of multitudes to seek the recuperation of jaded nerve and brain amid these mountain solitudes.

About midnight we started again on our eastward journey. It is curious how people run to and fro in the earth in these days, and think little of very long journeys. On our train were a Dominion Senator and his daughter, from Nova Scotia, returning from a trip to Victoria, B.C.; a Montreal and a Toronto merchant, the latter with his wife, returning from a business trip to the Pacific Coast; a sweet-faced mother with her four children, returning from Seattle, in Washington Territory, to Macchias, in Maine; two French ladies, returning from New Westminster to Quebec, one with a canary which she had brought from Germany; a Frenchman, returning from the far West, going to Kamouraska; a young girl travelling from Kamloops, in the Cascades, to Pictou, N.S., intending to return in the spring; three members of Parliament on a vacation trip to the Pacific; a lady from Winnipeg, on a visit to friends in Scotland; a gentleman and his wife, from Portage la Prairie, returning to London; a veteran globe-trotter, Dr. Stephenson, prospecting for homes for the waifs of London's stony streets. Thus human shuttles are weaving the warp and woof of life all over the world. How infinite that Divine Providence that holds them all "in His large love and boundless thought."

The people that one meets are often a curious study. As the train swept round the rugged north shore of Lake Superior, in the witching moonlight which clothed with beauty every crag and cliff, I had a long conversation with an old tonsured and gray-bearded Jesuit priest, who had been a missionary in that lonely region for four and twenty years. He used to travel five hundred miles through the wilderness on snow-shoes, carrying a pack of fourteen pounds on his back. He was familiar

with the classics, and knew all about Brèbeuf and Jogues, his



ON THE HEAD WATERS OF THE MATTAWA.

predecessors by two hundred and fifty years in missionary labour among the scattered tribes of the wilderness. He told

me that forty-eight men had been killed by nitro-glycerine in the construction of this part of the road.

The wilderness north of Lake Huron seemed doubly drear under a lowering sky, the gloomy forest being blurred into indistinctness by frequent downpours of rain. At length the sky cleared, and under brighter auspices we reached the head waters of the streams flowing into the Ottawa basin. Great flights of wild fowl winnowed their slow way through the air, and hurrying streams leaped out of the dark forest flashing in foamy wreaths over the grey boulders on their eager way to the distant sea.

It was a delightful change from the autumn gloom of the measureless pine forests of the northern wilderness to the autumn glory of the hardwood lands of Ontario. I had made the trip of over six thousand miles, from Toronto to Victoria and return, in comfort, in less than three weeks, traversing some of the richest prairie lands and some of the grandest mountain scenery in the world, and gaining a new conception of the magnificence of the national inheritance kept hidden through the ages till, in the providence of God,

“The down-trodden races of Europe,
Felt that they too were created the heirs of the earth,
And claimed its division.”

The brief and imperfect survey, contained in the foregoing pages, of the vast extent and almost illimitable resources of Canada should inspire the patriotic pride of every Canadian, be he such by birth or by adoption. Other nations have struggled into being through throes of war and blood. With a great price obtained they the liberties which we enjoy; but we were freeborn. We have no need to chafe at the filial allegiance we sustain to the great mother of nations, whose offspring we are. It is a golden tie of love that links us to her side and identifies us with her fortunes. We may adopt the eloquent language of Dr. Beers, of Montreal, who says:—

“As a Canadian I am at home when I land at Liverpool, at Glasgow, at Dublin, at Bermuda, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, New Guinea, Jamaica, Barbadoes or Trinidad.

Politically speaking I have a large share in, and am proud of, the glorious old flag which waves over New Zealand, Australia, Gibraltar, Malta, Hong Kong, West Africa, Ceylon, St. Helena, Natal, British Honduras, Dominica, the Bahamas, Grenada, Barbadoès and India. I need no other passport to the rights of a British subject and the citizen of a great realm, comprising sixty-five territories and islands than my Canadian birthright. I do not measure my national boundary from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but from the Pacific to the Caribbean Sea. Under the reign of Victoria no Canadian need be ashamed to belong to an empire which embraces a fifth of the habitable globe, and to know that his own Dominion forms nearly a half of the whole; an empire five times as large as that which was under Darius; four times the size of that under ancient Rome; sixteen times greater than France; forty times greater than United Germany; three times larger than the United States, Australia alone being nearly as big as the States; India, nearly a million and a quarter of square miles; Canada, six hundred thousand square miles larger than the States without Alaska, and eighteen thousand square miles larger with it! An empire nearly nine millions of square miles, with a population of three hundred and ten millions."

I cannot close this volume without casting a thought into the future, as men drop pebbles into deep wells to see what echo they return. I behold, in imagination, a grand confederation of provinces, each large as a kingdom, stretching from ocean to ocean, traversed by the grandest lake and river system in the world, and presided over, it may be, by a descendant of the august Lady who to-day graces the most stable throne on earth.

"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where yet
Shall roll the human sea."

At the present rate of increase, within a century a hundred millions of inhabitants shall occupy these lands. The Canadian Pacific Railway opens a passage from Europe to "gorgeous Inde and far Cathay," seven hundred miles shorter than any

other route. A ceaseless stream of traffic already throbs along this iron artery of commerce, enriching with its life-blood all the land. Great cities, famed as marts of trade throughout the world, shall stand thick along this highway of the nations; and the names of their merchant-princes shall be "familiar as household words" in the bazaars of Yokohama and Hong Kong, Calcutta and Bombay. A new England, built up by British enterprise and industry—a worthy offspring of that great mother of nations, whose colonies girdle the globe—shall hold the keys of the Pacific Sea, and rejuvenate the effete old nations of China and Japan. And across the broad continent a great, free and happy people shall dwell beneath the broad banner of Britain, perpetuating Christian institutions and British laws and liberties, let us hope, to the end of time.

I find no more fitting close of these pages than the following patriotic aspiration by a Canadian poet. who hides his identity under the initials "A. C." :—

Canada! Maple-land! Land of great mountains!
 Lake-land and river-land! Land 'twixt the seas!
 Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
 Spirits as free as the breeze!

Grant us Thy fear that we walk in humility,—
 Fear that is rev'rent—not fear that is base;—
 Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
 Peace—if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us Thy love and the love of our country;
 Grant us Thy strength, for our strength's in Thy name;
 Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
 Shield us, oh Father, from shame!

Last born of nations! The offspring of freedom!
 Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold!
 God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
 Courage to guard what we hold!

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